"WHOSO OFFERETH PRAISE GLORIFIETH ME."

SACRED SONGS

No. 1

BY
IRA D. SANKEY
JAMES Mc GRANAHAN
AND GEO. C. STEBBINS

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SACRED SONGS

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COMPILED AND ARRANGED FOR USE IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS
SUNDAY SCHOOLS, PRAYER MEETINGS
AND OTHER RELIGIOUS SERVICES

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IRA D. SANKEY
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PREFACE.

THIS volume embraces the latest and best new songs of the authors written since the publication of Gospel Hymns No. 6, some six years ago; each piece having been thoroughly tested and approved by Mr. MOODY for this collection. In addition to these there are new and valuable contributions from a number of the leading sacred song writers of the day.

Included with the above are a goodly selection of the especially useful and popular pieces from the Gospel Hymn Series, making, as we believe, the most practical and desirable collection of hymns and tunes yet offered for all kinds of Church work, Sunday Schools, Prayer and Gospel meetings.

We hope that these *Sacred Songs* may find their way, not only into the Churches and Prayer Meetings, but into the homes of the people as well, and that the good old-time custom of singing the praises of God in the home may again be revived. Only in this way is the congregational singing in our Churches likely to be permanently improved.

THE EDITORS.

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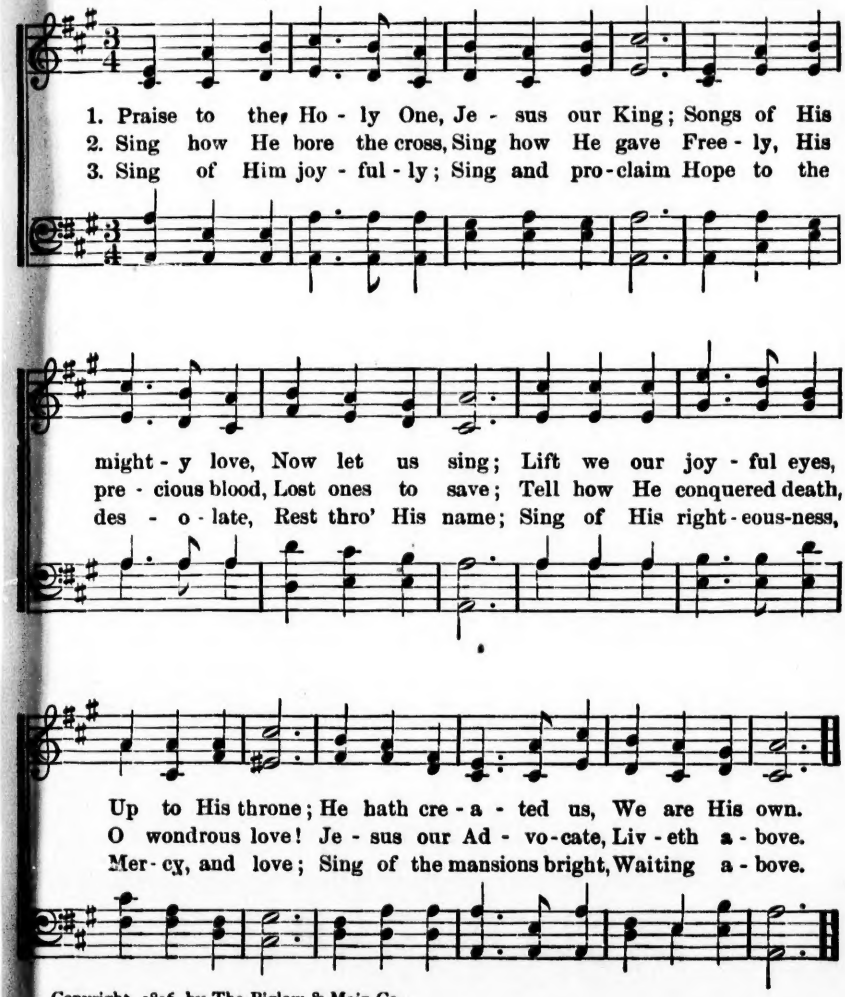
SACRED SONGS.

No. 1.

No. 1. Praise to the Holy One.

"Unto thee will I sing * * * O thou Holy One of Israel."—Ps. 71 : 22.

LYMAN G. CUYLER. RIAN A. DYKES.



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No. 2. Onward! Onward!

"Looking unto Jesus."—Heb. 12 : 2.

Robert Bruce. Ira D. Sankey.

1. On-ward, on-ward, look-ing un - to Je - sus, Cast - ing quick - ly
2. On-ward, on-ward, look-ing un - to Je - sus, Press-ing for - ward,
3. On-ward, on-ward, look-ing un - to Je - sus, Joy a - waits us

ev - 'ry weight a-side; While we run the race that's set be-fore us,
we the race will run; Claim-ing ev - er His Di-vine pro-tec - tion,
on the oth - er shore; There we'll sing the song of our redemp - tion,

Chorus.

Firm as a rock let our faith a - bide.
We shall not fail till the crown is won.
Safe, safe at last when the strife is o'er.
} Lo, a cloud of

wit-nesses behold us, They thro' faith were vic-tors in the race; Let us

glad - ly fol-low their ex-ample, Trusting the Saviour for strength and grace.

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No. 3. Go Work To-day.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21 : 28.

W. R. LINDSAY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Go work to-day; be-hold, the Master call-eth; Up, and a-way to
2. Go work to-day; why tar-ry by the wayside? Let us o-bey the
3. Go work to-day, our blessed Lord commands it, Go in His name, re-

greet the morning light; See, in the breeze the rip'ning grain is wav-ing;
Saviour's earn-est call; Still la-bor on in sunshine or in shad-ow,
ly-ing on His love; Then at the last, when all the sheaves are gathered,

CHORUS.

Go, while the summer days with hope are bright.
Lo, in the harvest there is work for all.
Sweet will the rest-ing be with Him a-bove.

Go . . . . . work to-day, Go work to-day,

day; The Mas-ter call-eth now to thee;
go work to-day; now to thee;

Go . . . . . work to day, And glorious thy reward shall be.
Go work to-day, go work to-day,

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No. 4. Jesus Has Taken Them All.

"The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."—Isa. 53 : 6.

Mrs. C. E. Breck. James McGranahan.

Joyfully.

1. My sins which were ma-ny in thought and deed, O Je-sus has tak-en them all; And now from their bondage my soul is freed, For
2. My sins which were ma-ny are washed a-way, For Je-sus has tak-en them all; The blood of my Sav-iour a-tones to-day, An
3. My sins which were ma-ny no more are mine, For Je-sus has tak-en them all; And I have ac-cept-ed His grace di-vine, So

Chorus.

Je-sus has tak-en them all. Tak-en them all, tak-en them all,
All be-yond re-call; . . . Nev-er a-gain shall my sins en-thrall; Je-sus has tak-en them all.
be-yond re-call;

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No. 5. Under His Wings.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 17: 8.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Ira D. Sankey.

Solo or Duet.

1. Un-der His wings I am safe-ly a-bid-ing; Tho' the night deep-ens and tem-pests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I know He will keep me; He has redeemed me, and I am His child.
2. Un-der His wings, what a ref-uge in sor-row! How the heart yearn-ing-ly turns to its rest! Oft-en when earth has no balm for my heal-ing, There I find com-fort, and there I am blest.
3. Un-der His wings, O what precious en-joy-ment! There will I hide till life's tri-als are o'er; Shel-tered, pro-tect-ed, no e-vil can harm me; Rest-ing in Je-sus I'm safe ev-er more.

Chorus.

Under His wings, under His wings, Who from His love can sev-er?
Under His wings my soul shall abide, Safe-ly a-bide for-ev-er.

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No. 6. How They Sing Up Yonder!

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." LUKE 15: 7.

H. E. JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When the sin - ner turns from sin, How they sing up yon - der!
2. When the wan-d'rer seeks his home, How they sing up yon - der!
3. Broth - er, would you join the song, In the home up yon - der?

Comes to Christ sweet place to win, How they sing up yon - der!
Just a ser - vant to be - come, How they sing up yon - der!
Sing while a - ges roll a - long, In the home up yon - der?

Asks for cleans - ing in the blood, Sinks be - neath the heal - ing flood,
Leaves the by - ways cold and bare, Seeks a - gain a fath - ers care,
Then for - sake the paths so cold, Fly to Je - sus and His fold,

Ris - es, cleansed and owned of God, How they sing up yon - der!
All His wealth of love to share, How they sing up yon - der!
That your name may be en - rolled, In the home up yon - der!

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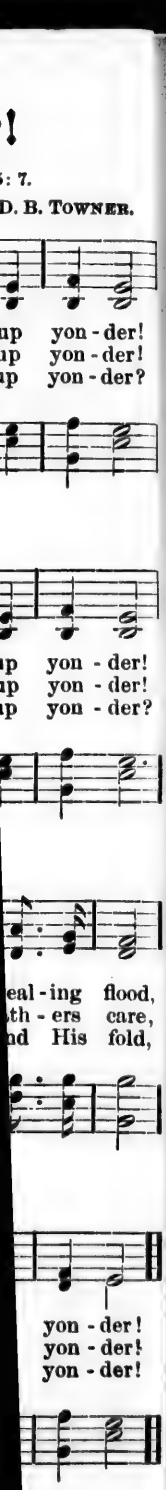

No. 7. Jesus Only, Jesus Ever.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

M. FRASER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Je-sus on - ly, mid the tur - moil Of life's wea - ry war-fare now;
2. Je-sus on - ly; let earth van - ish, Take a - way its worthless store;
3. Je-sus on - ly, none but Je - sus, When the great white throne I see,

Je - sus on - ly, when the death - dew Gath-ers damp up - on my brow.
I have found a tru - er treas - ure, Je - sus on - ly, noth-ing more.
And the judg-ment books are open - ed; Je - sus on - ly then for me.

CHORUS.

Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus ev - er, Here is strength for ev - 'ry day;

rit.

He's a Friend that fail - eth nev - er, His is love that lasts for aye.

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No. 8. Let Us Stand for Jesus.

"Who will stand up for me."—Ps. 94 : 16.

Words arr. by S. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Let us stand up for Je - sus, Let us stand in His might; Let us
2. Let us stand up for Je - sus, Let us hon - or His laws, Let us
3. Let us stand up for Je - sus Till the con - flict is past, And at

gird on the ar - mor And be first in the fight; Let us trust in His
watch, and be faith-ful To His king-dom and cause; Let us tell the glad
home with the ransomed We are gathered at last; Let us fol-low His

prom-ise, Let His strength make us strong, And the dear name of Je - sus
sto - ry Of His mer - cy and love, As we march ev - er on - ward
ban - ner Till our tro-phies we bring To the feet of our Sav - iour,

CHORUS.

Be our watch-word and song.
To the cit - y a - bove.
Our Re-deem - er and King.
} Let us stand, firm-ly stand, With a

heart true and brave; Let us stand up for Je-sus, Who is mighty to save.

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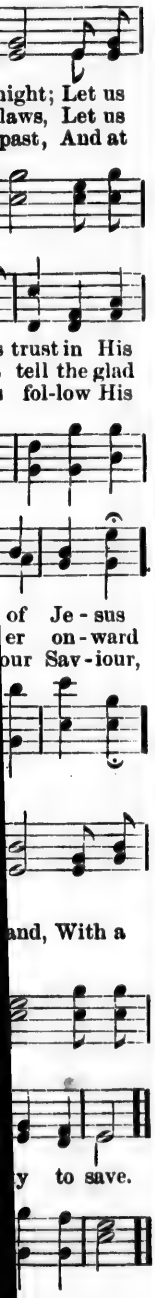
D. SANKEY.



No. 9. Open Wide the Door.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—REV. 3: 20.

W. KITCHING, arr. by S. J. H. BURKE.

1. Je - sus knocks; He calls to thee; "Wea-ry one, O come to me;"
2. Je - sus knocks, He comes to save, 'Twas for thee His life He gave;
3. Je - sus knocks, is knock-ing still; Yield to Him at once thy will;
4. Je - sus knocks; the mo-ments fly; While sal - va - tion yet is nigh,

He can save, and on - ly He;
He hath triumphed o'er the grave;
He with joy thy heart can fill;
Ere the Sav-iour pass - eth by,
} O - - pen wide the door.
(O - pen, o - pen wide the door.)

CHORUS.

O - - pen wide the door,
O - pen, o - pen wide, O - pen wide the door,
O - - pen wide the door, He can save, and
O - pen, o - pen wide, o - pen wide the door;
on - ly He;— O - - pen wide the door.
o - pen wide the door.
O - pen, o - pen wide the door.

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No. 10. Come Home.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke 15 : 18.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. O wand'rer on a drear - y waste, How dark Thy life must be!
2. O wand'rer on a des - ert wild, Why wilt Thou longer stay?
3. O wand'rer in a wea - ry land, Oppressed with want and woe,
4. A step, a look, an act of faith, A sim-ple heart-felt pray'r,

No home, no hope, no rest-ing place, On life's wide restless sea.
The sands of time are ebb-ing fast, Thy Fa-ther calls to - day.
A - rise at once; O tar - ry not, But to Thy Fa - ther go.
Will bring thee to thy Father's home, To dwell for - ev - er there.

Chorus.

Come home, . . come home, . . While o - pen stands the gate . .
Come home, come home, the gate;

ritard.

Come home, . . come home, . . O come ere it be too late . .
Come home, come home, too late.

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. STEBBINS.

must be!
nger stay?
ant and woe,
t-felt pray'r,

tless sea.
s to-day.
-ther go.
-er there.

e gate . .
the gate;

ritard.

late . .
too late.

No. 11. Resting on Jesus.

"And I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

M. FRASER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Rest-ing my soul on Je-sus, With all its sin and care,
2. Rest-ing my head on Je-sus, Thro' all the noon-tide heat,
3. Rest-ing my heart on Je-sus, When bruised and sad and sore,
4. Rest-ing for aye on Je-sus, In life or death my all,

Be-neath the shel-ter of His cross, None may ac-cuse me there.
Thro' all the din and tur-moil here, So oft in life we meet.
He binds it up so ten-der-ly That it may bleed no more.
I'll glad-ly rise and fol-low Him, When ev-er He may call.

CHORUS.

f

Come un-to Je-sus, all ye that la-bor, all ye that la-bor

f

and are heav-y la-den, Come un-to Je-sus,

all ye that la-bor, and He will give you rest.

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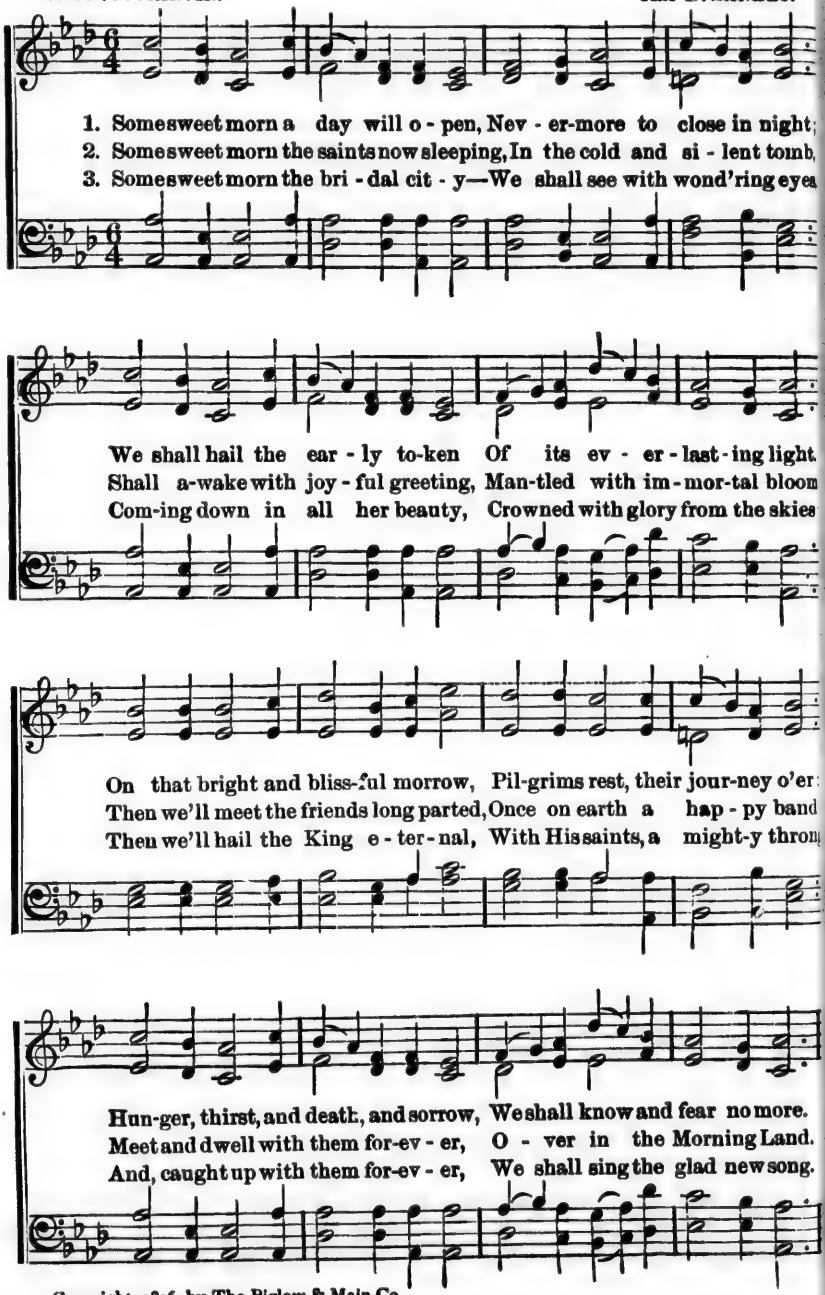
No. 12. Some Sweet Morn.

"The morning cometh."—Isa. 21 : 12.

Rev. E. P. Marvin. Ira D. Sankey.



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No. 13. Where my Redeemer Leads Me.

"Whither thou goest, I will go."—Ruth 1: 16.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Where my Re-deem-er leads me, There will I go, Taught by the
2. Where my Re-deem-er calls me, I will o-bey; What tho' the
3. If in His ver-dant pas-tures, Peace-ful I rest, O how my

Ho-ly Spir-it His love to know; If by His hand di-rect-ed,
clouds may gather Dark o'er the way? If to the lost He bid me
soul shall praise Him, Joy-ful and blest! If where the lambs are straying

Where e'er it be, Glad-ly His steps I'll fol-low, O'er land or sea.
Love's message tell, Quickly my heart shall answer, Lord, it is well.
O'er mountains high, Still by His grace I'll answer, Lord, here am I.

Chorus.

Where He may lead me, I will fol-low Him: . . .
fol-low Him;

Where He may lead me, There will I go.

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No. 14. Come on the Wings of the Morning.

"Looking for that blessed hope."—Acts 2: 13.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Smooth and flowing.

1. Come on the wings of the morning, Come, Thou Redeemer and King;
2. Come on the wings of the morning, Come with Thy glo-ry and grace,
3. Come on the wings of the morning, Come with a joy-ful surprise,
4. Come on the wings of the morning, Come as the King to Thy throne;

Hail to the day that is dawn-ing, Hail to the joy it will bring
All of Thy promise perform-ing, Show - ing the light of Thy face.
Lift - ing the sad and the mourning, Wip - ing the tears from their eye
Have we not sounded Thy warning? Now let Thy glo-ry be know

CHORUS.

O come on the wings of the morning, O come to our hearts as w
Come, come, come, come, Come, come,

sing, Come as we sing, . . in the day that is
come, come as we sing, Come, come,

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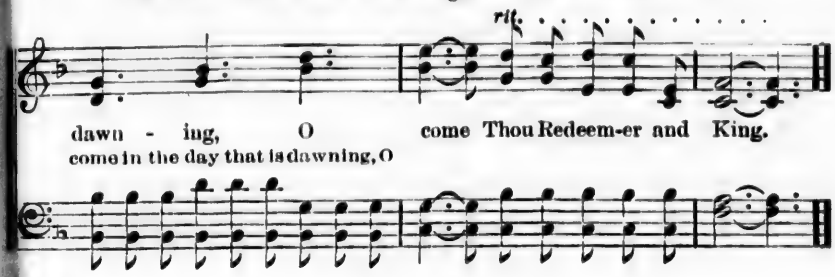
Come on the Wings.—Concluded.



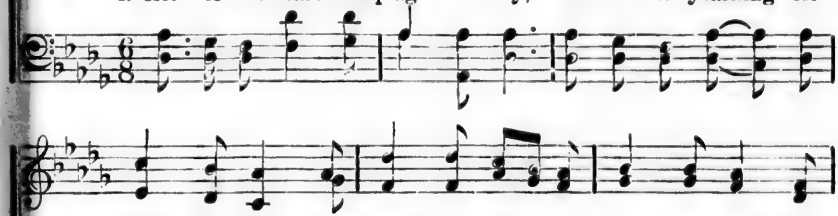
No. 15. Comforted.

"Now he is comforted."—LUKE 16: 25.

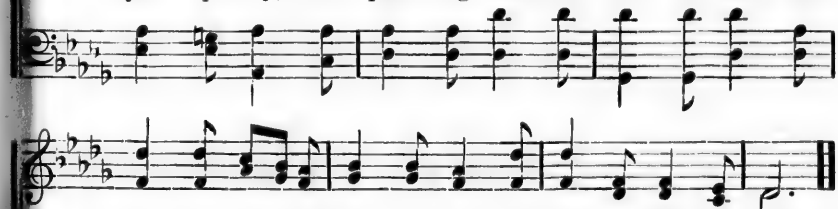
M. FRASER. M. A. SEA.

Moderato.

1. Aft - er a long and wea - ry strife, Aft - er a struggle 'twixt
2. Aft - er the night of dark - ness here, Aft - er the gloom, the
3. Aft - er the din and war of earth, Aft - er its wild, dis -
4. Aft - er the heart's deep ag - o - ny, Aft - er its yearning for



death and life, How sweet to feel the tem - pest cease, The
doubt, the fear, How sweet to hail heav'n's dawn-ing day, When
cord - ant mirth, How sweet to list the rapt - 'rous song That
sym - pa - thy, How pass - ing sweet will be the rest With-



an - gry bil - lows sink to peace, And per - fect calm be - gin.
ev - 'ry cloud is rolled a - way, And ev - 'ry eye sees clear.
ris - es from the white robed throng, Up - on the crys - tal sea.
in the arms, up - on the breast, Of Christ the Com - fort - er.

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No. 16. I am Redeemed.

"Fear not for I have redeemed thee."—Isa. 43 : 1.

JULIA STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I am redeemed, O praise the Lord; My soul from bond-age free,
2. I looked, and lo! from Calvary's Cross A heal-ing fountain streamed;
3. The debt is paid, my soul is free, And by His might-y pow'r,
4. All glo-ry be to Je-sus' name, I know that He is mine,
5. And when I reach that world more bright Than mor-tal ev-er dreamed,

Has found at last a rest-ing place In Him who died for me.
It cleansed my heart, and now I sing, Praise God, I am re-deemed.
The blood that washed my sins a-way Still cleans-eth ev-'ry hour.
For on my heart the Spir-it seals His pledge of love di-vine.
I'll cast my crown at Je-sus' feet, And cry, "Redeemed, redeemed."

CHORUS.

I am re-deemed, I am re-deemed, I'll sing it o'er and
I am redeemed, I am redeemed,

o'er; I am re-deemed, O praise the Lord; Redeemed forev-er-more.
I am redeemed.

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D. SANKEY.

ond-age free,
ntain streamed;
ght - y pow'r,
le is mine,
v - er dreamed,

died for me.
am re-deemed.
ev - 'ry hour.
love di - vine.
med, redeemed."

ng it o'er and

rev-er - more.

No. 17. Let the Sunshine in.

"A pleasant thing it is to behold the sun."—Eccles 11 : 7.

ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it dark with -
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un -
3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way? Knowing naught of

out you, dark-er still with - in? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen
answered by your God a - bove? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen
darkness, dwelling in the day? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen

CHORUS.

wide the door, Let a lit - tle sunshine in. Let the blessed sunshine the

in, . . Let the bless-ed sun-shine in; . . Clear the darkened sunshine in, the sunshine in;

windows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sunshine in.

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No. 18. The Master is Calling for Thee.

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."—JOHN 11: 28.

D. W. WHITTLE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. "The Mas - ter is come, and is call - ing for thee," The Mas - ter of
2. "The Mas - ter is come, and is call - ing for thee," For thee He hath
3. "The Mas - ter is come, and is call - ing for thee," He calls by the
4. "The Mas - ter is come, and is call - ing for thee," He stand-eth just

an - gels and men; O grand and right roy-al and fit - test is He, Thy
suf - fered and died; And now He has come His be - lov - ed to see, And
truth thou hast heard; "O come," He is saying, "Come now unto Me," Thy
now at the door; O say, wilt thou tar-ry? or say, wilt thou flee? O

CHORUS.

love and thy service to win.
claim thee for-ev-er His Bride.
Saviour, thy Master and Lord.
think, should He come nevermore.
} The Mas - ter is call - ing for thee (for thee),

The Mas - ter is call - ing for thee (for thee); O hast - en to-day, no

long - er de - lay, The Mas - ter is call - ing for thee (for thee).

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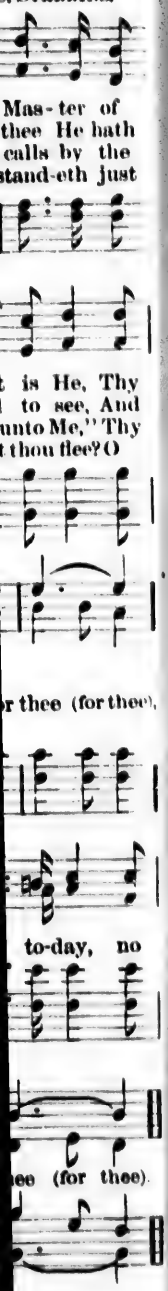
Thee.

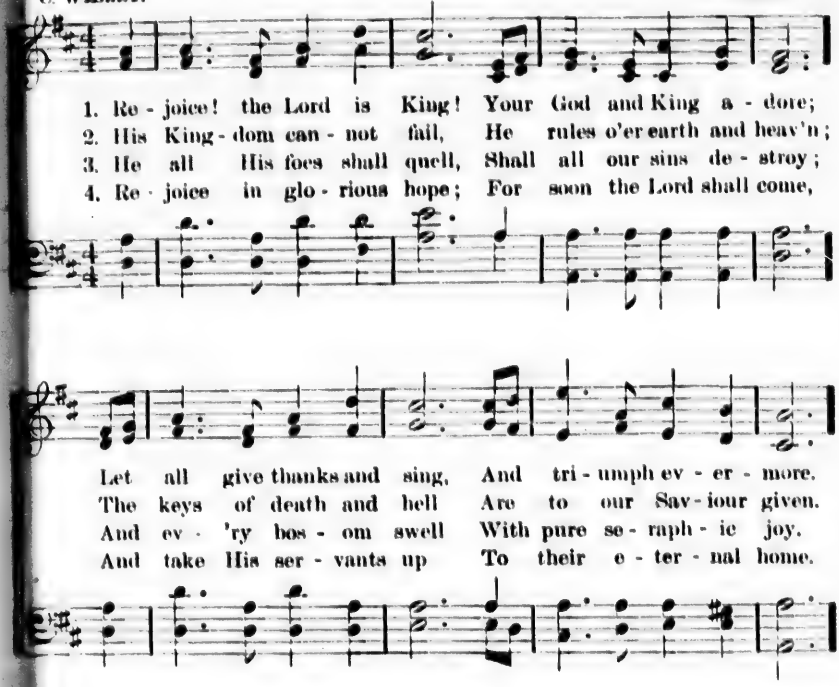
C. STEBBINS.



No. 19. Rejoice! the Lord is King!

"Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice."—PHIL. 4: 4.

C. WESLEY. J. H. BURKE.



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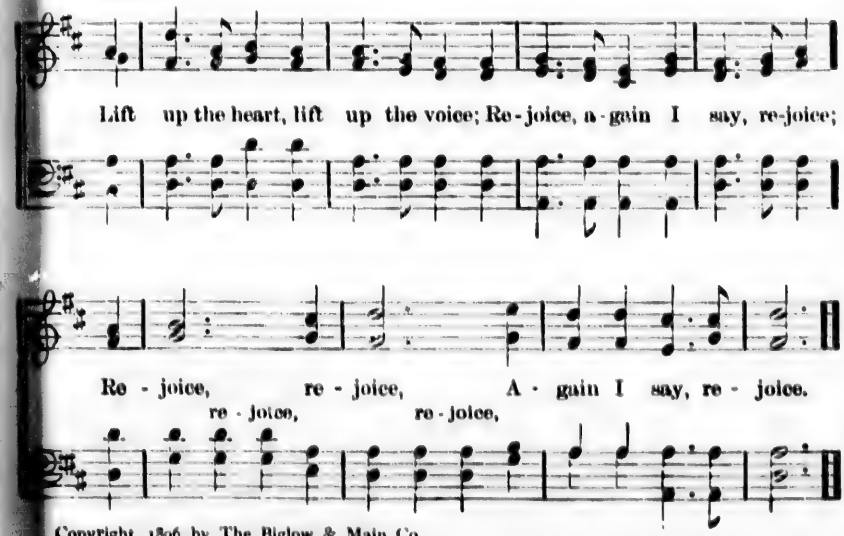

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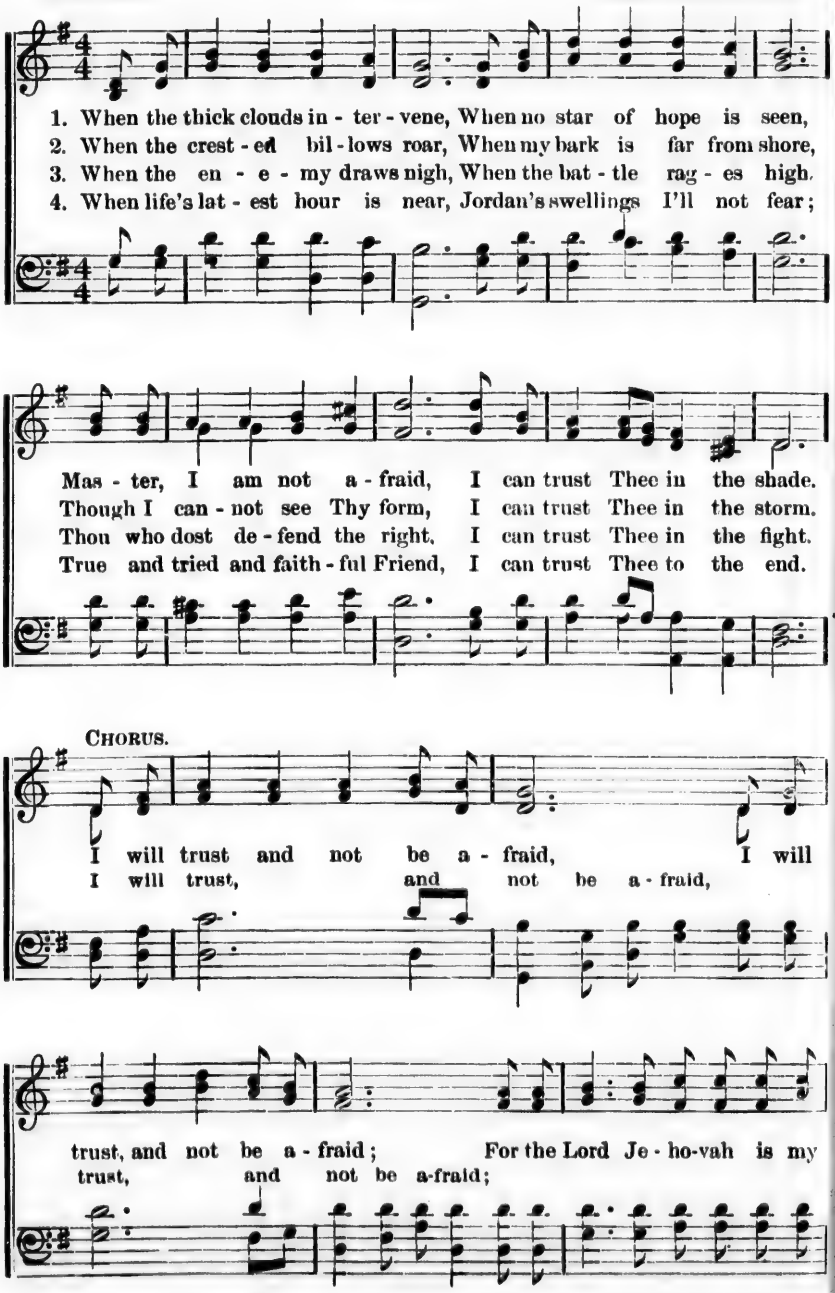
No. 20. I will Trust, and not be Afraid.

Isa. 12: 2.

M. Fraser. James McGranahan.



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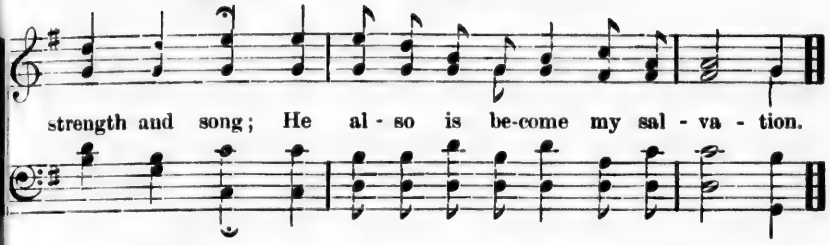
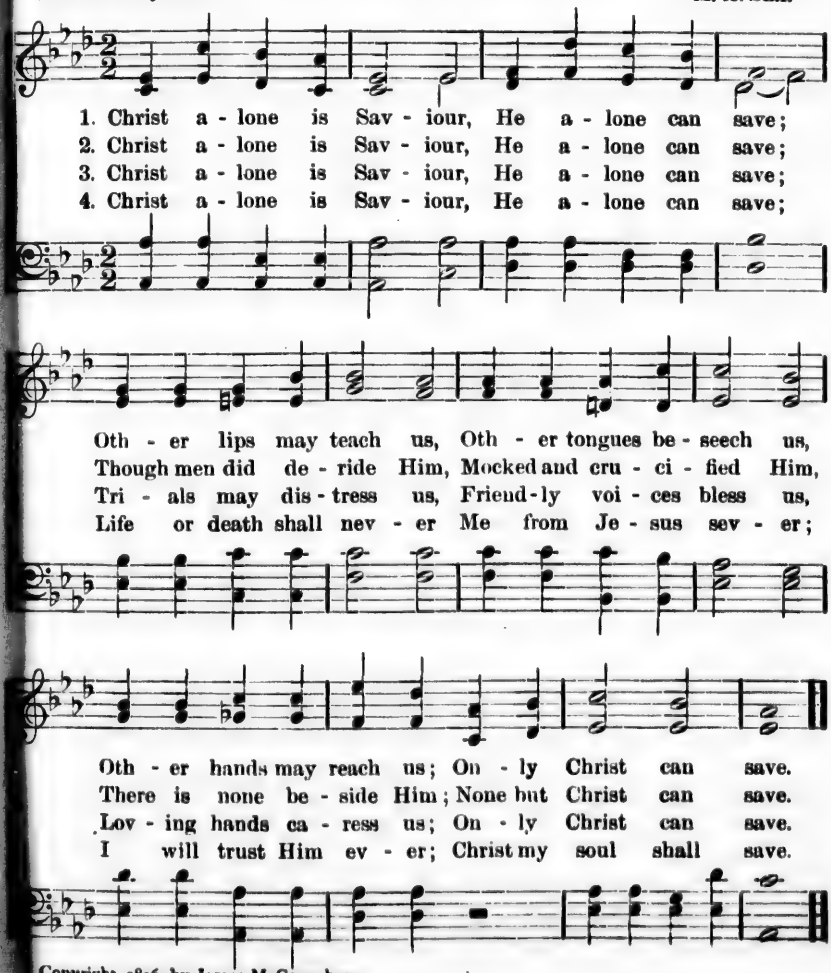
I will Trust,—Concluded.



No. 21. Christ Alone is Sav.our.

"For he shall save his people from their sins."—MATT. 1: 21.

Furnished by E. N. M. A. SEA.



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No. 22. Say "Yes" to Jesus Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6 : 2.

Mrs. M. B. Wingate. Ira D. Sankey.

1. O wand'rer, dost thou hear The still small voice with - in— A
2. O wand'rer, come to - day, The Spir - it draws thee still; And
3. A joy for - ev - er new, A trust that knows no fear, A

gen - tle whis - per, low and clear, Re - prov-ing thee of sin?
canst thou turn from Him a - way, And treat His love so ill?
ser - vice ev - er grand and true, For thee is wait - ing here;

It is the Sav - iour's voice, So ten - der, lov - ing, mild; O
The Sav - iour wait - ing stands, With ten - der love - lit face: Be -
E - ter - nal life a - bove, In man-sions bright and fair, A

hast - en now, make Him thy choice, This hour be-come His child.
seech-ing thee with outstretched hands, Ac - cept His matchless grace.
home of peace and end - less love, Will be thy por - tion there.

Chorus.

Say "Yes" to Je - sus now, And on His name be - lieve; Trust

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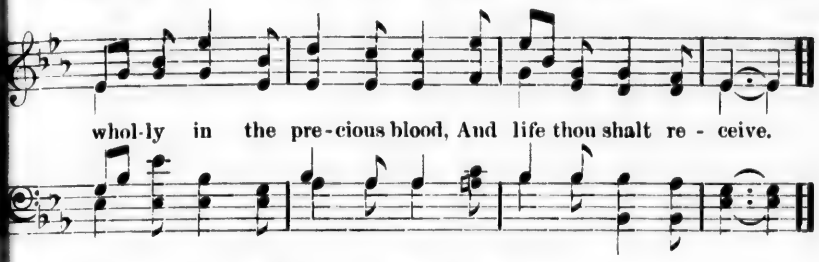
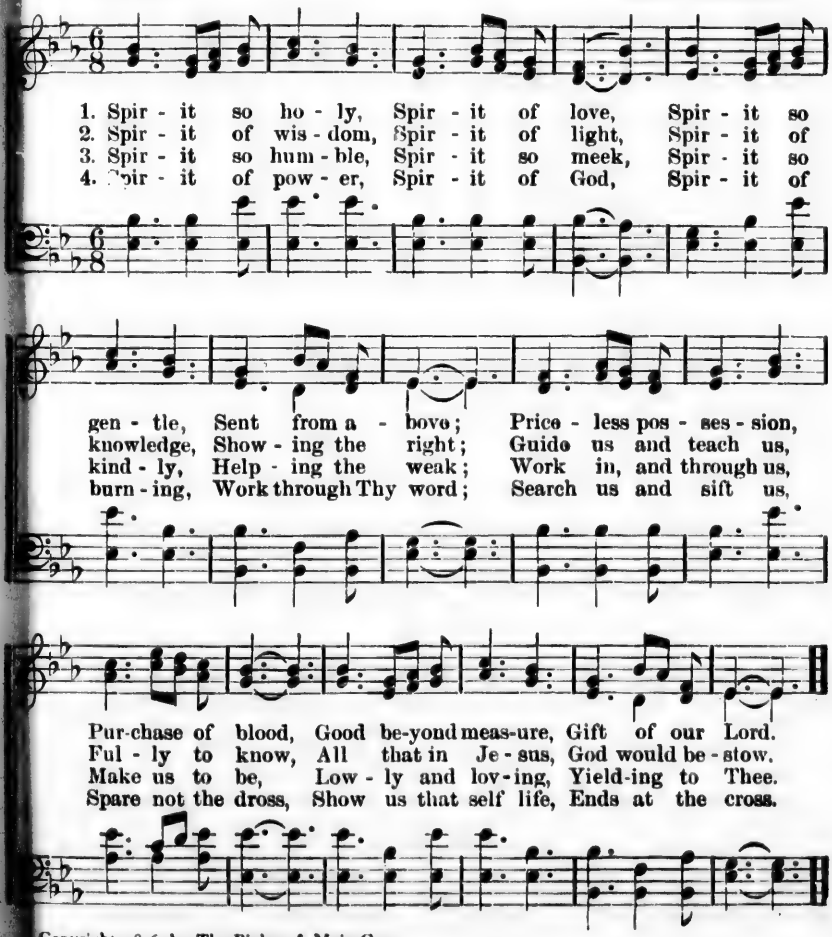
Say "Yes" to Jesus Now.—Concluded.



No. 23. Spirit so Holy.

"Lead me in thy truth, and teach me."—Ps. 25 : 5.

D. W. WHITTLE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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No. 24. Morning Breaks Upon the Gloom.

Come, see the place where the Lord lay.—MATT. 28: 6.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

1. See the place where Je - sus lay, Mark the o - pen por - tal;
2. Hast - en now to those who grieve, Tell the won-drous sto - ry;
3. See the place where Je - sus lay, Weep no more in sad - ness;
4. Tell the world that Je - sus lives, And shall live for - ev - er;

An - gels rolled the stone a - way, On that day im - mor - tal.
Be not faith - less, but be - lieve; Ye shall see His glo - ry.
Hail His res - ur - rec - tion day, Bright with joy and glad - ness.
From the life that now He gives Death no more shall sev - er.

CHORUS.

Joyfully.

Morn - ing breaks up - on the gloom, ...
Morn-ing breaks up-on the gloom,

Brok - en seal and emp - ty tomb, ...
Brok - en seal . . . . . and emp-ty tomb.

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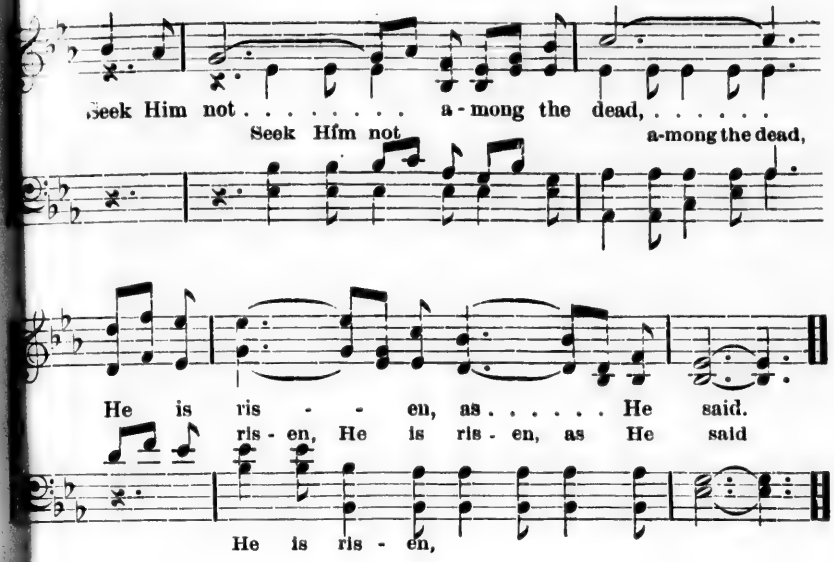
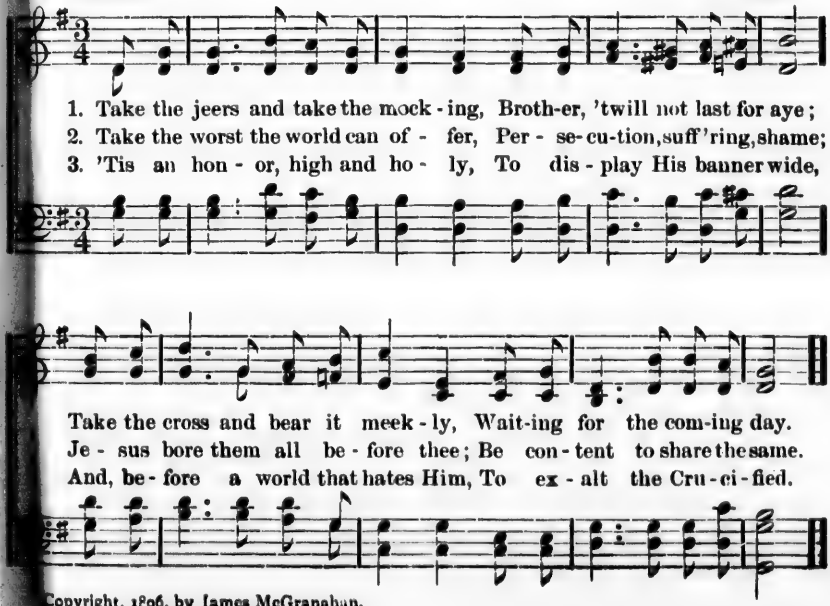
Morning Breaks,—Concluded.



No. 25. Counted Worthy.

"To suffer shame."—Acts 5: 41.

M. Fraser. M. A. Sea.



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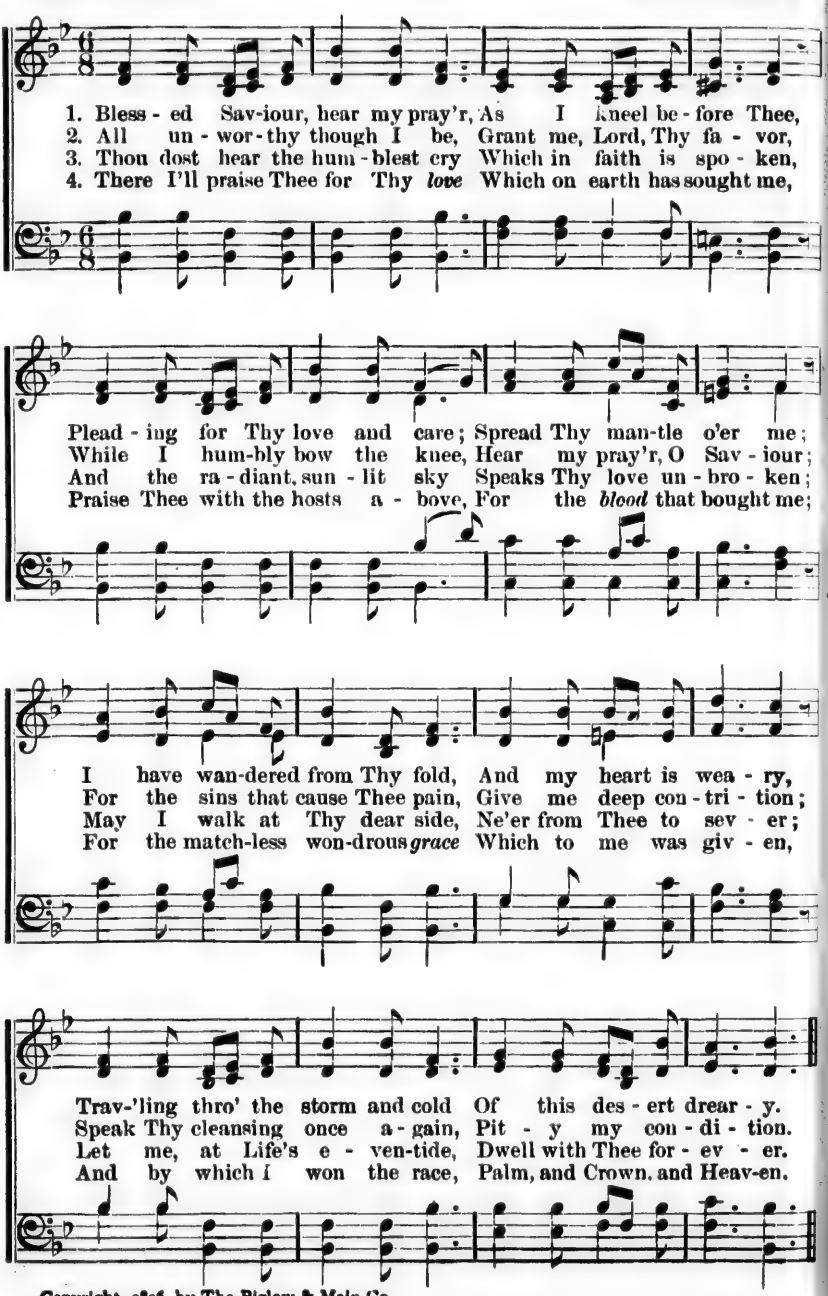
No. 26. Blessed Saviour, Hear my Prayer.

"Give ear to my prayer."—Ps. 55: 1.

FRED. H. JACOBS. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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No. 27. Gather in the Sheaves.

"Bringing his sheaves with him."—Psa. 126: 6.

ROBERT BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. With the glo - rious morn - ing, Ver - dant fields a - dorn - ing;
2. When the days are bright - est, When our hearts are light - est;
3. Should our way be drear - y, Let us nev - er wea - ry;

While the gold - en sun - light, Wakes the dew - y leaves. Haste we now with
When the love - ly sum - mer, Fair - est beau-ty weaves. In the noon-tide
Earn - est, faith - ful la - bor, Great - est joy re-ceives: Tho' we toil in

D.S.—Hear the Mas - ter

glad - ness, Ban - ish care and sad - ness. Go and help the reap - ers
beam - ing, In the twi - light gleam-ing, Go and help the reap - ers
sor - row, Soon will dawn the mor - row, When we'll cross the riv - er

call - ing, Hear the ech - oes fall - ing; Go and help the reap - ers,

FINE. CHORUS.

Gath - er in the sheaves.
Gath - er in the sheaves.
Bear - ing home the sheaves.
} Gath-er in the sheaves, Gath-er in the sheaves,

Gath - er in the sheaves.

D.S.

While the voice of na - ture Sweet - est mu - sic breathes:

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No. 28. My Grace is Sufficient.

"On every side of our need Christ meets us with His supply of grace sufficient."—M. F.

M. FRASER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. It doth suf - fice, that pre-cious blood, To cleanse my guilt-y soul;
2. It doth suf - fice, that mighty pow'r, To stem the flood for me;
3. It doth suf - fice, that wondrous love, To cheer me on my way;

It doth suf - fice, that heal-ing touch, To make the sin-sick whole.
It doth suf - fice, that conq'ring arm, To gain the vic - to - ry.
It doth suf - fice, that ten - der care, To bright-en ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

For Je - - - - - - sus hath said un - to me, ... "My grace . . . is suf - fi - cient for me,
For Je - sus hath said un - to me, "My grace, my Je - sus hath said un - to me,

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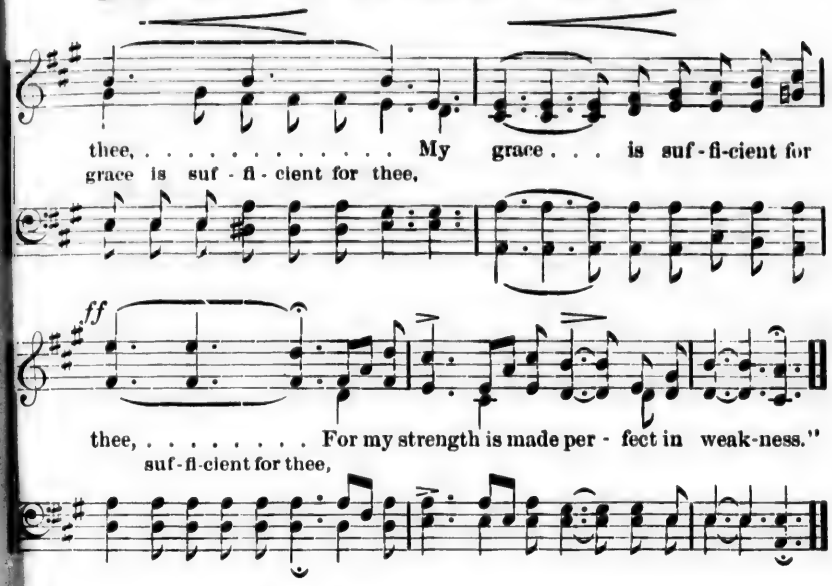
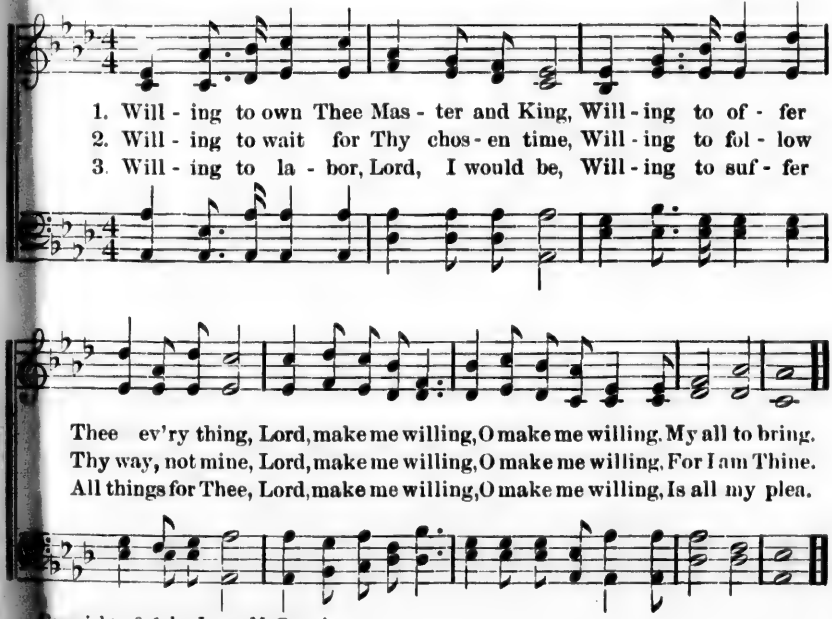
My Grace is Sufficient.—Concluded.



No. 29. Make me Willing.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."—Ps. 110: 3.

M. FRASER. M. A. SEA.



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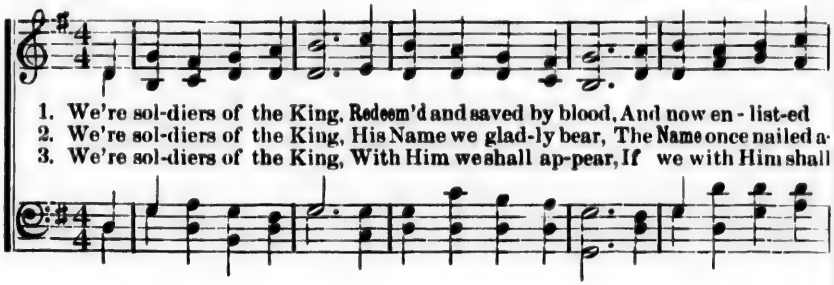
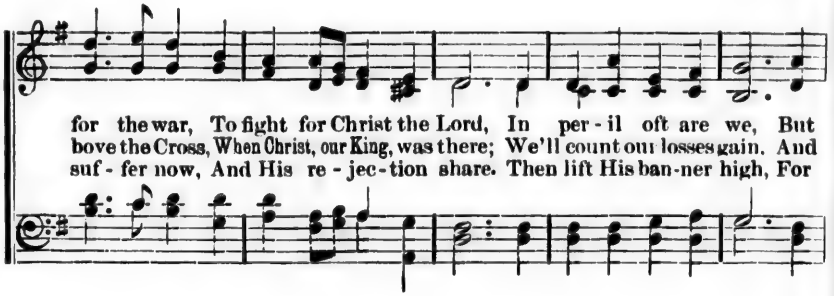
No. 30. Soldiers of the King.

"Endure hardness, as a good soldier."—2 Tim. 2 : 3.

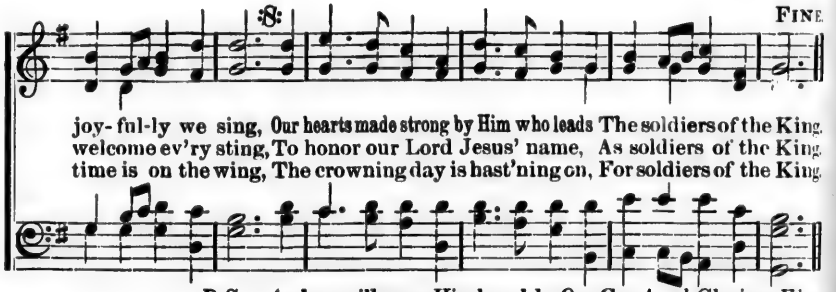
D. W. Whittle. Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. We're sol-diers of the King, Redeem'd and saved by blood, And now en - list-ed
2. We're sol-diers of the King, His Name we glad-ly bear, The Name once nailed a-
3. We're sol-diers of the King, With Him we shall ap-pear, If we with Him shall

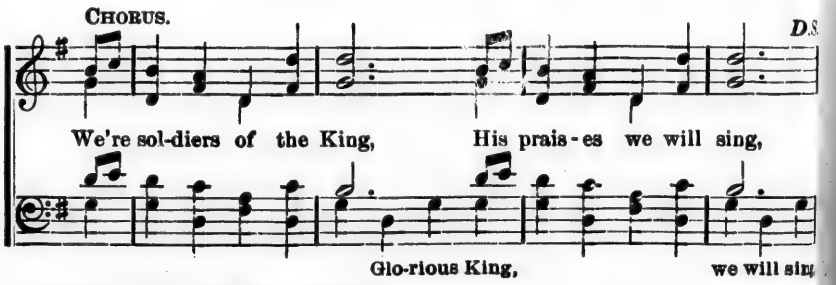


for the war, To fight for Christ the Lord, In per - il oft are we, But
bove the Cross, When Christ, our King, was there; We'll count our losses gain, And
suf - fer now, And His re - jec - tion share. Then lift His ban-ner high, For



joy- ful-ly we sing, Our hearts made strong by Him who leads The soldiers of the King.
welcome ev'ry sting, To honor our Lord Jesus' name, As soldiers of the King
time is on the wing, The crowning day is hast'ning on, For soldiers of the King

D.S.—And we will serve Him loy-al-ly, Our Great and Glorious King.



We're sol-diers of the King, His prais - es we will sing,
Glo-rious King, we will sing.

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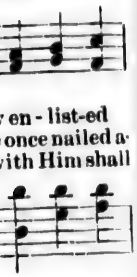
STEBBINS.



en - list-ed
once nailed a-
with Him shall

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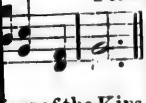
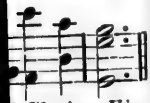
er high, For

FINE.



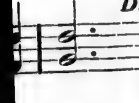
ers of the King.
rs of the King
ers of the King.

Glorious King.



D.S.

ill sing,

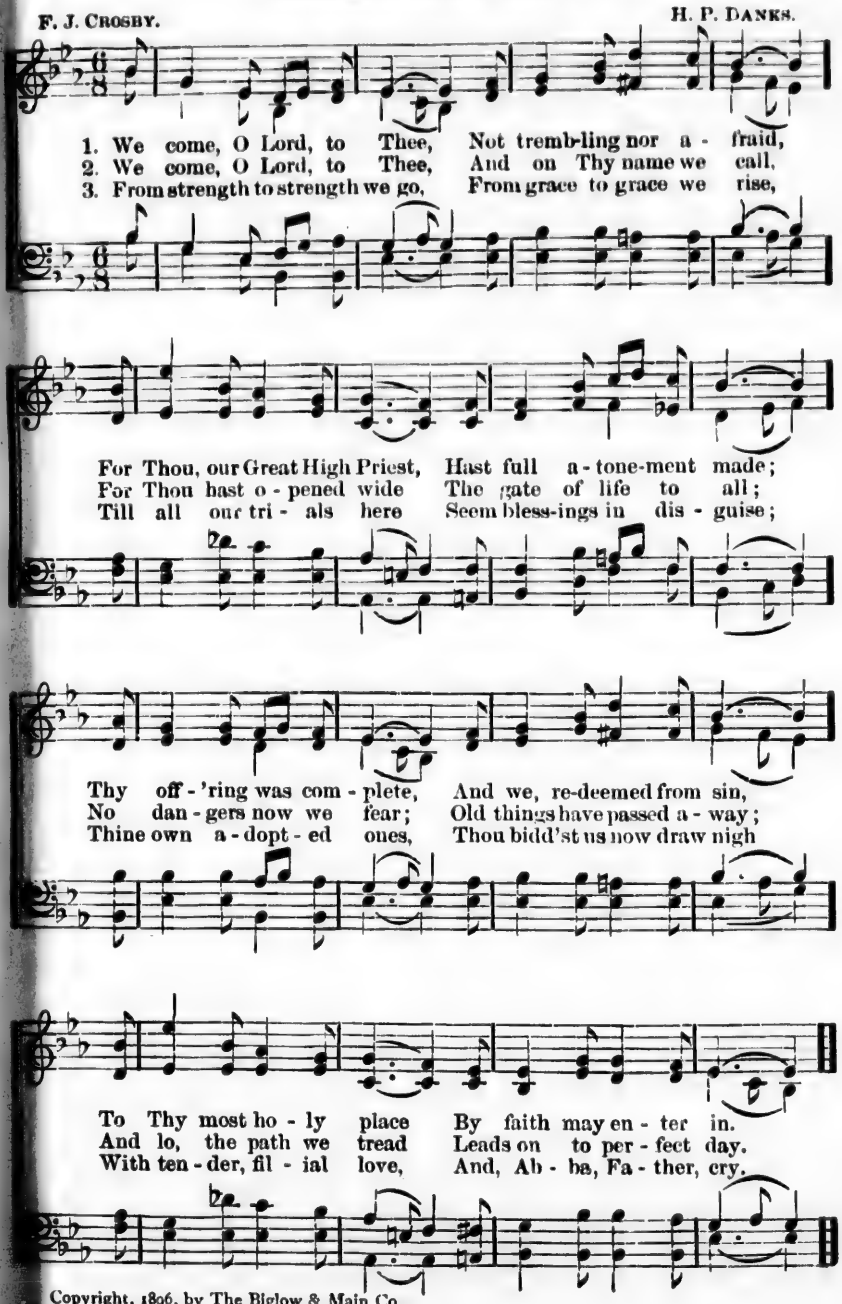


we will sing

No. 31. We Come, O Lord, to Thee.

"Let him that is athirst come."—Rev. 22 : 17.

F. J. Crosby. H. P. Danks.



1. We come, O Lord, to Thee, Not tremb-ling nor a - fraid,
2. We come, O Lord, to Thee, And on Thy name we call,
3. From strength to strength we go, From grace to grace we rise,

For Thou, our Great High Priest, Hast full a - tone-ment made;
For Thou hast o - pened wide The gate of life to all;
Till all our tri - als here Seem bless-ings in dis - guise;

Thy off - 'ring was com - plete, And we, re-deemed from sin,
No dan - gers now we fear; Old things have passed a - way;
Thine own a - dopt - ed ones, Thou bidd'st us now draw nigh

To Thy most ho - ly place By faith may en - ter in.
And lo, the path we tread Leads on to per - fect day.
With ten - der, fil - ial love, And, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry.

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No. 32. I Am the Light.

"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—Eph. 5: 14.

MARY B. WINGATE. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Joyfully.

1. O pil-grims thro' a des - ert drear, How dark and lone our way,
2. Tho' we must walk by faith a - lone, And can - not walk by sight,
3. Tho' clouds may rise, and storms may chill, Yet, beam-ing far a - bove,
4. The sun will shine, the storm pass o'er, The dark-ness flee a - way;
5. O wond-rous light, thy cheer - ing ray Dis - pels our deep - est gloom,

Till, gent - ly fall - ing on the ear, We hear a sweet voice say:
Yet, trust - ing as the days go on, Our path is ev - er bright.
The eye of faith dis - cern - eth still The light of per - fect love.
The light is shin - ing more and more, Un - to the per - fect day.
Transforms the dark-ness in - to day, And lights the si - lent tomb.

CHORUS.

I . . . . . am the light, ... I . . . . . am the light; . . . . . He . . . that fol - low - eth me shall not walk in

I am the light, the light of the world, I am the light, the light of the world;

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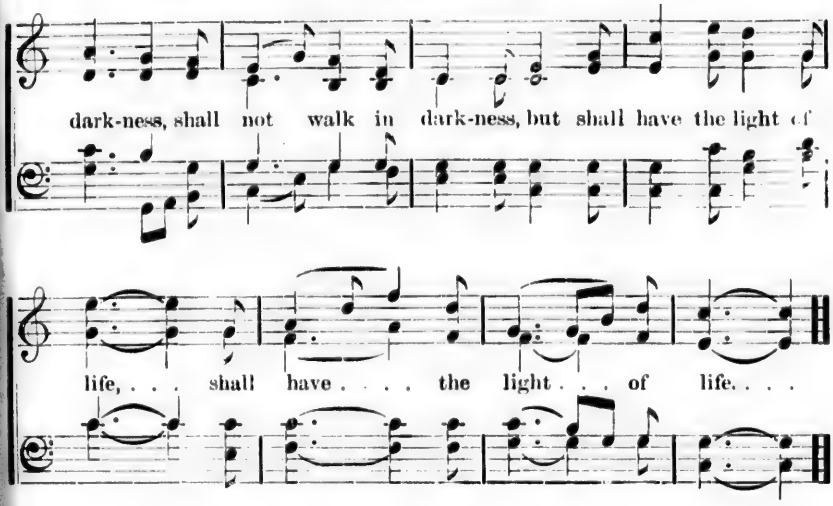
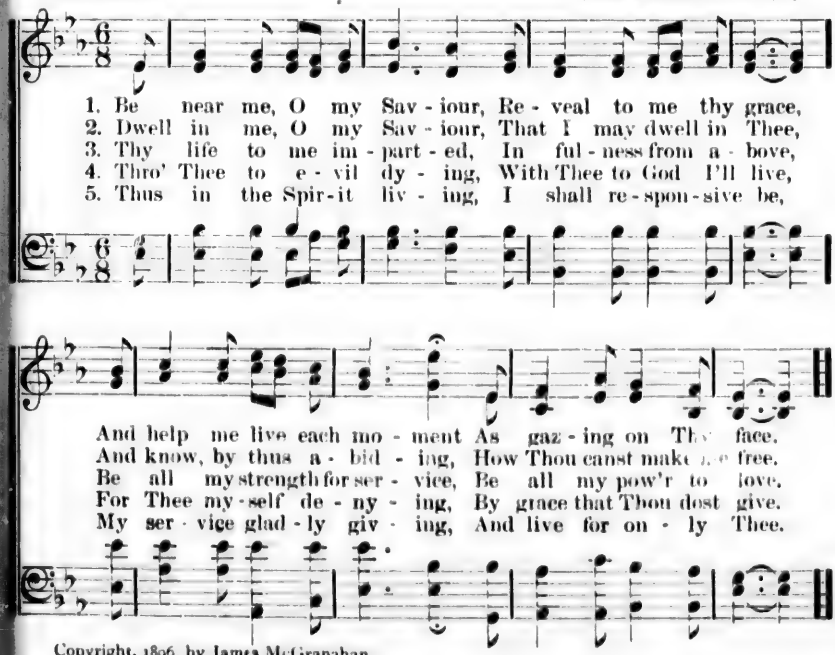
I Am the Light.—Concluded.



No. 33. Be Near Me, O my Saviour.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. 13 : 5.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.



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No. 34. Saved To-Night.

"Wherefore he is able also to save to the uttermost." HEB. 7: 25.

Rev. E. A. FRIDENHAGEN. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Down in - to my lone - li - ness, sor - row and night, Il - lu - ming my
2. For years in the dark-ness of sin I have trod. Neg - lect - ing my
3. I'm com - ing in weakness, my Sav - iour, to Thee, From sin and its
4. The mes - sage of par - don at last I have heard, And take Thee as

soul with its ra - di-ance bright; There comes a sweet mes-sage of
Sav- iour, de - spis - ing His blood! A - way from my home, and a -
bondage I long to be free; Re - ceive me O Mas - ter, Thine
Sav- iour, Re - deem - er and Lord; I'll doubt Thee no lon - ger, but

love and of light, That I may be saved to - night.
way from my God, Yet I may be saved to - night.
own would I be, And I shall be saved to - night.
trust in Thy word, That I may be saved to - night.

REFRAIN.

That I may be saved to - night, That I may be saved to - night;
Yet I may be saved to - night, Yet I may be saved to - night;
And I shall be saved to - night, And I shall be saved to - night;
That I may be saved to - night, That I may be saved to - night;

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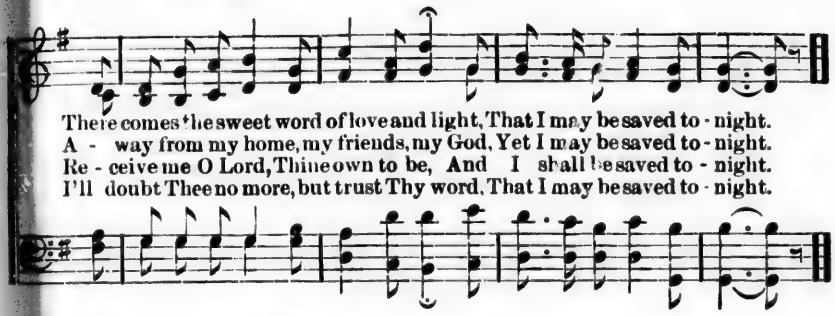
Saved To-Night.—Concluded.

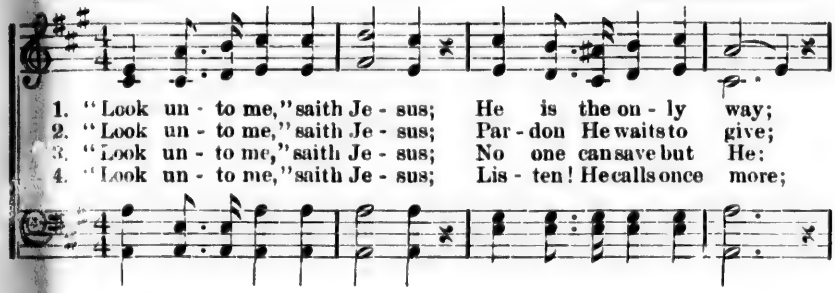


There comes the sweet word of love and light, That I may be saved to - night.
A - way from my home, my friends, my God, Yet I may be saved to - night.
Re - ceive me O Lord, Thine own to be, And I shall be saved to - night.
I'll doubt Thee no more, but trust Thy word, That I may be saved to - night.

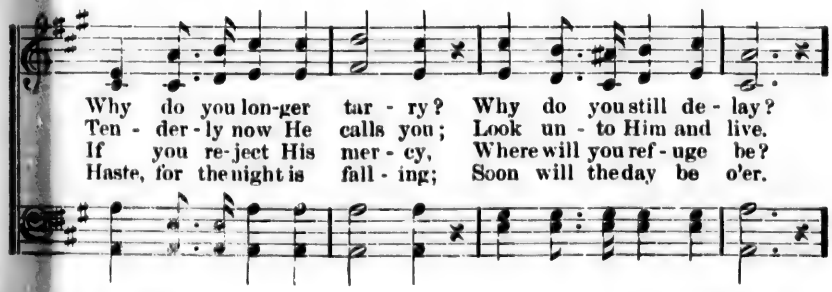
No. 35. Look Unto Me.

ISAIAH 45 : 22.

F. J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

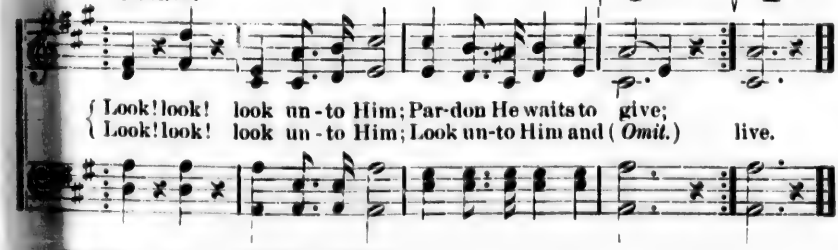


1. "Look un - to me," saith Je - sus; He is the on - ly way;
2. "Look un - to me," saith Je - sus; Par - don He waits to give;
3. "Look un - to me," saith Je - sus; No one can save but He;
4. "Look un - to me," saith Je - sus; Lis - ten! He calls once more;



Why do you lon-ger tar - ry? Why do you still de - lay?
Ten - der - ly now He calls you; Look un - to Him and live.
If you re-ject His mer - cy, Where will you ref - uge be?
Haste, for the night is fall - ing; Soon will the day be o'er.

CHORUS.



{ Look! look! look un - to Him; Par-don He waits to give;
{ Look! look! look un - to Him; Look un-to Him and (*Omit.*) live.

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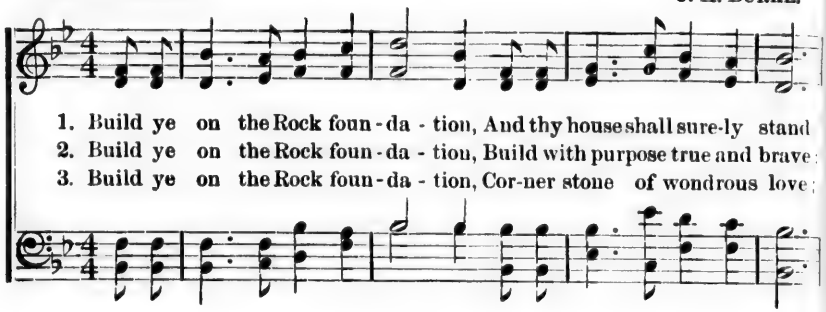
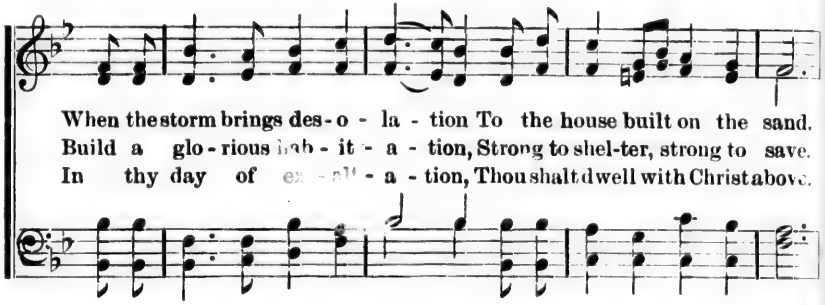
No. 36. Build Ye on the Rock.

"The rock of salvation."—Ps. 89 : 26.

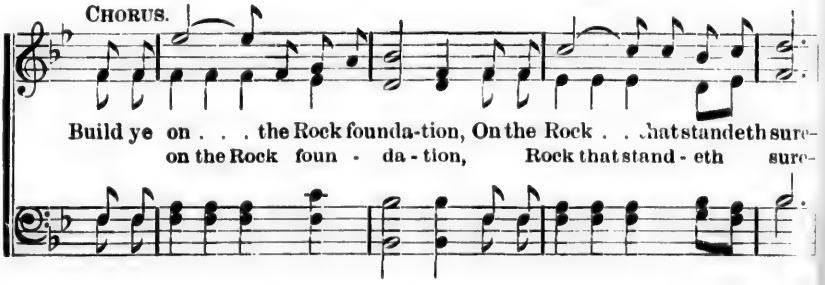
Mrs. C. E. Breck. J. H. Burke.



1. Build ye on the Rock foun - da - tion, And thy house shall sure-ly stand
2. Build ye on the Rock foun - da - tion, Build with purpose true and brave;
3. Build ye on the Rock foun - da - tion, Cor-ner stone of wondrous love;

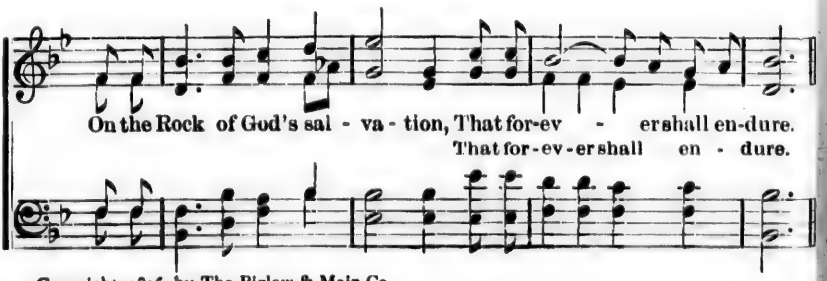


When the storm brings des - o - la - tion To the house built on the sand.
Build a glo - rious hab - it - a - tion, Strong to shel-ter, strong to save.
In thy day of ex - pi - a - tion, Thou shalt dwell with Christ above.



Chorus.

Build ye on . . . the Rock founda-tion, On the Rock . . that standeth sure-
on the Rock foun - da - tion, Rock that stand - eth sure-



On the Rock of God's sal - va - tion, That for-ev - er shall en-dure.
That for-ev-er shall en - dure.

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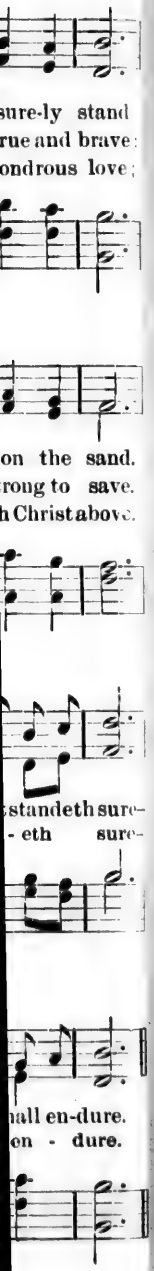
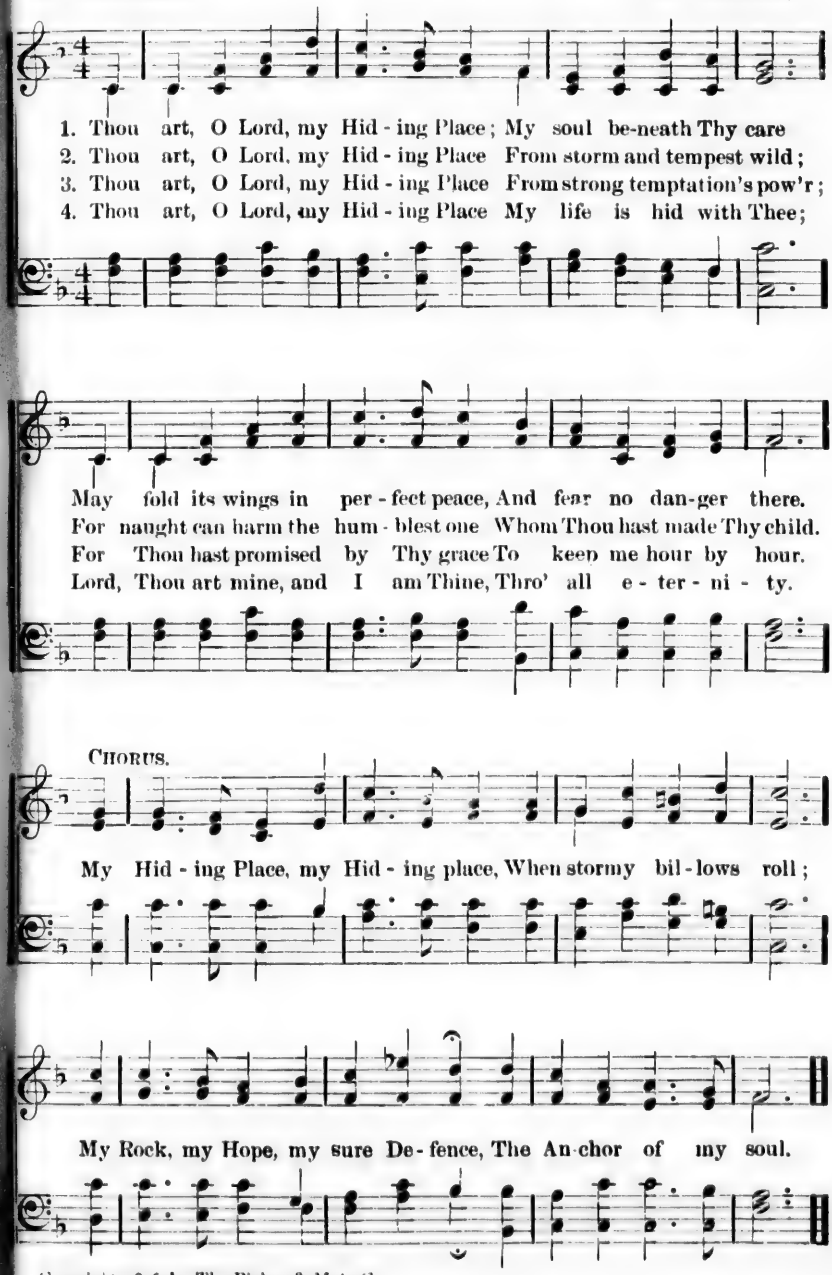
J. H. BURKE.



No. 37. My Hiding Place.

"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. 32 : 7.

R. HUTCHINSON. IRA D. SANKEY.



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No. 38. When Jesus Comes Again.

"In like manner as ye have seen him go."—Acts 1: 11.

J. V. arr. Furnished by El Nathan. James McGranahan.

Joyfully.

1. The night is long and drear - y, But break - ing dawn is near;
2. Oh, joy - ful res - ur - rec - tion! A "bless - ed hope" in - deed
3. The "signs" in-crease a - round us, The her - alds of the King;
4. It cheers the droop - ing spir - it, It sets the soul on fire;

The Lord in daz - zling splen-dor Shall speed - i - ly ap - pear;
For those who "sleep in Je - sus," From sin and sor - row freed;
O for the hap - py mo - ment When sil - ver trum - pets ring!
Our ris - en Lord is com - ing, Our joy, and heart's de - sire;

Our loved ones calm - ly sleep - ing, Have done with grief and pain;
And we, "caught up" to - geth - er, With them shall join the strain
When, gath-ered to the Sav - iour, We ech - o the re - frain—
We're long - ing to be - hold Him Who soon on earth shall reign;

We'll meet them in the glo - ry, When Je - sus comes a - gain.
Of praise for our sal - va - tion, When Je - sus comes a - gain.
"Ho - san - na in the high-est!" When Je - sus comes a - gain.
O time of won-drous glad - ness, When Je - sus comes a - gain.

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When Jesus Comes Again.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

When Je - sus comes a - gain, When Je - sus comes a - gain,

O day of joy and glad-ness, When Je - sus comes a - gain.

No. 39. Christ has Risen.

"My Lord and my God."—JOHN 20: 28.

M. FRASER. M. A SEA.

With spirit.

1. Christ has ris - en from the dead, He who suf-fered in our stead;
2. They who sang when He was born, Sing a - gain this Eas - ter morn,
3. He has burst the captive's chain; Now they glo - ry in His name
4. See, the tomb has o-pened wide; See, the Lord, who bled and died,
5. On that grand tri - umph-ant day, When things old shall pass a - way,
6. Christ the first fruits now we see, Of a har - vest yet to be,

Rise we with our ris - en Head; Al - le - lu - iah! al - le - lu - iah!
Songs that glad-den hearts for - lorn; Al - le - lu - iah! al - le - lu - iah!
Who for them did suf - fer shame; Al - le - lu - iah! al - le - lu - iah!
Now has ris - en glo - ri - fied; Al - le - lu - iah! al - le - lu - iah!
We shall lift our voice and say, Al - le - lu - iah! al - le - lu - iah!
When we're gathered, Lord, to Thee. Al - le - lu - iah! al - le - lu - iah!

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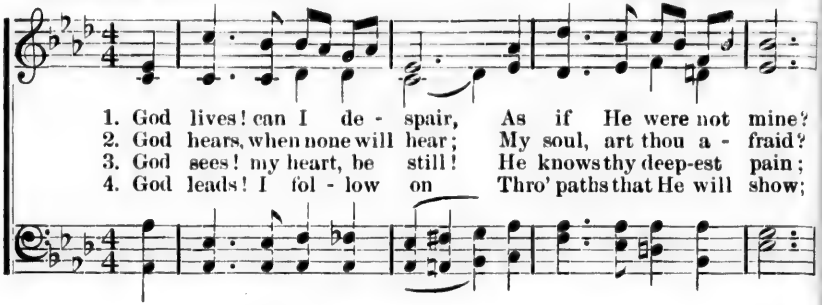
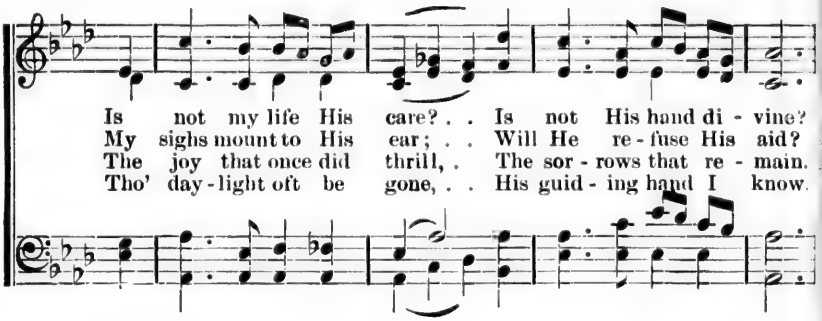
No. 40. God Lives.

"He ever liveth to make intercession for them."—Heb. 7: 25.

Schmolke, Cho. by D. W. W. Geo. C. Stebbins.

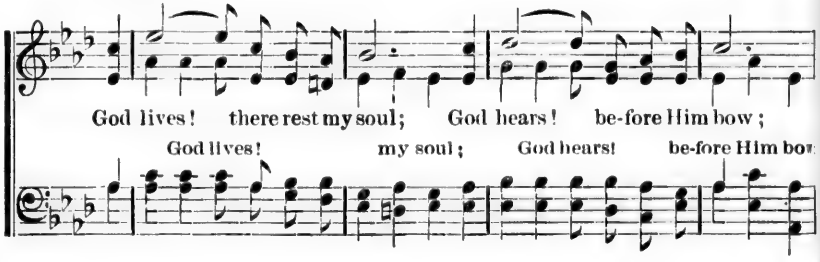


1. God lives! can I de - spair, As if He were not mine?
2. God hears, when none will hear; My soul, art thou a - fraid?
3. God sees! my heart, be still! He knows thy deep-est pain;
4. God leads! I fol - low on Thro' paths that He will show;

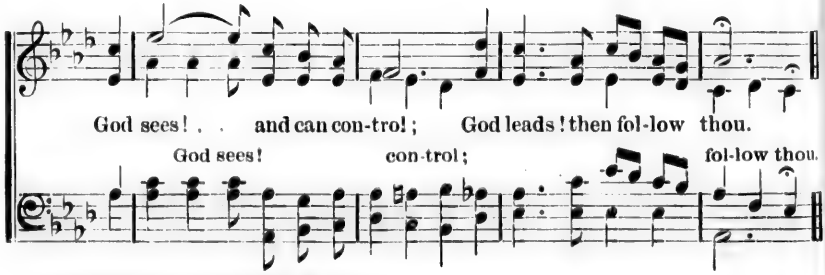


Is not my life His care? . . Is not His hand di - vine?
My sighs mount to His ear; . . Will He re - fuse His aid?
The joy that once did thrill, . The sor - rows that re - main.
Tho' day - light oft be gone, . . His guid - ing hand I know.

Chorus.



God lives! there rest my soul; God hears! be-fore Him bow;
God lives! my soul; God hears! be-fore Him bow;



God sees! . . and can con-trol; God leads! then fol-low thou.
God sees! con-trol; fol-low thou.

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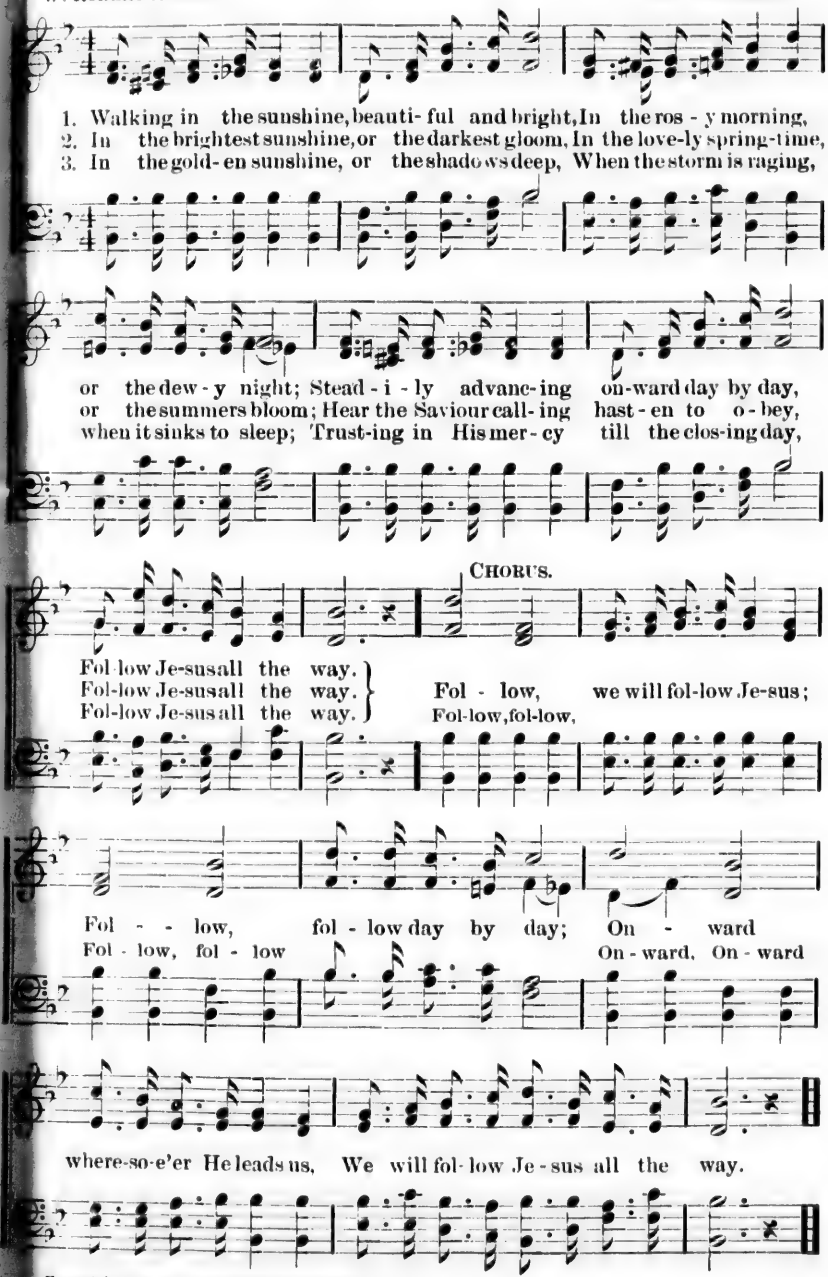
No. 41. Walking in the Sunshine.

"And he saith unto them, Follow me."—MATT. 4: 19.

W. ROBERT LINDSAY. IRA D. SANKEY.



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No. 42. Comfort Ye One Another.

"Wherefore comfort one another."—1 Thess. 4 : 18.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. "Let not your heart be troubled;" Rest in the Lord your King; Not witho
2. "Let not your heart be troubled;" If ye on Christ be - lieve, Joy for ea
3. Watch, for the Lord is com - ing; Watch, for the time draws near; He by H

hope your weeping; Those who in Christ are sleeping, He in the clouds will bring.
night of sorrow, Life, and a bright to-morrow, Ye shall from Him receive.
saints at-tended, He that to heav'n as-cended, Soon will again ap - pear.

Chorus.

Where - fore com - fort ye, com-fort ye one an - oth - er,
Wherefore, wherefore one an-oth - er,

Com-fort ye, com-fort ye, com - fort ye with these words (these word

Where - fore com-fort ye, com - fort ye one an-oth - er,
Wherefore, wherefore one an-oth - er,

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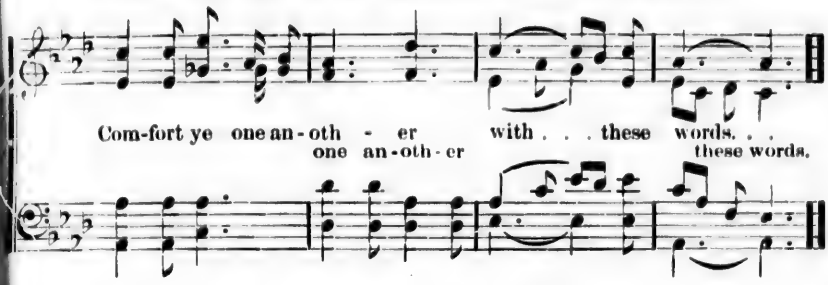
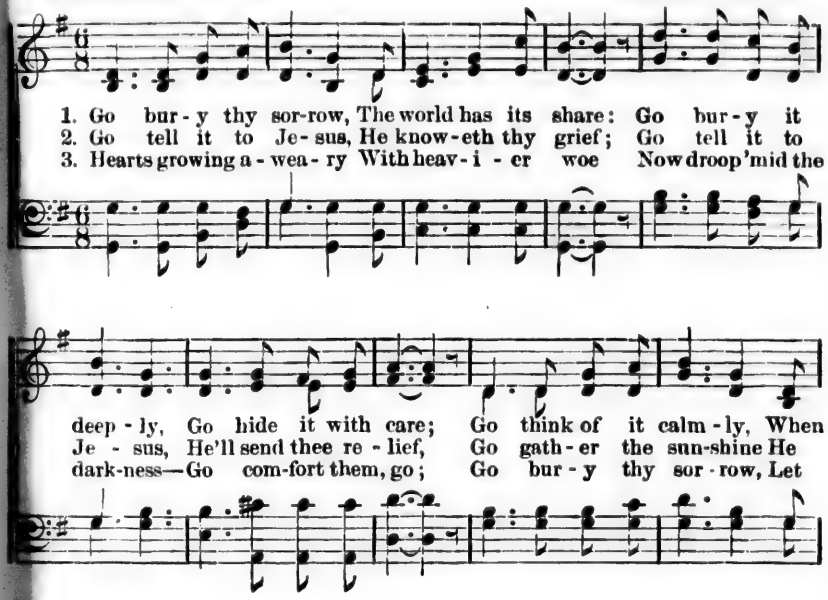
Comfort Ye One Another.—Concluded.

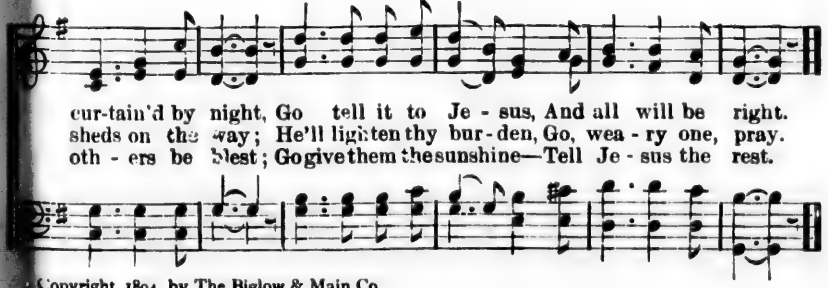


No. 43. Go Tell it to Jesus.

"And his disciples * * * * went and told Jesus."—MATT. 14: 12.

M. A. BACHELOR, alt. HARRY S. LOWER.





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No. 44. Sunshine in the Soul.

"I will joy in the God of my salvation."—Hab. 3: 18.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in an - y earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is the Light.
And Je - sus, list - en-ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For blessings which He gives me now, For joys laid up a - bove.

Refrain.

Oh, there's sun - - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - - shine
sun-shine in my soul, sun-shine in my soul.

While the peace - ful, hap - py moments roll; When
hap - py mo-ments roll,

Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sunshine in my soul.

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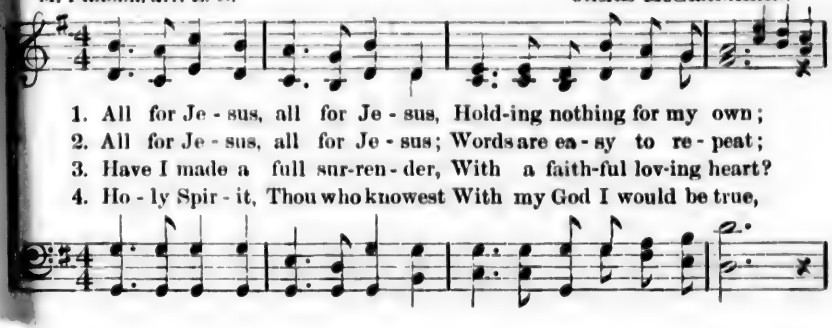
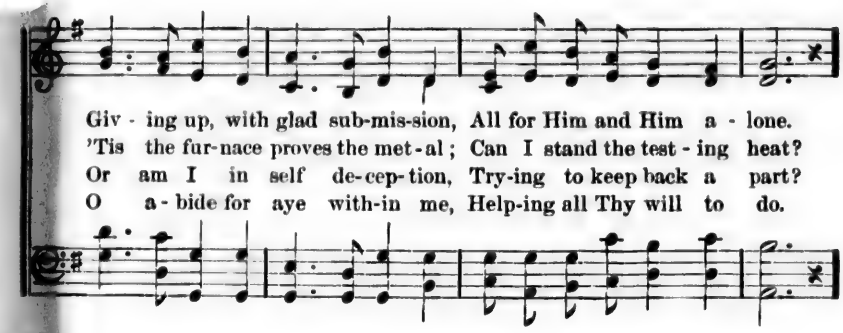
No. 45. All For Jesus.

"Who loved me, and gave himself for me."—Gal. 2: 20.

M. Fraser, arr. E. N. James McGranahan.

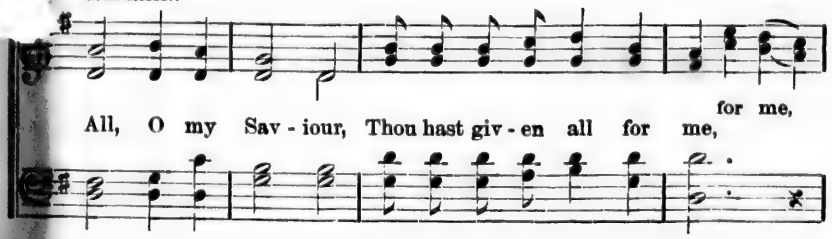


1. All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus, Hold-ing nothing for my own;
2. All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus; Words are ea - sy to re - peat;
3. Have I made a full sur-ren - der, With a faith-ful lov-ing heart?
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, Thou who knowest With my God I would be true,

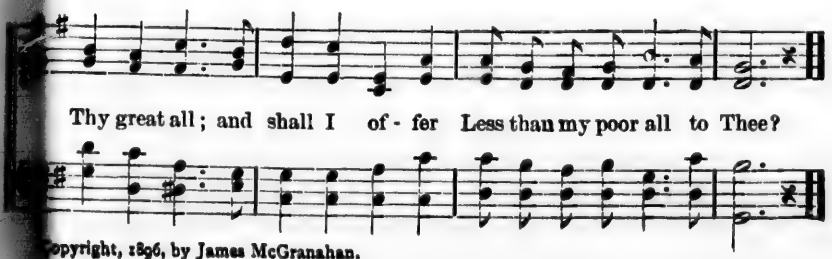


Giv - ing up, with glad sub-mis-sion, All for Him and Him a - lone.
'Tis the fur-nace proves the met-al; Can I stand the test - ing heat?
Or am I in self de-cep-tion, Try-ing to keep back a part?
O a - bide for aye with-in me, Help-ing all Thy will to do.

Refrain.



All, O my Sav - iour, Thou hast giv - en all for me, for me,



Thy great all; and shall I of - fer Less than my poor all to Thee?

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No. 46. Pleasures Forevermore.

"At thy right hand."—Ps. 16: 11.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. I lift my thank-ful song To God, my Help and Guide;
2. In Him is life and peace; I trust His love and might;
3. My heart is glad in Him, My por-tion He pre-pares;
4. A-long the nar-row way, My Sav-iour goes be-fore;

To Him my life and way be-long; No e-vil shall be-tide.
He bids the strife and tum-ult cease, And makes the darkness light.
His watch-ful eye is nev-er dim; For me, for me He cares.
He leads to realms of end-less day, And pleasures ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

He will show me the path of life; In His pres-ence is me the path of life;
ful-ness of joy; At His right hand there are pleas-ures, are pleasures evermore,
pleas-ures for-ev-er-more; At His right hand there are for-ev-er-more,

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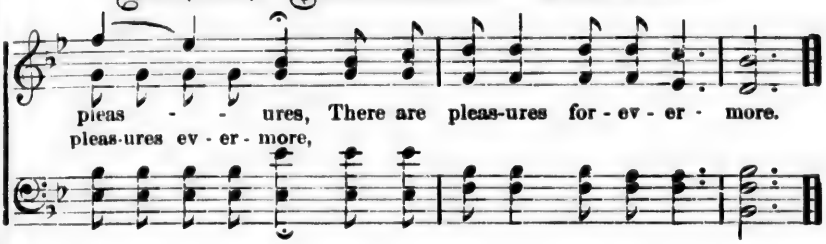
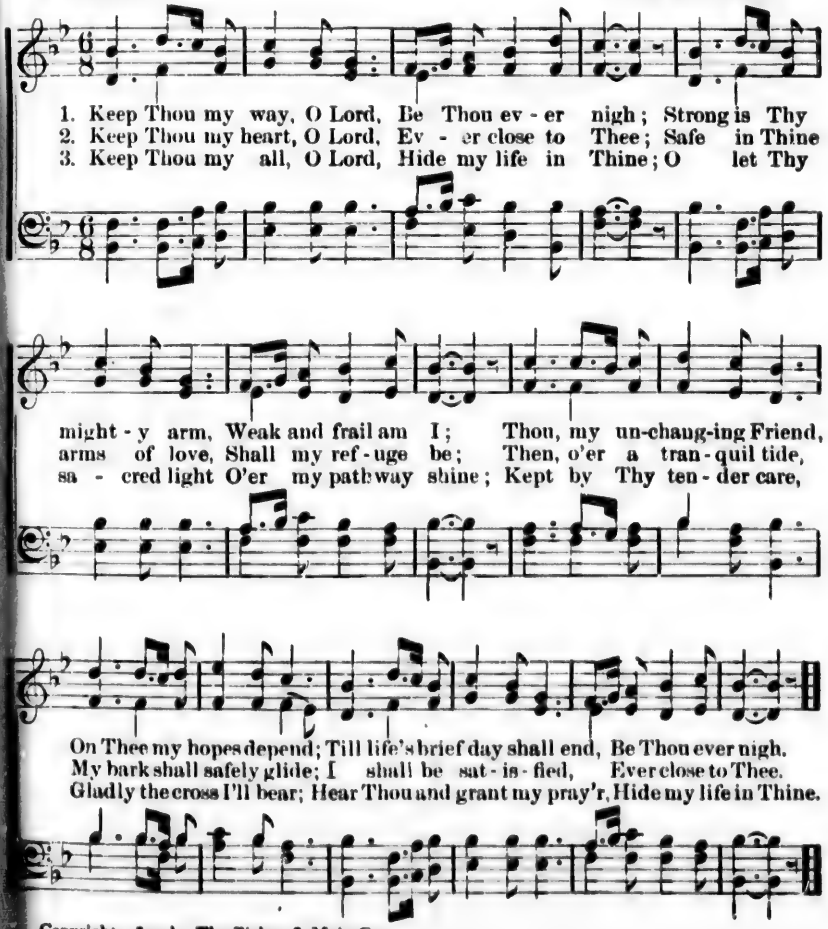
Pleasures Forevermore.—Concluded.



No. 47. Keep Thou My Way.

"The LORD is thy keeper."—PS. 121 : 5.

F. J. CROSBY. THEO. E. PERKINS.



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No. 48. O Wanderer, Rejoice!

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—Jno. 6 : 27

A. A. P. D. B. Towner.

1. O wan - der - er, re - joice, re - joice! Lift up your head and sing!
2. O love supreme! O mer - cy vast! O matchless, boundless grace!
3. When we were hope-less, lost, un-done, For us He lived and died:
4. In tri - umph from the grave He rose; And now He in - ter - cedes
5. Then break, O heart, and let Him in! He stands out-side the door,

Good ti - dings of great joy and peace, From Christ the Lord w ng.
The great Cre - a - tor gave His Son To save a ru - ine ace.
For us they nailed Him to the cross, And pierced His bless - ed side.
At Gods right hand, for you and me! For our transgres sions pleads.
O hear His gen - tle, pleading voice! Re - sist His love no more.

Chorus.

O wan-der-er, re - joice, re - joice! No lon - ger fear or doubt, or doubt,

f

The soul that comes to Christ in love, He nev - er will cast out.

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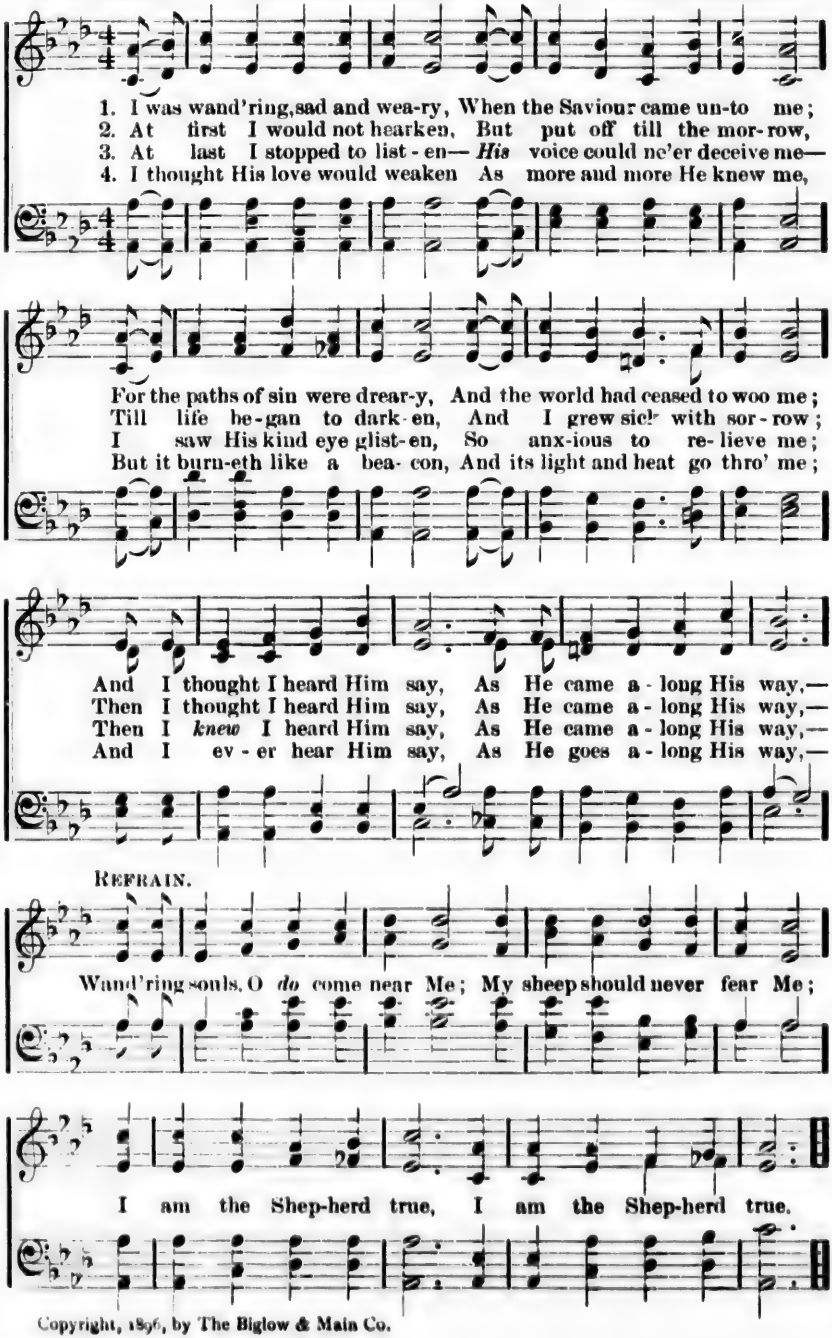
No. 49. The Shepherd True.

F. W. FABER. "I am the good shepherd."—JOHN 10 : 14. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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No. 50. Abide with me Ever.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—LUKE 24 : 29.

JOHN H. YATES. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. With-out Thee, my Sav-iour, I noth - ing can do; I strive, but I
2. With-out Thee, my Sav-iour, I strug - gle in vain; I sink 'neath the
3. With-out Thee, my Sav-iour, I can - not pre - vail When foes of my

fail to be faith - ful and true; My strength is but weak-ness, and
wave with no arm to sus - tain; But when Thou art with me to
soul with their weap - ons as - sail; But when Thou art with me to

faint is my heart, Un-less Thou art nigh me Thy grace to im - part.
strengthen my soul, I cling to the Rock though the waves o'er me roll.
gird me with might, I march to the bat - tle, and win in the fight.

CHORUS.

A - bide . . . . . with me ev - - er, O
A - bide, O a - bide, ev - er a - bide,

Sav - iour, a - bide, ... My Ref - - uge in
Saviour, O Sav-iour with me a - bide, My Ref-uge in dan-ger, my

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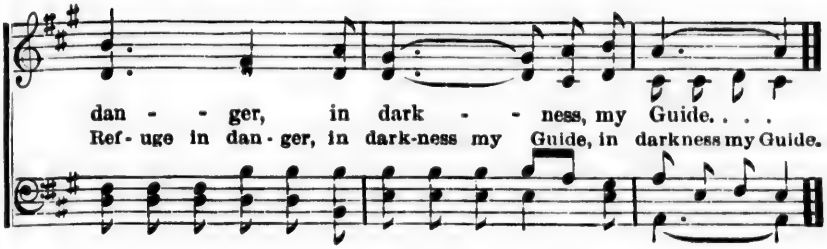
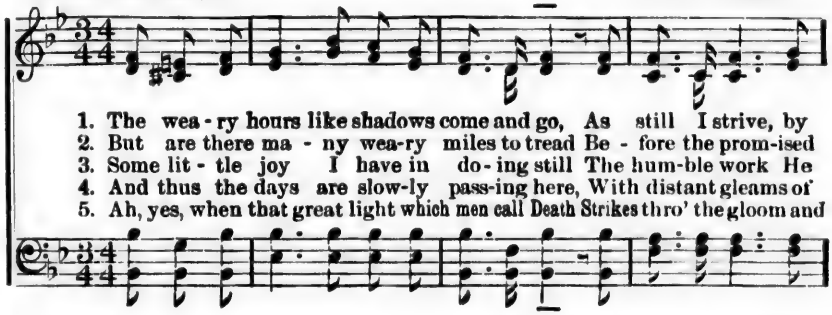
Abide with me Ever.—Concluded.

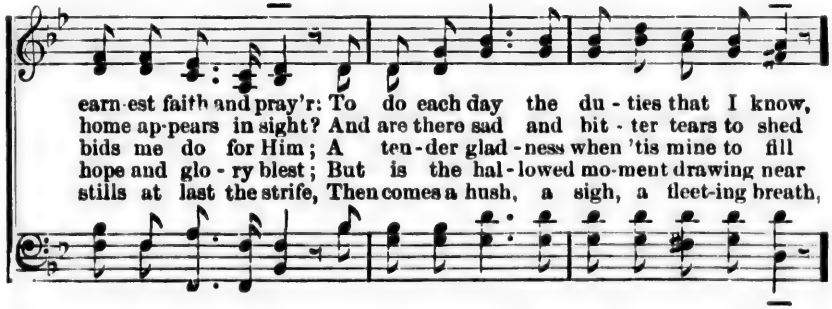


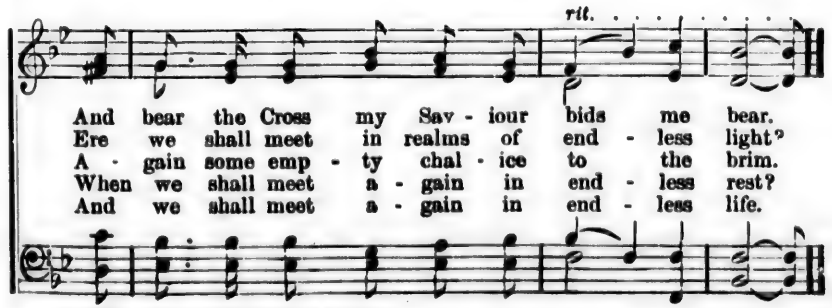
No. 51. How Long?

"At evening time it shall be light."—Zech. 14: 7.

Sarah Doudney, arr. Ira D. Sankey.







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No. 52. Baptize Me With The Spirit!

"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts. 2 : 4.

A. A. P. D. B. Towner.

1. Bap - tize me with the Spir - it! Pre - pare, O Lord, my heart,
2. O search me, try me, lead me! Re - veal each e - vil way,
3. Each i - dol I sur - ren - der That once usurped Thy throne,
4. For vic - to - ry I trust thee, O'er un - be - lief and sin,
5. I'm wait-ing for the full - ness, Thou canst not fail me, Lord,

Bid ev - 'ry un-clean dwell - er For - ev - er-more de - part.
And keep me free to - mor - row From faults of yes - ter - day.
Of ev - 'ry thought and feel - ing Thou shalt be King a - lone.
Thou wilt perform, O, Je - sus, The work thou dost be - gin.
For ev - 'ry one that ask - eth, Re - ceiv- eth from his God.

Refrain.

Bap - tize me with the Spir - it! The prom - ise is for me,

I claim by faith the bless - ing, Faith need-eth not to see.

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No. 53. Lord, Teach us How to Pray.

"Lord, teach us to pray."—LUKE 11 : 1.

D. W. WHITTLE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Lord, teach us how to pray, In - spire and strengthen faith;
2. Lord, teach us how to pray, Show us the throne of grace,
3. Lord, teach us how to pray; We know not what to seek,
4. Lord, teach us how to pray; Bring us with - in the vail,

Up - on these dull, cold hearts of clay, Send down a quick'ning breath.
Where mer - cy reigns in gen - tle sway, Re - vealed in Je - sus' face.
Or how to ask the need - ed grace; Or with what words to speak.
Thro' Christ, "the new and liv - ing way," Where pray'r can nev - er fail.

CHORUS.

Lord, teach us how to pray, The Spir - it now im - part,

That we, be - fore Thy throne to-day, May come with per - fect heart.

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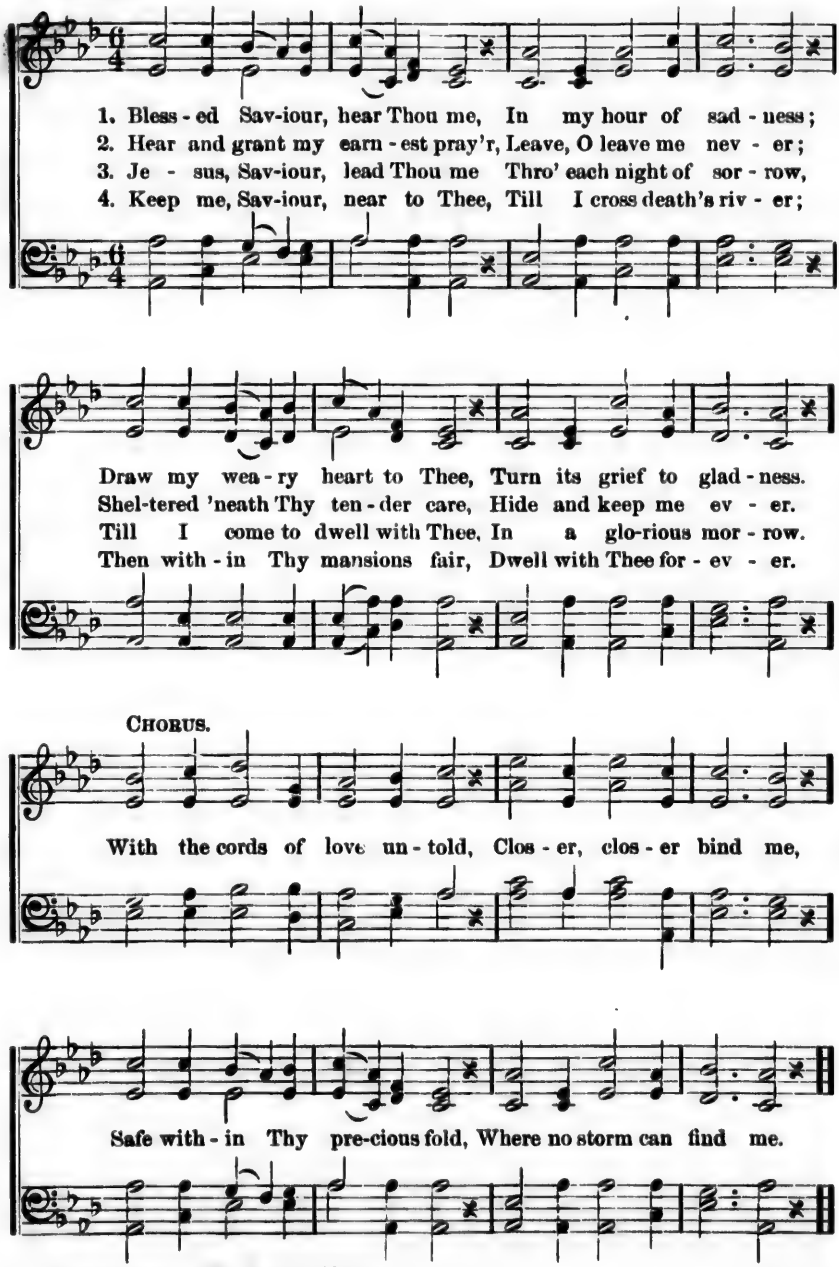
No. 54. Hear Thou Me.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord."—Ps. 143 : 1.

Lyman G. Cuyler. Ira D. Sankey.



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No. 55. What A Friend Thou Art to Me.

"He will draw nigh to you."—JAMES 4: 8.

F. J. CROSBY. (QUARTET.) Har. by HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. O my Re-deemer, What a Friend Thou art to me! O what a
2. When, in their beauty, Stars un-veil their sil-ver light, Then, O my
3. Je - sus, my Saviour, When the last deep shadows fall; When, in the

Ref - uge I have found in Thee! When the way was drear-y,
Sav - iour, Give me songs at night— Songs of yon - der man-sions,
si - lence I shall hear Thy call,— In Thine arms re - pos - ing,

And my heart was sore oppressed, 'Twas Thy voice that lulled me
Where the dear ones, gone be - fore, Sing Thy praise for - ev - er,
Let me breathe my life a - way, And a - wake tri - umph-ant,

rit. . . . . . CHORUS.

To a calm, sweet rest.
On that peaceful shore. } Near-er, draw near-er, Till my soul is
In e - ter - nal day.

lost in Thee; Near-er, draw near-er, Bless-ed Lord, to me.

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No. 56. Impatient Heart, Be Still.

"I will come again."—John 14: 3.

Geo. A. Warburton. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Im - pa-tient heart, be still! What tho' He tar-ries long? What tho' the
2. My ea - ger heart, be still! Thy Lord will sure - ly come, And take thee
3. My anxious heart, be still! Watch, work, and pray, and then It will not

tri-umph song Is still (is still) delayed? Thou hast His promise sure,
to His home, With Him (with Him) to dwell; It may not be to-day;
mat-ter when Thy Lord (thy Lord) shall come; At midnight, or at noon;

And that is all se-cure; Be not a - fraid! be not a - fraid!
And yet, my soul, it may; I can not tell, I can not tell.
He can - not come too soon To take thee home, to take thee home.

Refrain.

rit.

Be still! be still! { Im - pa-tient / My ea - ger / My anxious } heart . . be still!
Be still! be still! be still.

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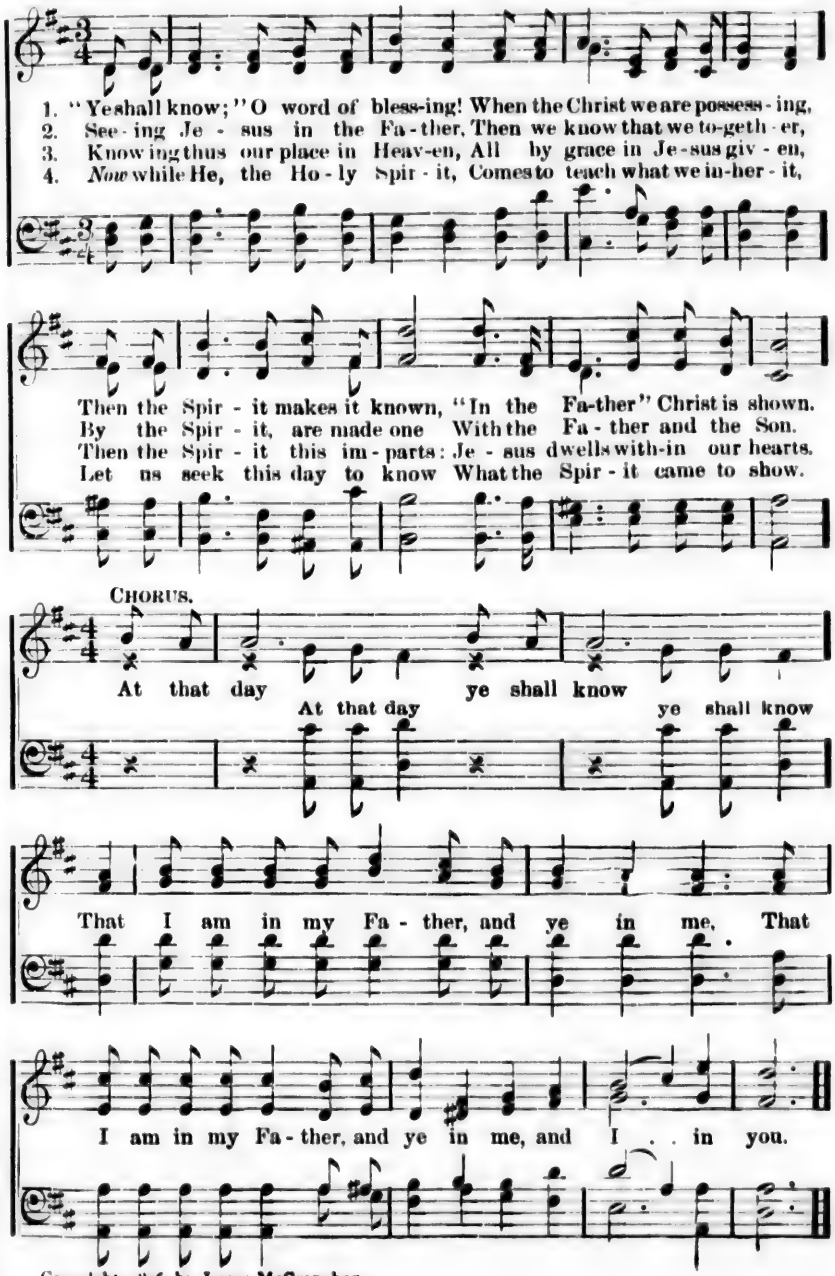
No. 57. At That Day Ye Shall Know.

"That I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you."—JOHN 14: 20.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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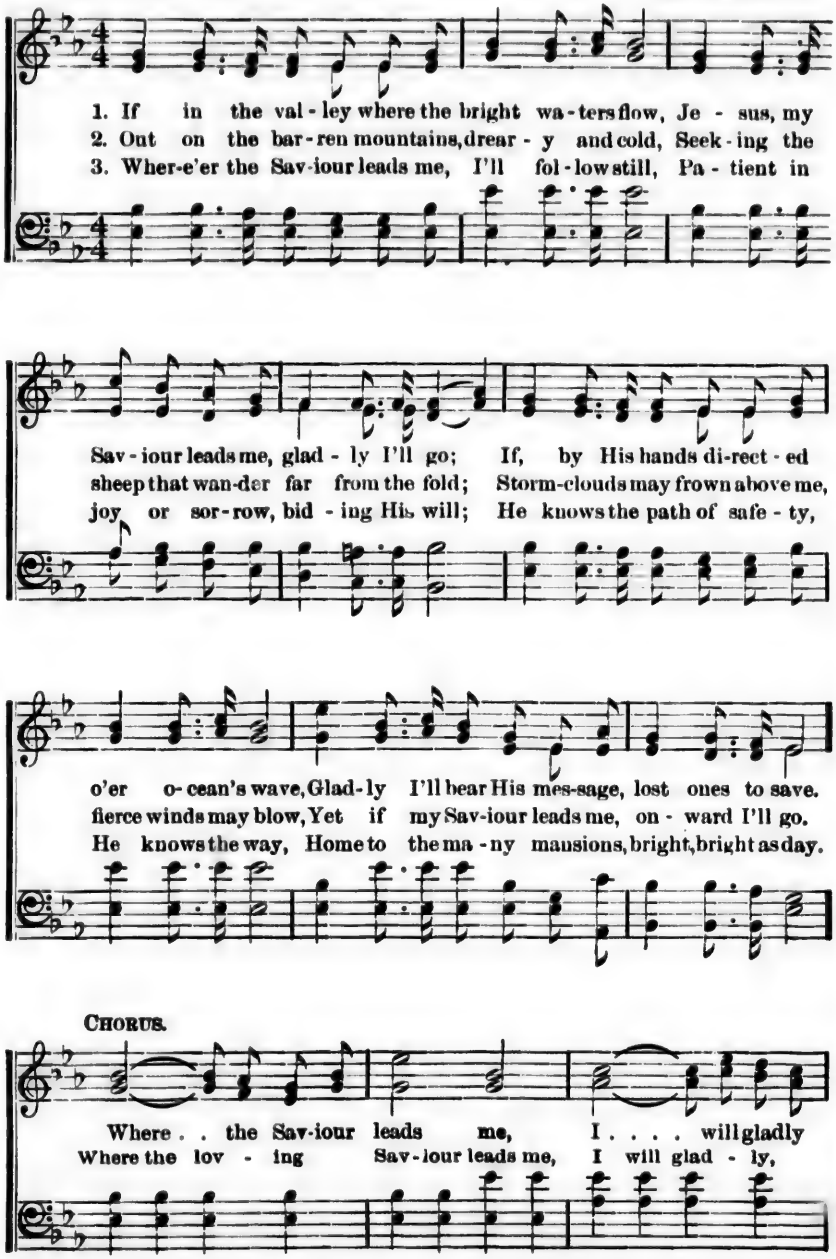
No. 58. Where the Saviour Leads.

"I will follow thee withersoever thou goest."—MATT. 8 : 19.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.



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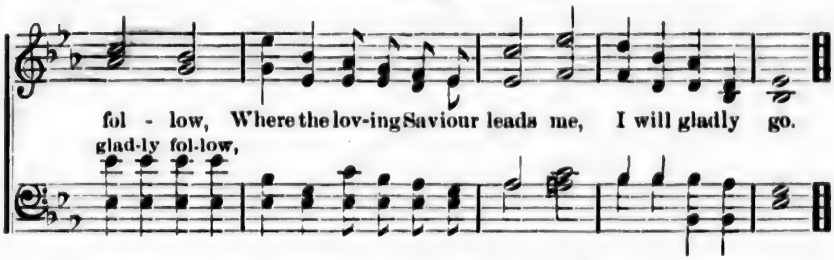
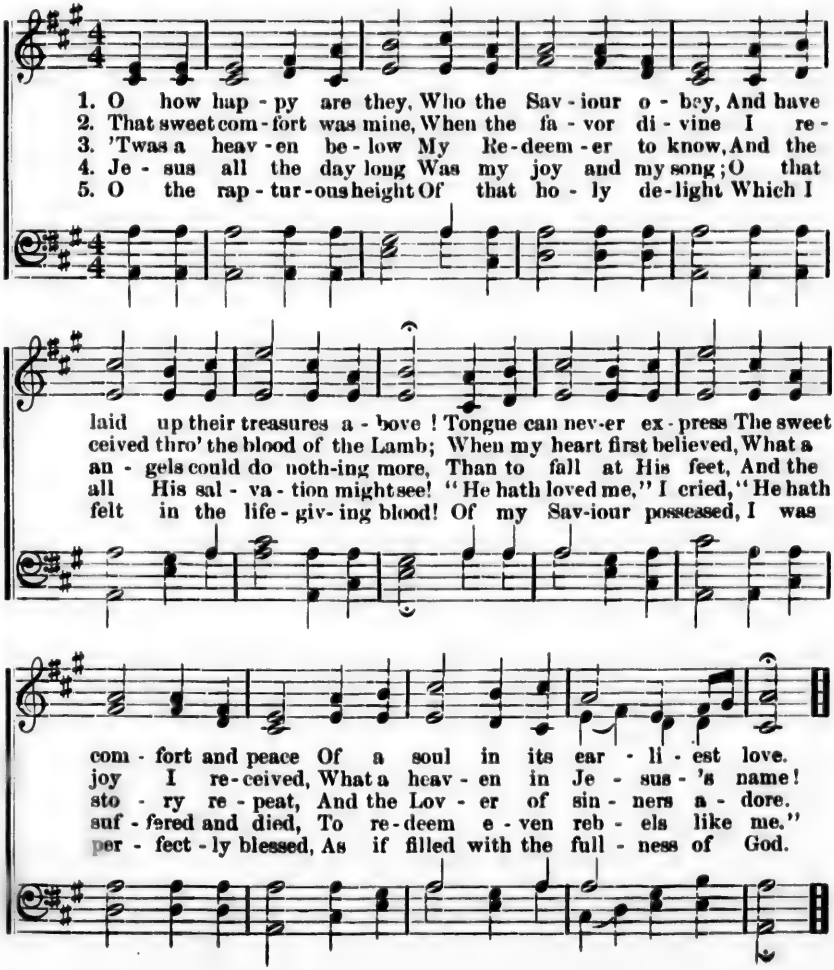
Where the Saviour Leads.—Concluded.



No. 59. O How Happy Are They.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."—Ps. 144 : 15.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. H. P. M.



No. 60. Christ Hath Redeemed Us.

GAL. 3: 13.

D. W. WHITTLE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. "Christ hath re-deemed us;" sing the glad word, Mer - cy's sweet
2. "Christ hath re-deemed us," mak - ing us free, Free from the
3. "Christ hath re-deemed us;" we are His own, Pur - chased by
4. "Christ hath re-deemed us;" soon with the throng Gath - ered in

mes - sage be tell - ing, How, thro' the ran - som made by His blood,
sins that en-slaved us; Nev - er in bond - age more can we be,
blood; He will hold us; Nor will He ev - er leave us a - lone,
glo - ry we'll meet Him; O with what rap - ture join in the song,

CHORUS.

Christ now with-in us is dwell - ing,
Trust - ing in Him who hath saved us,
Safe - ly His arms shall en - fold us,
When face to face we shall greet Him.
} "Christ hath redeemed us;"

Praise to His name! Praise Him, ye an - gels in glo - ry; "Christ hath re-

deemed us," bearing our shame; Tell out the won - der-ful sto - ry.

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No. 61. How Dear to my Heart.

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee."—Isa. 41: 10.

F. J. Crosby. Arr. by Ira D. Sankey.

1. How dear to my heart, when the pathway is lonely, That won-der-ful
2. When chilled by the waves that are surging around me, And clouds of af-
3. Though tried in the furnace, my faith shall not fal-ter, But, trust-ing in

prom-ise of Je-sus my Lord, That mes-sage of mer-cy or
flic-tion like bil-lows may roll, I'll cling to His Word which can
Je-sus, the Cross I will bear; And hop-ing, en-dur-ing, be-

S:

love and com-passion, I read on the page of His own blessed word.
nev-er be bro-ken, And joy in the com-fort it brings to my soul.
liev-ing, o-bey-ing, I'll cling to His prom-ise, and rest in His care.

D.S.—I will not for-sake thee My word hath de-clared it, I will not for-sake thee what-ev-er be-tide.

FINE.

CHORUS.

"Fear not I am with thee" Thy Strength and Re-deem-er,
The Rock where in safe-ty My own shall a-bide;

D.S.

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No. 62. Create in Me a Clean Heart.

"O God; and renew a right spirit within me."—Ps. 51: 10.

MARY B. WINGATE. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. My soul is sad and sin - ful; O Fa - ther, hear me pray;
2. O cast my sins be - hind Thee, Re - mem - ber them no more;
3. For - give, O lov - ing Sav - iour, My un - be - lief and sin;
4. O give the oil of glad - ness, Ac - cept the gift I bring;

Take from my heart this bur - den, And bear it far a - way.
Look on Thine own A - noint - ed, The Christ whom I a - dore.
My soul is wait-ing, long - ing, Thy courts to en - ter in.
Then I will chant Thy prais - es, Thy glo - ry will I sing.

CHORUS.

Cre - ate . . . . . in me . . . . . a clean heart, O God;
Cre - ate in me, in me

(*Do not hurry.*)

re - new a right spir - it with - in me. Wash me thor-ough-ly

from mine in - i - qui - ty; cleanse me from my sin.

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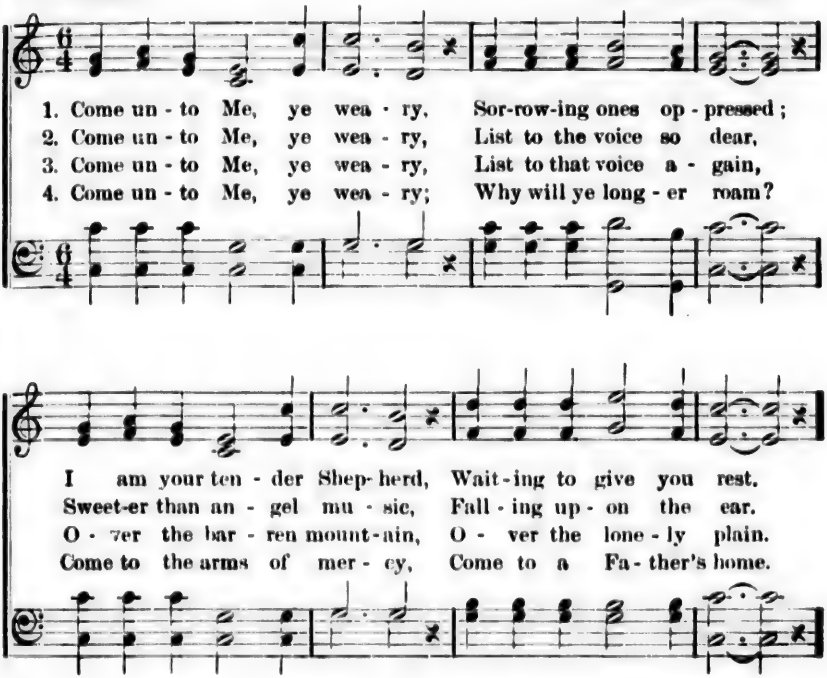
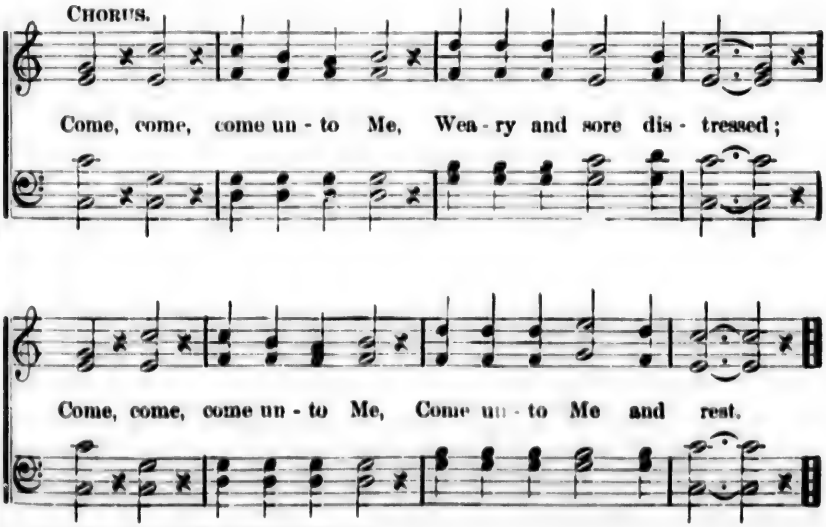
No. 63. Come Unto Me, Ye Weary.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor; and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11 : 28.

F. J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.





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No. 64. Jesus Knows Your Sorrow.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."—Isa. 53: 4.

A. A. P. D. B. Towner.

1. Je - sus knows all, all your sor - row, Cour - age, cour - age
2. Trust Him like the lit - tle chil - dren, Let Him draw you
3. When the fierce re - fin - ing fires Search and cleanse you
4. Then "let not your heart be troub - led," Tho' 'tis dark, God

faint - ing friend, Un - to Him all pow'r is giv - en, He will
ver - y near, O, if God Him - self be for you, Why should
thro' and thro', Close be - side you in the fur-nace, Lo, the
rules a - bove, He will nev - er fail His chos-en, Rest in

Refrain.

keep you to the end.
you one mo - ment fear.
Son of God walks too.
His al - might-y love.

Je - sus knows! Je - sus knows!

Je-sus knows! Jesus knows!

Yes, your Sav - iour knows it all. * Je - sus knows, yes, knows it all.

* For last verse.

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No. 65. I Will Bless the Lord.

F. J. Crosby. Psalm 34 : 1. Ira D. Sankey.

1. I will bless the Lord and praise Him ev - er - more, In His name my
2. I will bless the Lord, whose ten - der, lov - ing care Has been with me
3. I will bless the Lord, my Shel - ter and De - fence, I will trust, and

trust shall be; I will sing His praise and triumph in His grace, For His
all my days; He has filled my life with blessings ev - er new, And
fear no ill; Tho' I walk a - lone the val - ley and the shade, His

Chorus.

right - eous - ness a - vails for me.
mer - ci - ful are all His ways.
rod and staff shall com - fort still.
With His own right hand He

lead - eth me, And the way grows bright as I go; For with
as I go;

Him I walk by riv - ers of delight, Where the living waters gent - ly flow.

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No. 66. Immanuel, Prince of Peace.

"Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour"—Acts 5 : 31.

ANDREW SHERWOOD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, sing that song to me a-gain, Whose charm doth nev-er cease,
2. When I, a lisp-ing in-fant, lay Up-on my mother's knee,
3. Oh, song of songs, that grows sublime As on-ward roll the years;

Of Him who died for sin-ful men: Im-man-uel, Prince of Peace;
She told me in the twilight gray, How Je-sus died for me;
Oh, sto-ry wov-en in-to rhyme, That melts the heart to tears;

The peer-less One of all the throng Who've walked our earthly sod;
She sang a song of heav'n and God I nev-er can for-get;
I love, I love to hear that song, It fills my soul with joy;

The sweet-est name that lives in song: Christ Je-sus, Son of God.
And tho' she sleeps be-neath the sod, Her song is liv-ing yet.
To Him all songs of praise be-long Which mor-tal tongues em-ploy.

CHORUS.

Oh, sing that song to me a-gain, Whose charm doth nev-er cease.

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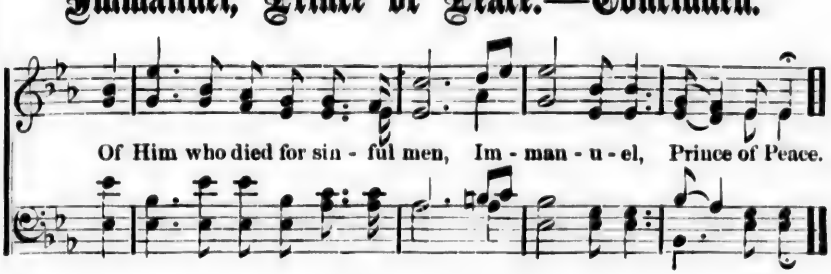
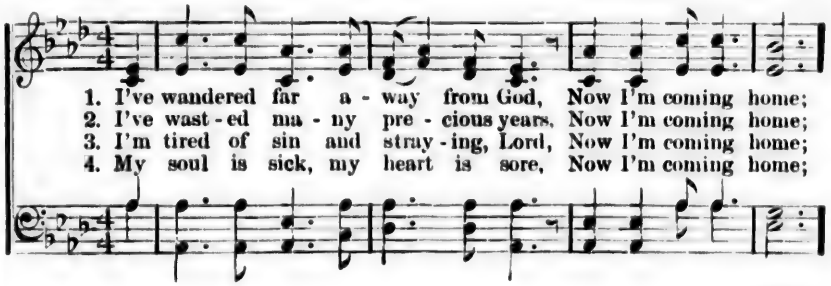
Immanuel, Prince of Peace.—Concluded.

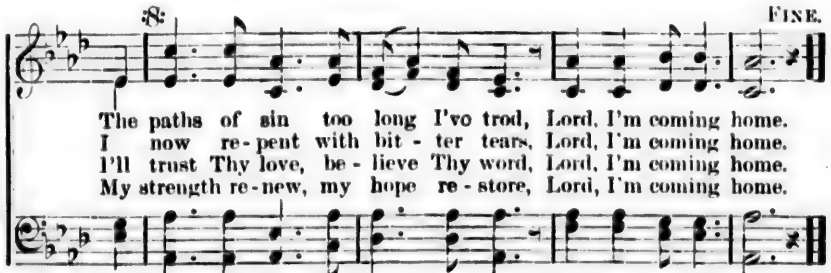


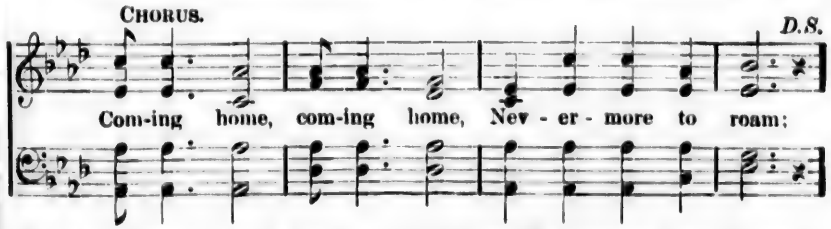
No. 67. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11 : 28.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.







5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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No. 68. Life is Mine.

"He that hath the Son hath life." 1 Jno. 5: 2.

Rev. E. G. Wesley. D. B. Towner.

1. Life is mine, yes, mine thro' the blood of the Lamb,
2. Strength is mine, yes, mine thro' the blood of the Lamb,
3. Peace is mine, yes, mine thro' the blood of the Lamb,
4. Crown is mine, yes, mine thro' the blood of the Lamb,

In my Lord I live and He lives in me,
Tho' so weak in self, in my Lord I'm strong,
Since I came in faith to the cleans - ing stream,
When no more earth's toil, and this life's work done,

He lives in me; . . . Faith is mine, yes,
In my Lord I'm strong; Love is mine, yes,
To the cleans - ing stream; Joy is mine, yes,
This life's work done; Rest is mine, yes,

In my Lord I live, and He lives in me;
Tho' so weak in self, in my Lord I'm strong;
Since I came in faith to the cleans-ing stream;
When no more earth's toil, and this life's work done;

mine, for in Him I be - lieve, And my heart is glad since He
mine, pure and free from my Lord, I am His a - lone, and to
mine, all His joy is mine own, On my path His light doth for -
mine, the sweet rest of His love, When the bat - tle's o'er, and the

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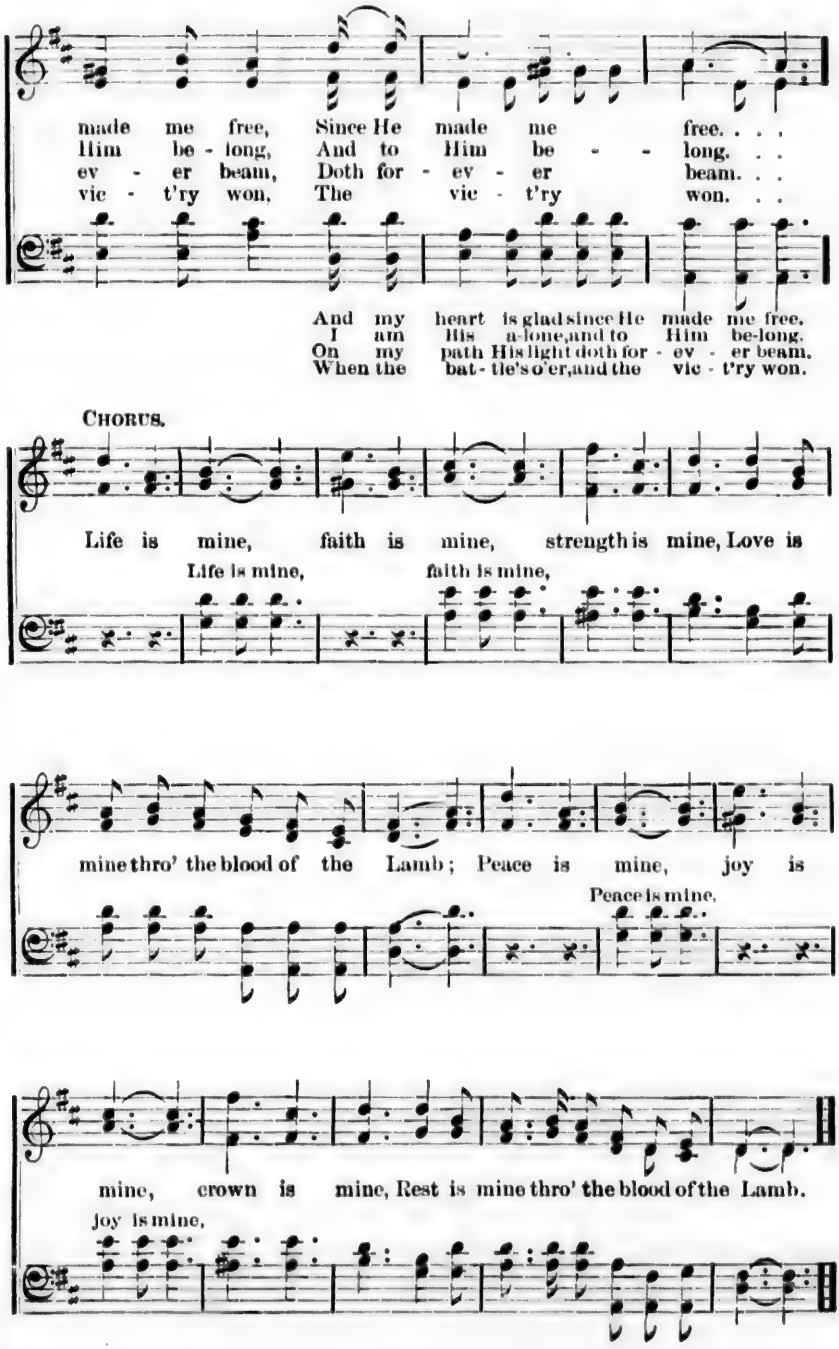
Life is Mine.—Concluded.



No. 69. Eye Hath Not Seen.

F. J. Crosby. 1 Cor. 2: 9. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. They tell me of a land so fair, Un - seen by mor - tal eyes,
2. They tell me of a land so fair, Where all is light and song,
3. No ra-diant beams from sun or moon A - dorn that land so fair,
4. O land of light and love and joy, Where comes no night of care,

Where spring in fade-less beau-ty blooms, Be-neath un-cloud-ed skies.
Where an - gel choirs their an-thems join With yonder blood-wash'd throng.
For He who sits up - on the throne Shines forth resplendent there.
What will our song of tri-umph be When we shall en - ter there!

Refrain.

"Eye . . . . . hath not seen, ... ear . . . . . hath not
"Eye hath not seen, eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,

heard, ... Neith - er hath it en - tered in - to the
ear hath not heard, Neith-er hath en - tered, en-tered in - to the

heart . . of man, ... The things . . . . which
heart, the hea t of man, of man, The things, the things which

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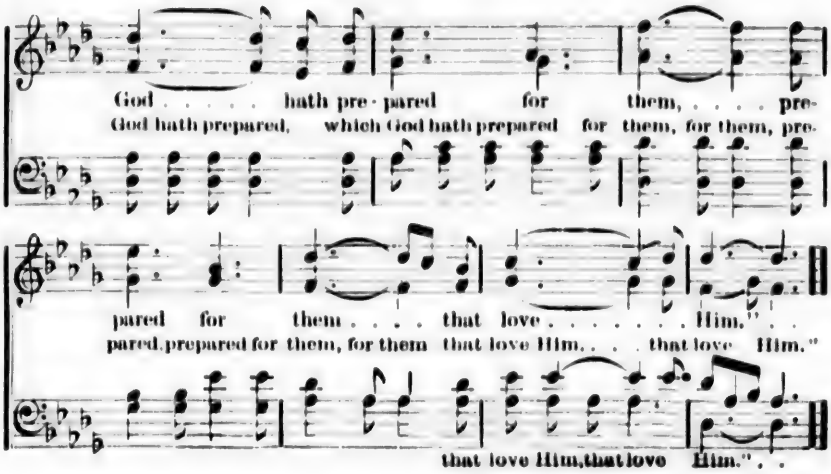
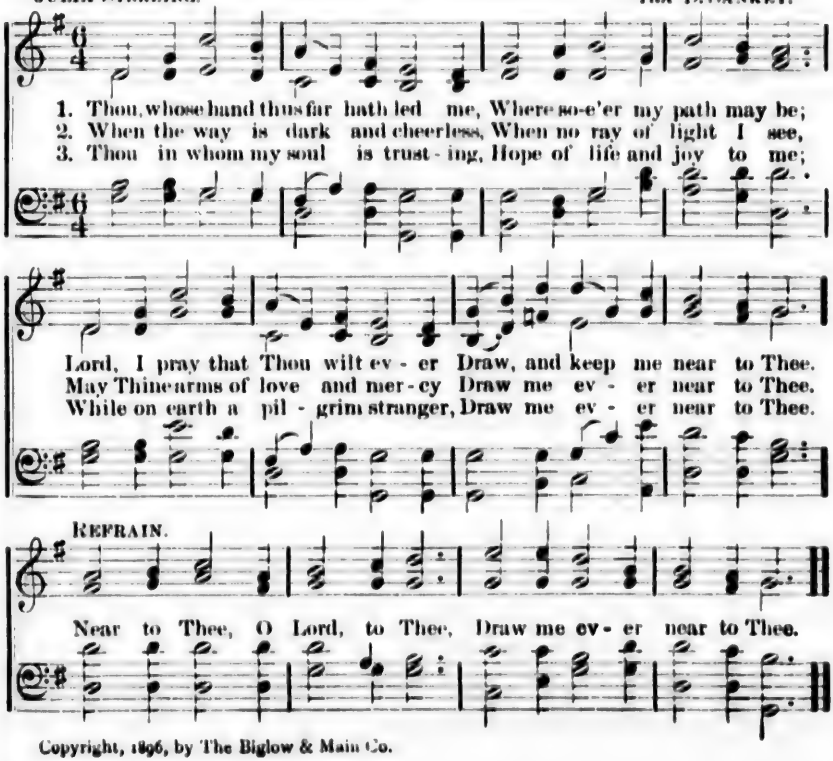
Eye Hath Not Seen.—Concluded.



No. 70. Near to Thee.

"He will draw nigh to you."—James 4: 8.

Julia Sterling. Ira D. Sankey.



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No. 71. Thou Art my Rock.

"Be thou my strong rock for a house of defence."—Ps. 31 : 2.

Mrs. C. E. Breck. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Thou art my Rock, O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Thou art my
2. Thou art my Rock when sin is in-vit-ing, Thou art my
3. Thou art my Rock, temp-ta-tions de-fy-ing, Thou art my
4. Thou art my Rock; when king-dom and na-tion, Rul-er and

Ref-uge where I may hide; Thou art my Rock to
Rock when tri-al is near; Thou art my Rock when
Friend un-chang-ing and sure; Whol-ly on Thee my
crown, have crum-bled to dust, Thou shalt re-main my

shel-ter and bless me; Ev-er in Thee I safe-ly a-bide.
sor-row is smit-ing, Thou art my Rock; why then should I fear?
soul is re-ly-ing, Ev-er to keep me faith-ful and pure.
Rock of sal-va-tion, Rock ev-er-last-ing; Thee will I trust.

Chorus.

Thou art my Rock, ... O bless-ed Re-deem-er.
Thou art my Rock, bless-ed Re-deem-er,

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Thou Art my Rock.—Concluded.

Thou art my Friend, ... And Thou art my Guide; . . . . . .
Thou art my Friend, Thou art my Guide;

Thou art my Hope, ... And Thou art my Sav - iour,
Thou art my Hope, Thou art my Saviour,

Thou art my Trust; . . . . . in Thee will I hide. . . . . .
Thou art my Trust, In Thee will I hide.

No. 72. Ye Christian Heralds, Go.

B. H. Draper. (Missionary Chant.) H. C. Zeuner.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Sal - va-tion thro' Im-man-uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire. With flaming zeal your heart in - spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more,—

To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha-ron there.
Bid rag-ing winds their fu-ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
With all the ransomed hosts to fall, And crown our Saviour Lord of all.

No. 73. I am Satisfied with Jesus.

"For He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." Ps. 107 : 9.

A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I am sat-is-fied with Je-sus ev-'ry day, His re-deem-ing blood
2. Sad and hopeless once I wandered all a-lone, Now He dwells with me
3. Though the fier-y darts of Sa-tan may as-sail, O'er the shield of faith
4. To His mer-cy seat I hast-en when op-pressed, For with Je-sus there
5. I am look-ing un-to Je-sus ev-'ry hour, I am trust-ing in

has washed my sins a-way, O, in dark Geth-sem-a-ne and on
and claims me as His own, O, He makes my pathway bright, for He
they nev-er shall pre-vail, I have giv-en Christ my all; I shall
is per-fect peace and rest, So I take to Him in pray'r ev-'ry
His faith-fulness and pow'r, Under-neath His watchful eye are the

cru-el Cal-va-ry, What a-maz-ing love He showed for such as me.
is Himself the Light, And His presence turns to day lifes dark-est night.
rise whene'er I fall, He will an-swer and de-liv-er at my call.
anxious weight of care, And I leave it, yes, I leave it with Him there.
flames that puri-fy, I shall un-der-stand their meaning by and by.

CHORUS.

I am sat-is-fied, I am sat-is-fied, Ful-ly
sat-is-fied with Jesus ev-'ry day, I am sat-is-fied, I am

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I am Satisfied with Jesus.—Concluded.

ad lib......

sat - is - fied, Ful - ly sat - is - fied with Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

No. 74. Ours is the Victory.

"Be strong and of a good courage."—Josh. 1 : 9.

M. Fraser. James McGranahan.

1. Down with the e - vil and up with the right, Strong in the Lord and the pow - er of His might; Press - ing the le - gions of Sa - tan to flight,
2. Down with the e - vil and up with the right, Nail to the mast-head your col - ors ev - er bright; Fear not nor fal - ter though stern be the fight;
3. Down with the e - vil and up with the right, Chil - dren of day, not the chil - dren of the night; Scat - ter the dark-ness with glad, heav'nly light;

Chorus.

Ours is the vic - to - ry. Ours is the vic - to - ry,

Ours is the vic - to - ry, the vic - - to - ry.

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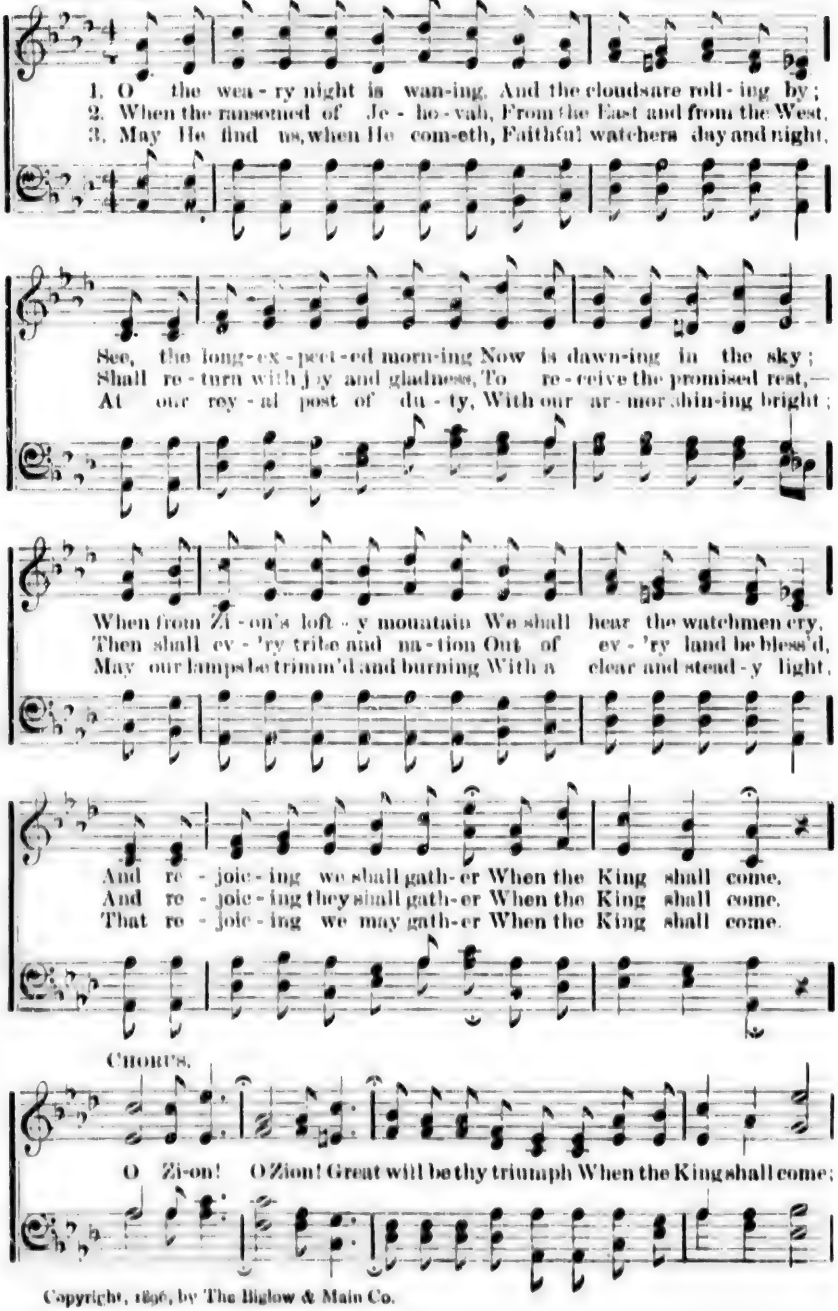
No. 75. When the King Shall Come.

"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."—Ps. 149: 2.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.



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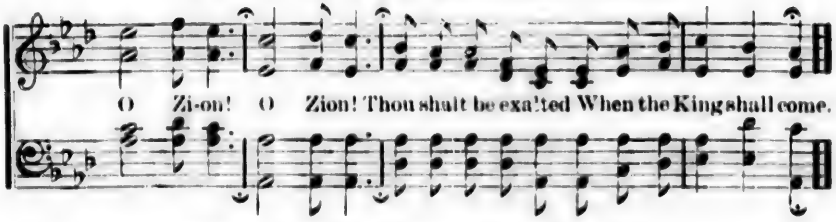
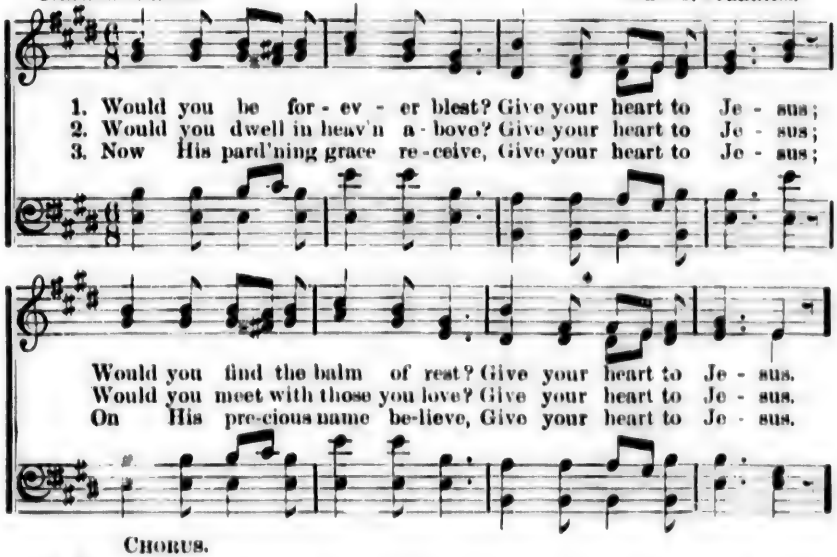
When the King.—Concluded.



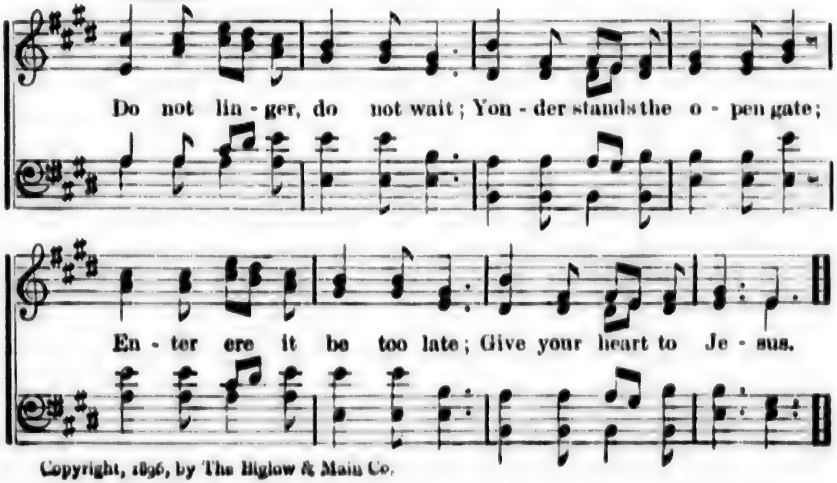
No. 76. Give your Heart to Jesus.

"My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. 23 : 26.

CHARLES BRUCE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



CHORUS.



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No. 77. God is Now Willing; Are You?

"Who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. 5 : 18.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. God is now willing, in Christ rec - on-ciled, Will-ing to par-don, and cleanse the de- filed, Will - ing to take you and make you His child;
2. God is now willing to give you His peace, Will-ing from bondage of sin to re-lease, Will - ing the con- flict with - in you should cease;
3. God is now willing to answer your prayer, Per - fect - ly will-ing your bur - den to bear, Read - y and wait-ing to take all your care;
4. God is now willing within you to dwell, Will-ing with blessing your spir - it to fill; Yield to His plead-ing and give up your will;

CHORUS.

God is now will-ing; are you? God is now willing; are you? are you?

Will you not trust Him, so faith - ful, so true? If you re-fuse Him, O what will you do? God is now will-ing; are you? . . . are you?

rit. *pp*

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No. 78. The Trusting Heart.

"The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion."—Isa. 51 : 2.

J. H. Johnston. D. B. Towner.

1. The trust - ing heart goes sing - ing, What - ev - er may be - tide,
2. The trust - ing heart is read - y To do the Mas - ter's will,
3. The trust - ing heart with glad - ness Re - ceives all heav'n - ly gifts;

To Je - sus' promise cling - ing, Re - deem - er, Friend, and Guide.
With pur - pose true and stead - y, His bid - ding to ful - fill.
In days of grief and sad - ness, The song of hope it lifts.

Chorus.

Sing - ing, sing - ing, The trusting heart goes sing - ing;
Singing, yes, singing, singing, yes, sing ing, The trusting heart goes joyfully singing;

Tak - ing Je - sus at His word, Following where His call is heard, The

trust - ing heart goes singing, sing - ing. . . sing - ing.
joy - ful - ly singing, joy - ful - ly singing, joy - ful - ly singing.

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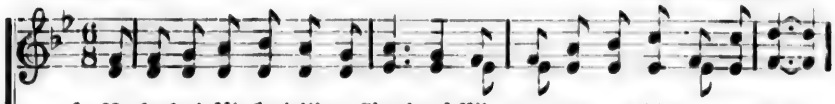
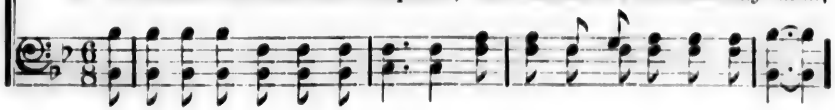
No. 79. He Feedeth His Flock.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd."—Isa. 40 : 11.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. He feedeth His flock like a Shepherd, Where pastures are blooming and fair;
2. He feedeth His flock like a Shepherd, And, when in the des-ert they roam,
3. He feedeth His flock like a Shepherd; The weakest His kindness may claim;

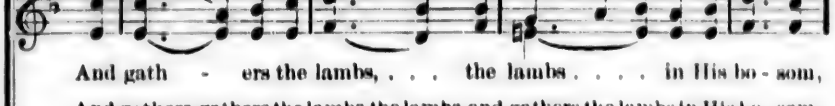


He gath-ers the lambs in His bo - som, And shelters them ten-der-ly there.
He pa-tient-ly fol-lows their footsteps, And lead-eth them ten-der-ly home.
He nev - er will leave nor for-sake them Who trust in His ex - cel-lent name.

Chorus.

He feed - - eth His flock, . . . His flock . . . . like a Shep-herd,
He feed - eth, feed-eth His flock, His flock, He feedeth His flock like a Shepherd,

And gath - ers the lambs, . . . the lambs . . . . in His bo - som,
And gathers, gathers the lambs, the lambs, and gathers the lambs in His bo - som,



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He Feedeth His Flock.—Concluded.

He feed - - eth His flock, . . His flock . . . . . like a Shepherd,

He feed-eth, feedeth His flock, His flock, He feed-eth His flock like a Shepherd,

ritard. . . .

And gath - - ers the lambs, . . . the lambs . . . . in His bo - som.

And gathers, gathers the lambs, the lambs, and gathers the lambs in His bo- som.

No. 80. After the Darkest Hour.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

MRS. M. R. TILDEN. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Aft - er the dark - est hour, The morn - ing draw - eth nigh;
2. Aft - er the drift - ing snow, The sun - ny days of calm;
3. Aft - er the sad good - bye, New friends a - round us throng;
4. Aft - er the cross of tears, The crown of joy is given;

Aft er the temp - est's pow'r, The clear blue sky.
Aft - er the crush - ing blow, God's heal - ing balm.
Aft - er the bur - den'd sigh, The sweet - est song.
Aft - er earth's wea - ry years, The rest of heav'n.

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No. 81. The Day-Star Hath Risen.

"Until the day dawn, and the day star arise."—2 Pet. 1: 19.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. The Day-Star hath ris-en, The night clouds have flown; No longer in sadness I wan-der a-lone; Its beams in the val-ley Re-flect-ed I see; The
2. The Day-Star hath ris-en, In beau-ty sublime, To cheer and il-lu-mine Each far distant clime; The re-gions in darkness Its beauty shall see; The
3. The Day-Star hath ris-en, It shin-eth for all; O'er paths that are lonely Its brightness will fall; O bless-ed Re-deem-er, All hon-or to Thee, Thou

Chorus.

Day-Star hath ris - en, It shin-eth for me.
Day-Star hath ris - en, It shin-eth for me.
Day-Star of glo - ry That shin-eth for me.
It shin - eth for me, . . . Shin - - eth for me, . . . The Day - - Star hath ris - - en, It shin - - eth for me. . . . .
It shineth, it shineth for me, for me, Shineth, it shineth for me, for me; The Day-Star, the Day-Star hath ris - en, hath ris - en, It shin-eth, it shin-eth for me, for me.

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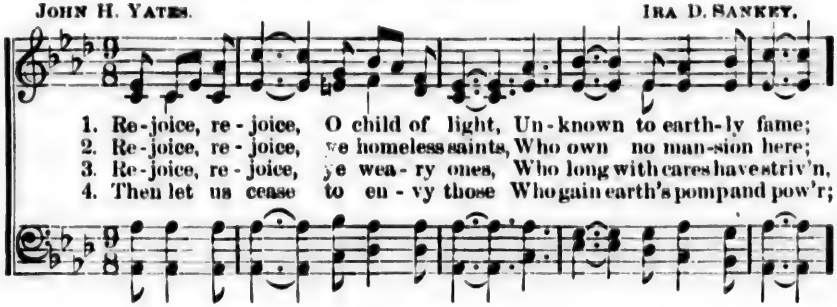
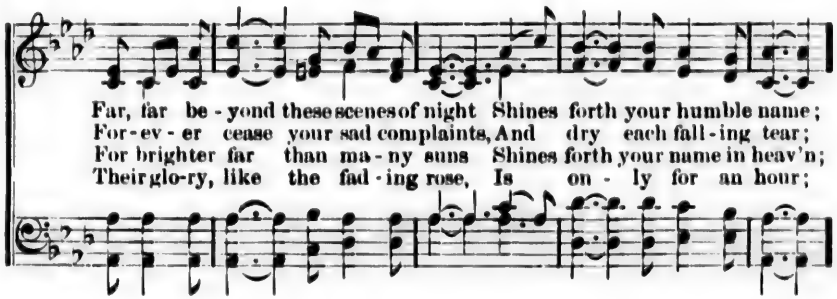
No. 82. Our Names in Heaven.

"Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."—LUKE 10: 20.

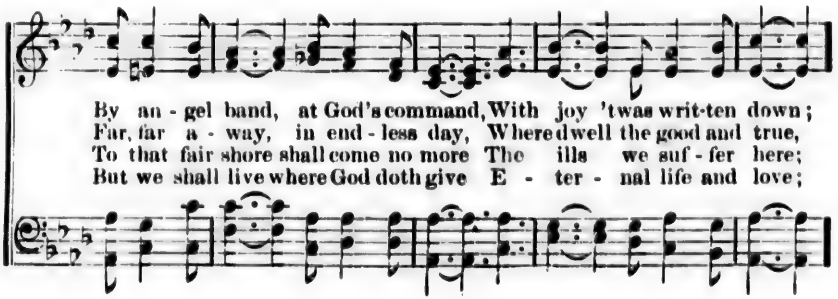
JOHN H. YATES. IRA D. SANKEY.



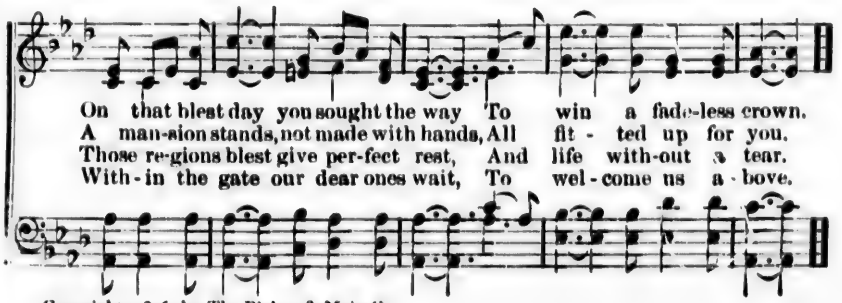
1. Re-joice, re-joice, O child of light, Un-known to earth-ly fame;
2. Re-joice, re-joice, ye homeless saints, Who own no man-sion here;
3. Re-joice, re-joice, ye wea-ry ones, Who long with cares have striv'n,
4. Then let us cease to en-vy those Who gain earth's pomp and pow'r;



Far, far be-yond these scenes of night Shines forth your humble name;
For-ev-er cease your sad complaints, And dry each fall-ing tear;
For brighter far than ma-ny suns Shines forth your name in heav'n;
Their glo-ry, like the fad-ing rose, Is on-ly for an hour;



By an-gel band, at God's command, With joy 'twas writ-ten down;
Far, far a-way, in end-less day, Where dwell the good and true,
To that fair shore shall come no more The ills we suf-fer here;
But we shall live where God doth give E-ter-nal life and love;



On that blest day you sought the way To win a fade-less crown.
A man-sion stands, not made with hands, All fit-ted up for you.
Those re-gions blest give per-fect rest, And life with-out a tear.
With-in the gate our dear ones wait, To wel-come us a-bove.

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No. 83. O Sing of my Redeemer.

"I will sing praise to thy name."—Ps. 9: 2.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. O sing of my Re-deem - er, My Sav - iour, Lord and King;
2. O sing of my Re-deem - er, And spread a - broad His name;
3. O sing of my Re-deem - er; His praise my theme shall be;
4. O sing of my Re-deem - er; On Him a - lone I call;

A song of praise and glo - ry Let all with rap-ture sing.
His mer - cy, free and bound-less, Let heav'n and earth pro - claim.
He took my sins up - on Him, And bore them on the tree.
My ev - er - last - ing por - tion, My Hope, my Life, my All.

Chorus.

O sing . . . . . of my Re-deem - er,
of my Re-deem-er, sing of my Re-deem-er,

Who gave . . . . . Him-self for me;
Him-self for me, gave Him-self for me;

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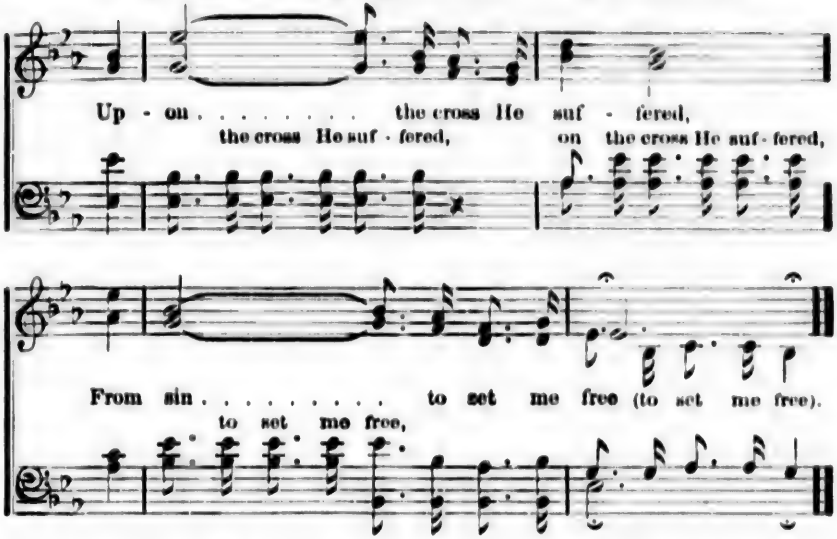
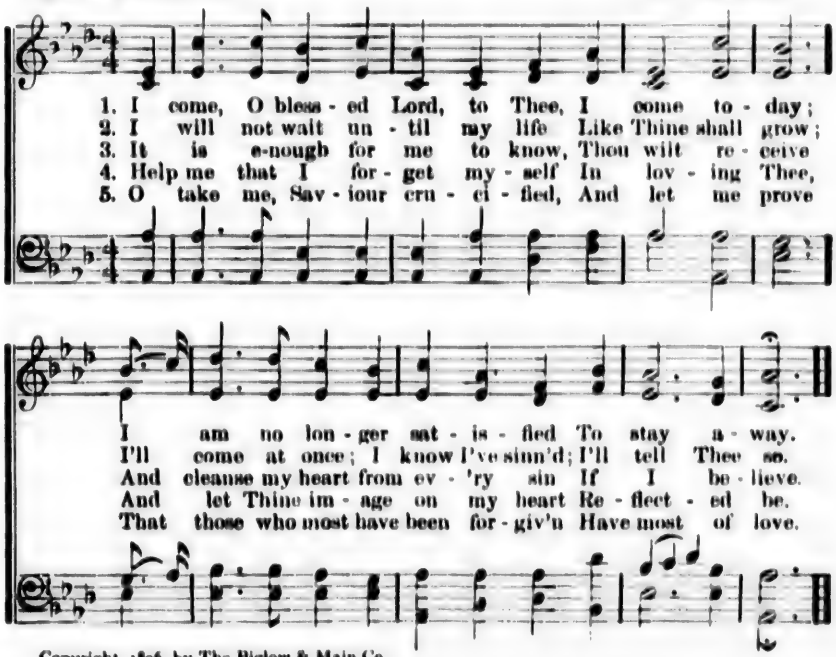
O Sing of my Redeemer.—Concluded.



No. 84. I Come, O Blessed Lord.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

ELLEN K. BRADFORD. IRA D. SANKEY.



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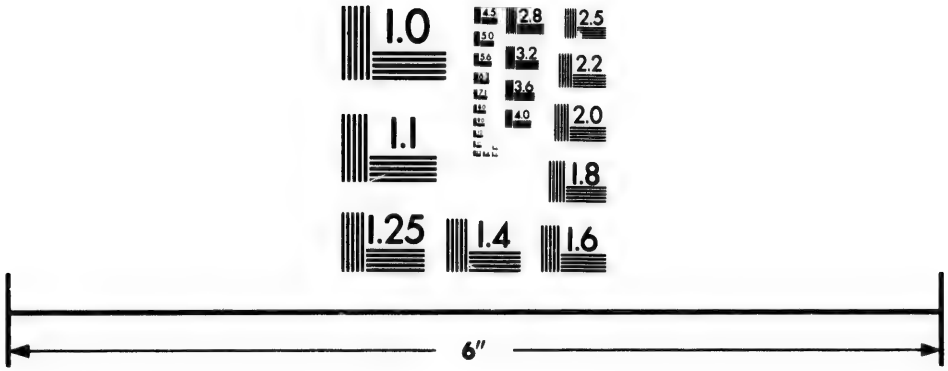

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1.8
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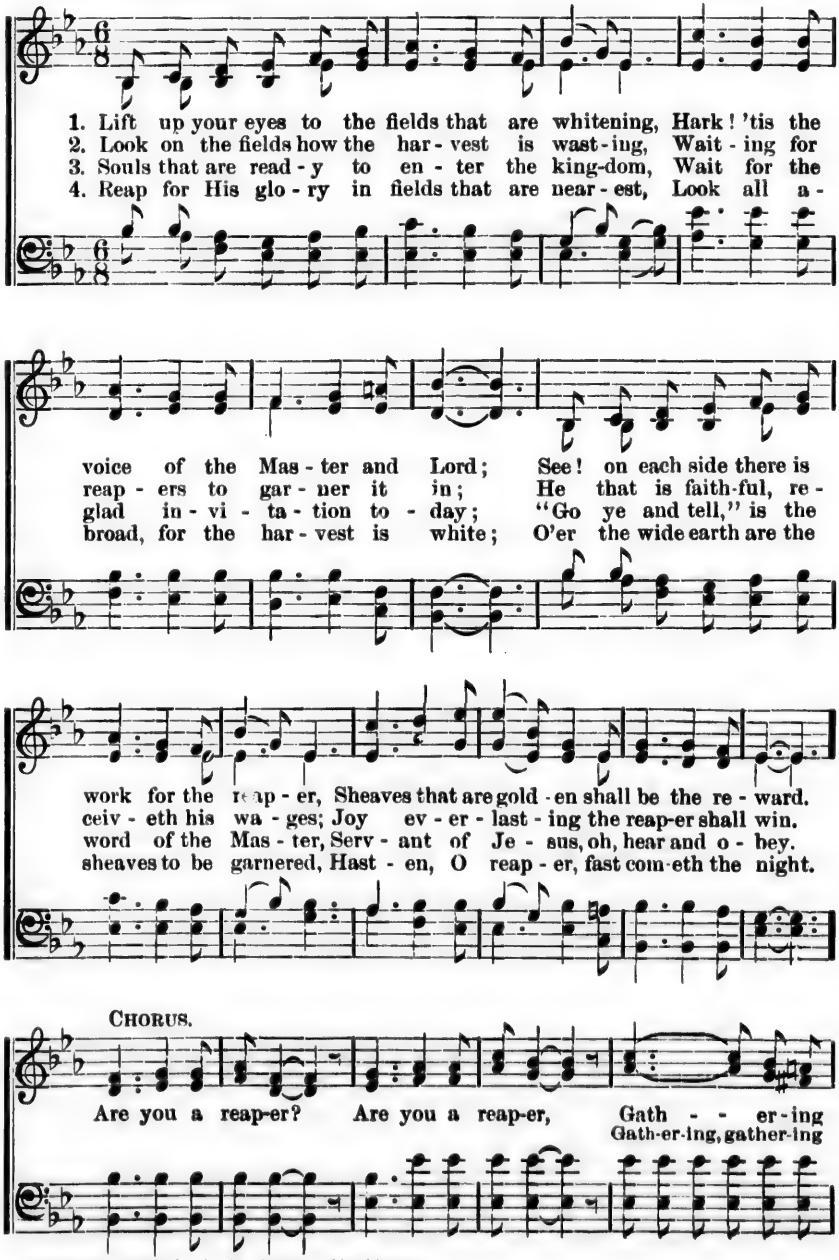
No. 85. Are You a Reaper?

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are already white to harvest."—Jno. 4: 35.

Julia H. Johnston. D. B. Towner.



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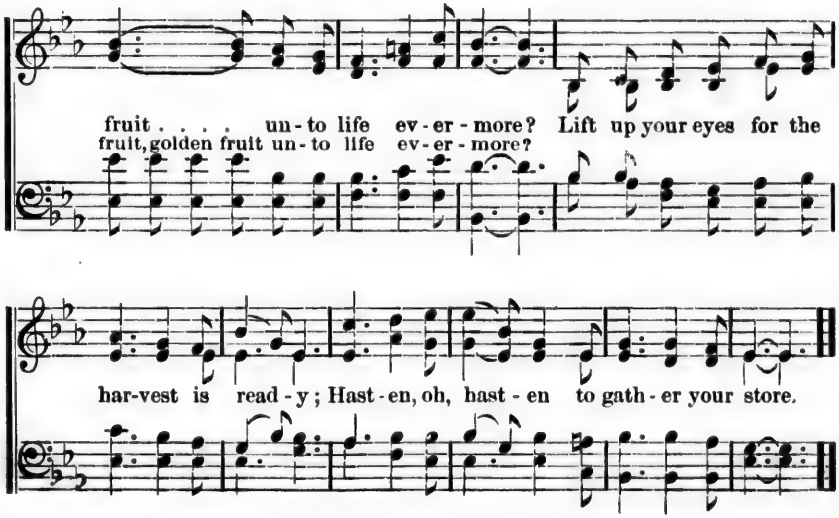
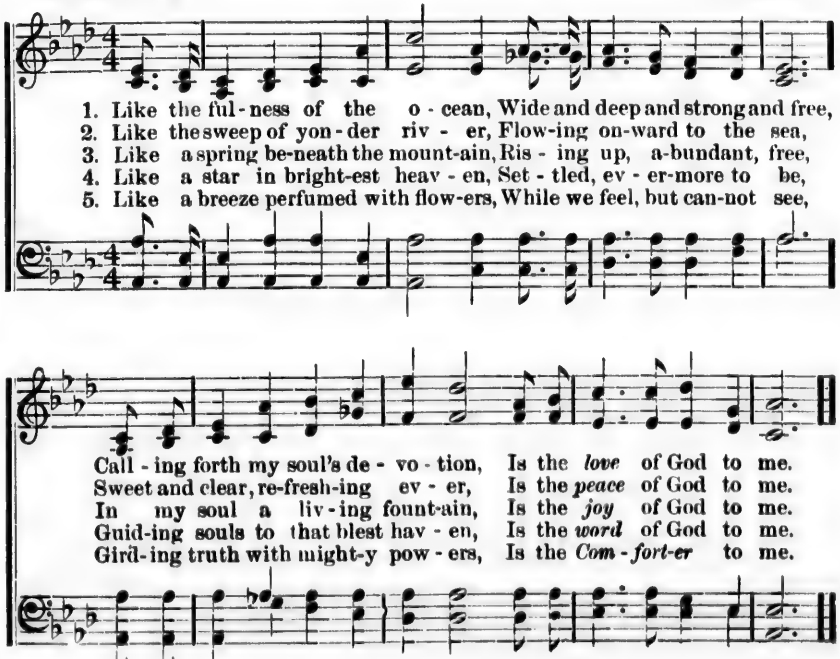
Are You a Reaper?—Concluded.



No. 86. God's Bounty.

"God is able to make all grace abound toward you."—2 Cor. 9: 8.

Furnished by E. N. M. A. Sea.



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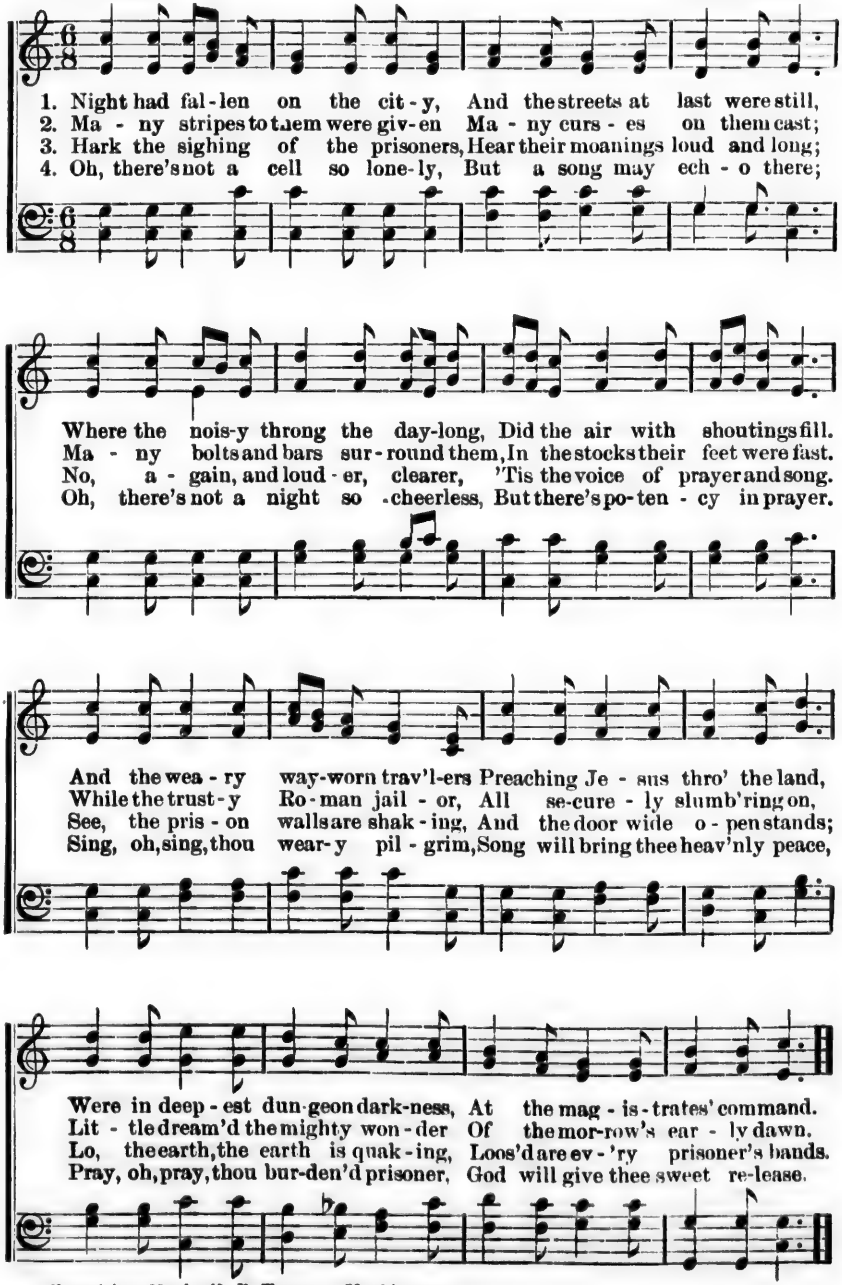
No. 87. Paul and Silas.

"Prayed and sang praises unto God and the prisoners heard them."—Acts 16: 25.

P. P. Bliss. D. B. Towner.



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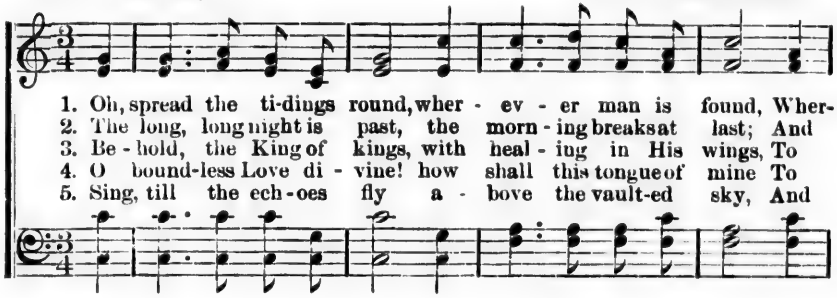
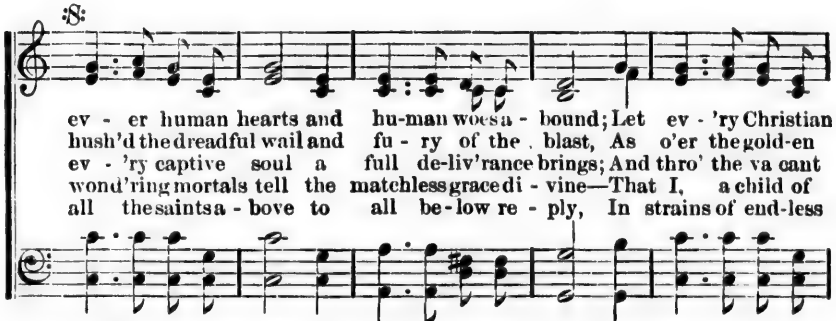
No. 88. The Comforter has come!

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever."—JOHN 15 : 16.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



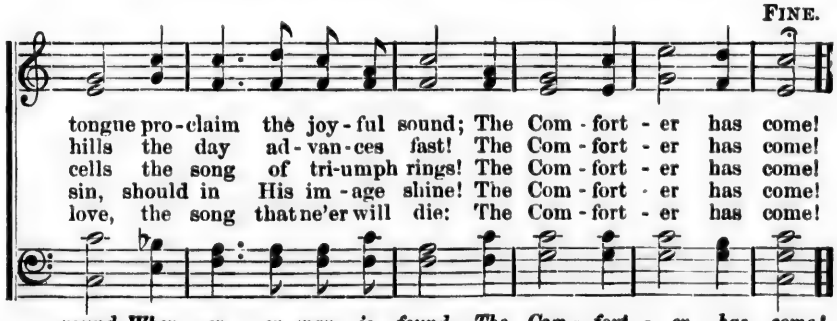
1. Oh, spread the ti-dings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Be - hold, the King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And



ev - er human hearts and hu-man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry captive soul a full de-liv'rance brings; And thro' the va cant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di - vine—That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less

D.S.—Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa - ther's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the ti-dings

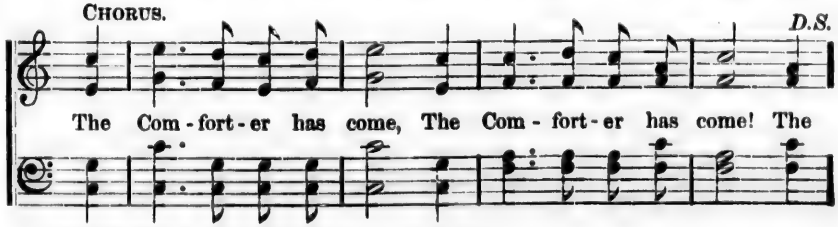
FINE.



tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound; The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - van - ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings! The Com - fort - er has come!
sin, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS. D.S.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

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No. 89. How can you Live without Jesus?

"He that believeth not the Son shall not see life."—JOHN 3 : 36.

W. L., arr. by M. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. O how can you live with-out Je-sus, my friend, That Sav iour so ten - der and true, Whose love knows no measure, no change, and no end,
2. O how can you live with-out Je-sus a - lone? 'Tis He bears our bur-dens a - way; No oth - er es-cape; His own blood must a-tone;
3. He's all that you need; He en-treats you to come; He calls you in mer - cy to - day; To - mor-row may seal your e - ter - ni-ty's doom;

CHORUS.

Who of - fers it free - ly to you? His life must your pen-al - ty pay. There's danger and death in de - lay. } How can you? how can you? How can you? how can you?

rit.

O how with-out Him can you live or die? O come; be-lieve; sal- va - tion re - ceive; And praise Him for - ev - er on high.

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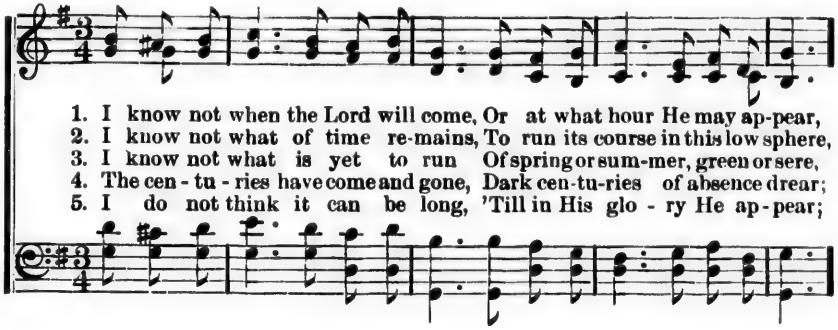
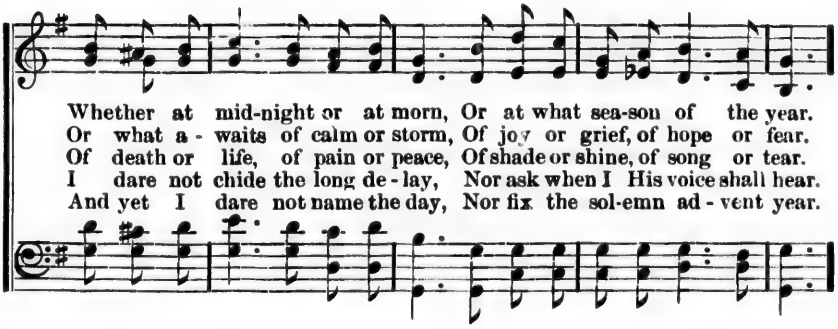
No. 90. He is Near.

"Your redemption draweth nigh."—Luke 21 : 28.

Horatius Bonar. Geo. C. Stebbins.

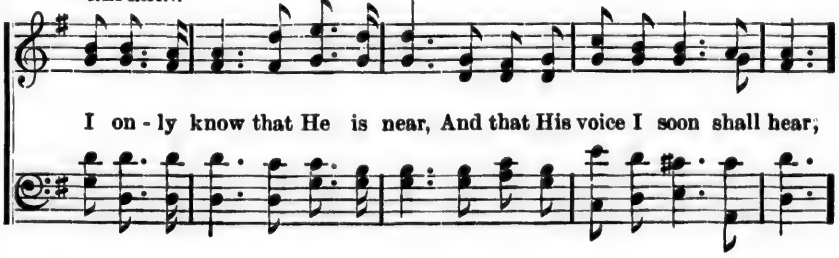


1. I know not when the Lord will come, Or at what hour He may ap-pear,
2. I know not what of time re-mains, To run its course in this low sphere,
3. I know not what is yet to run Of spring or sum-mer, green or sere,
4. The cen - tu - ries have come and gone, Dark cen-tu-ries of absence drear;
5. I do not think it can be long, 'Till in His glo - ry He ap-pear;

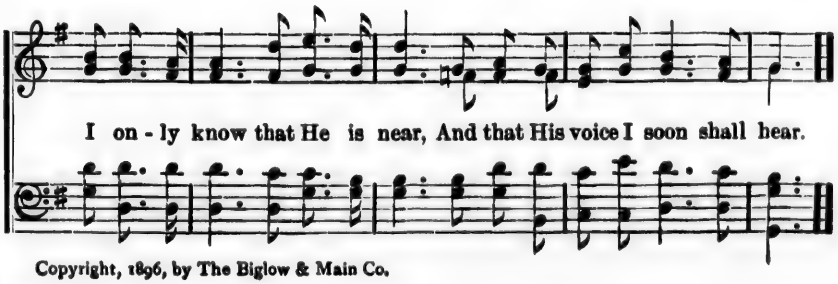


Whether at mid-night or at morn, Or at what sea-son of the year.
Or what a - waits of calm or storm, Of joy or grief, of hope or fear.
Of death or life, of pain or peace, Of shade or shine, of song or tear.
I dare not chide the long de - lay, Nor ask when I His voice shall hear.
And yet I dare not name the day, Nor fix the sol-emn ad - vent year.

Refrain.



I on - ly know that He is near, And that His voice I soon shall hear;



I on - ly know that He is near, And that His voice I soon shall hear.

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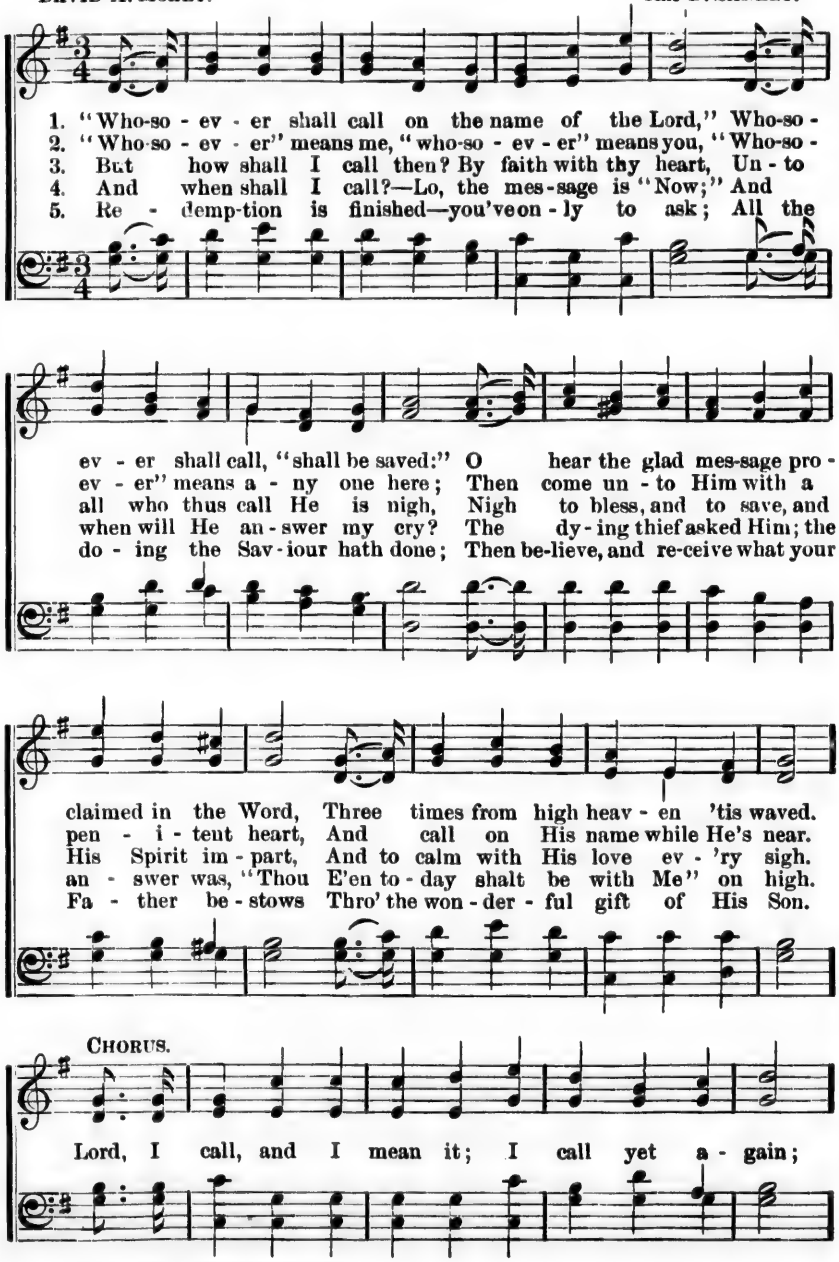
No. 91. Whosoever Shall Call.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."
Acts 2: 21. Joel 2: 32. Rom. 10: 13.

David A. Moxey. Ira D. Sankey.



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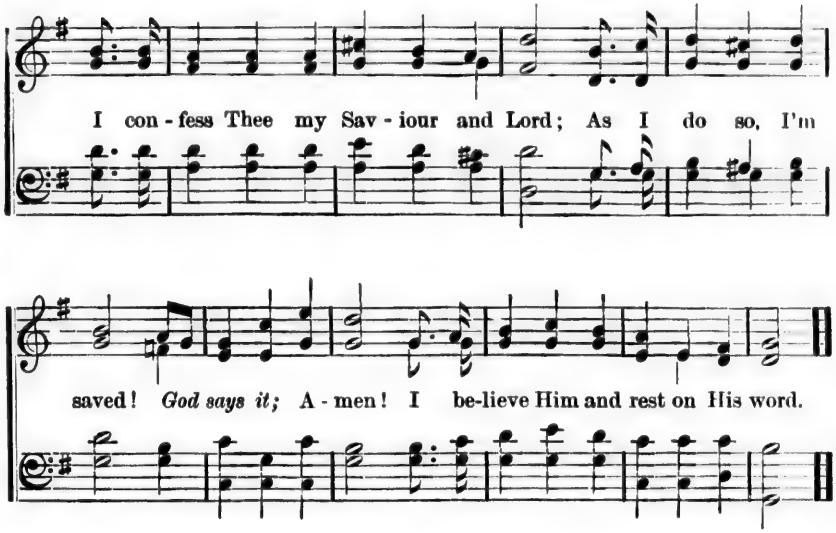
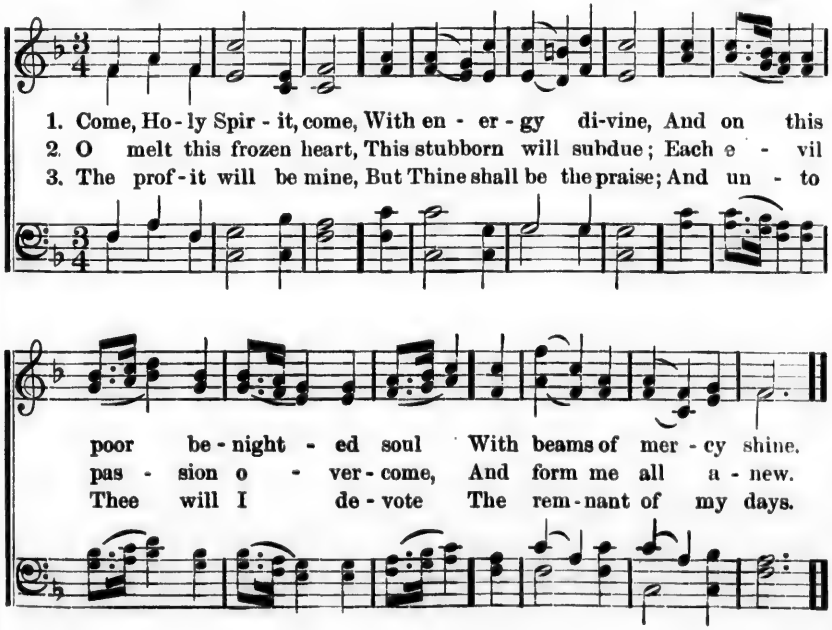
Whosoever Shall Call.—Concluded.



No. 92. Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

"Take not thy Holy Spirit from me."—Ps. 51 : 11.

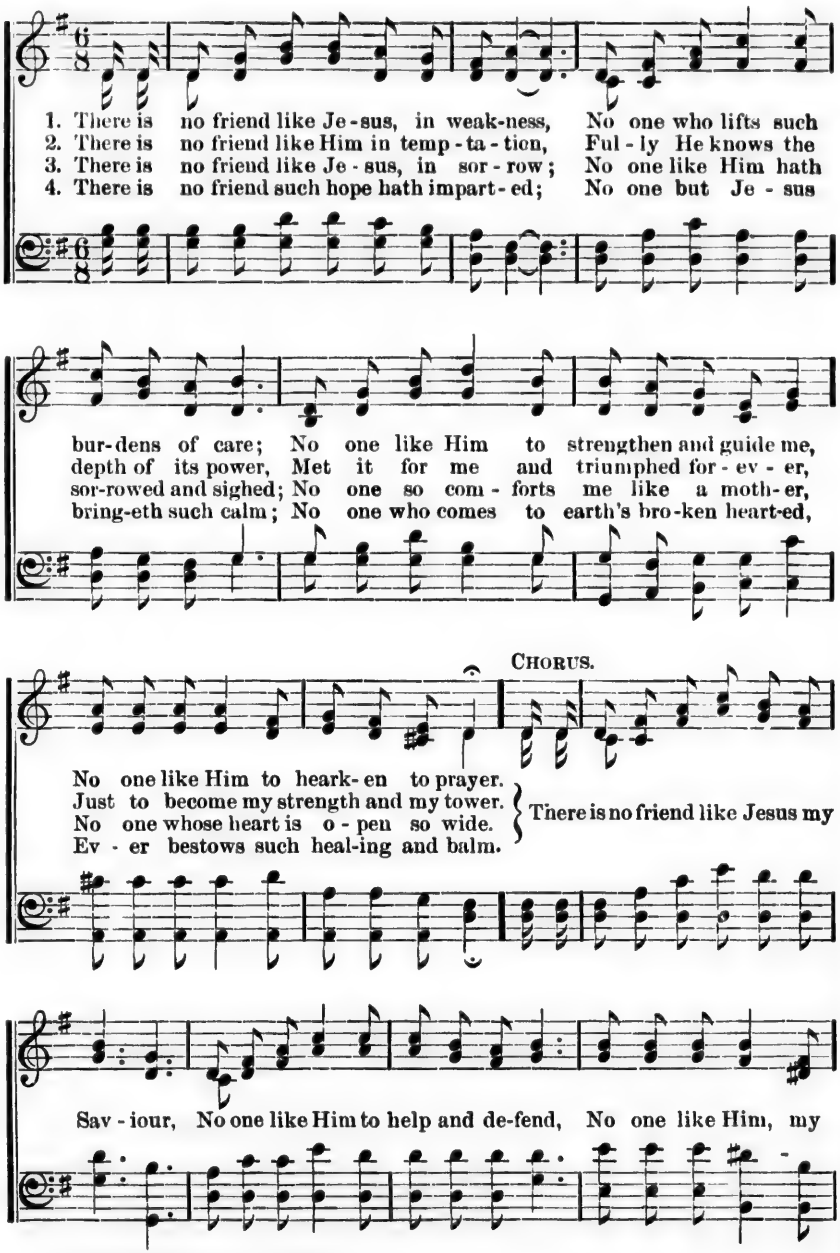
BENJ. BEDDOME. LOWELL MASON.



No. 93. No Friend Like Jesus.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18 : 24.

Mrs. C. E. Breck. D. B. Towner.



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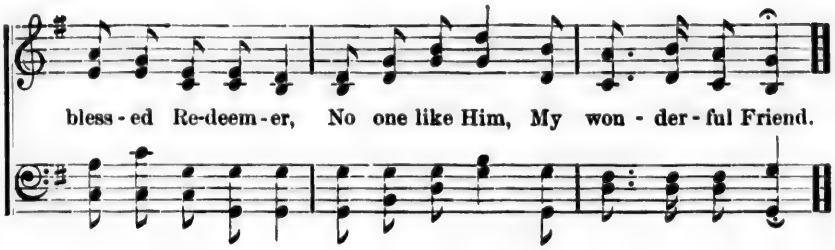
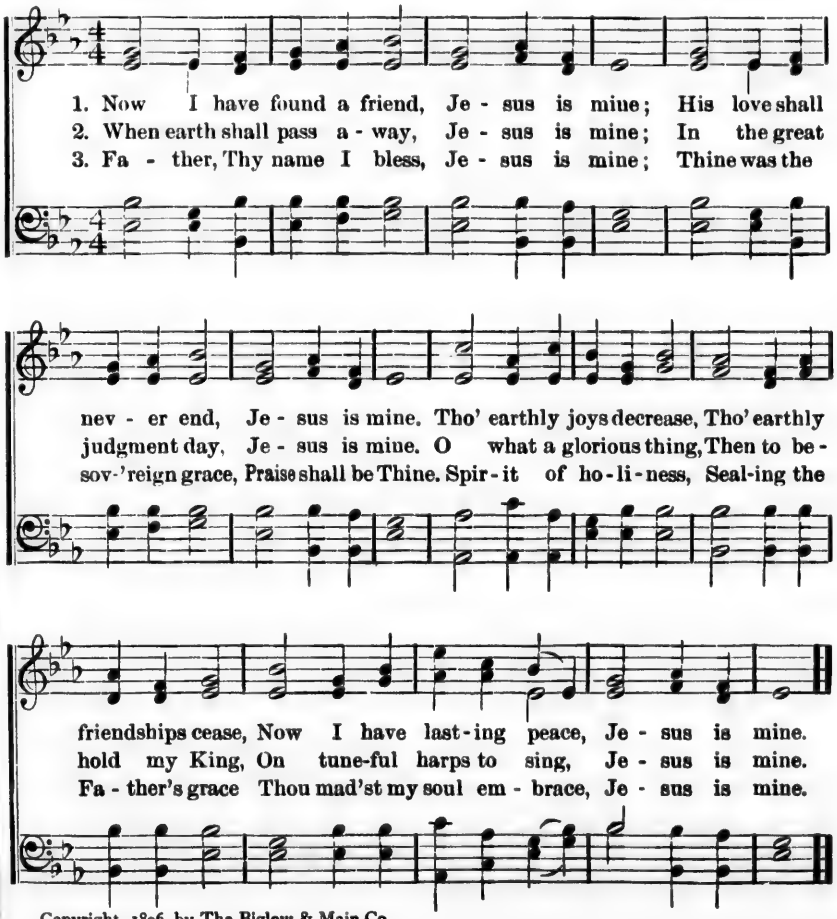
No Friend Like Jesus.—Concluded.



No. 94. Jesus is Mine.

"My beloved is mine."—Songs of Solomon 2: 16.

H. J. M. Hope. J. H. Burke.



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No. 95. No Sorrow There.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35: 10.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. No sorrow there in yon-der clime, Beyond the troubled waves of time;
2. Ah, who would dwell for-ev-er here, A-way from those we hold so dear—
3. A lit - tle while our watch to keep, A lit - tle while to wake and sleep,

No dreary nights nor weeping eyes, No aching hearts, nor broken ties.
Away from Him whose wondrous love Prepares for us a home a - bove?
To bear the cross, endure the pain—And then with Christ for-ev-er reign.

Refrain.

O per - fect rest, O calm re - pose, Where life's clear
per - fect rest, calm re - pose,

stream in beau - ty flows! And we can sing,
life's clear stream beau - ty flows! we can sing,

ritard.

with-out a care, No sor-row there, no sor-row there.
with - out a care, No sor-row there, no sor-row there.

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No. 96. "No More."

Rev. 21 : 4 & 22 : 3.

El Nathan. M. Whittle Moody.

1. "No more the curse," O Christ, we praise Thee, Thy blood the triumph wins;
2. "No more of pain" and care-worn fac - es, No forms bowed with disease;
3. "No more of night," the day is dawn-ing; The Lord is draw-ing near;
4. "No more the curse," no more the cry - ing, All thirst and hun-ger o'er;

The cross to which Thy love did raise Thee, Hath put a - way our sins.
O'er all the earth the Lord re-plac - es, His Par - a - dise of Peace.
With Him shall come the longed-for morning, When night shall dis-ap-pear.
No more the night, no more the dy - ing, No tears or sor - row more.

Chorus.

"There shall be no more curse, Nei-ther sor - row nor cry - ing;
There shall be no more pain, Nei-ther dark-ness nor dy - ing;
And God shall wipe a - way All tears from their eyes."

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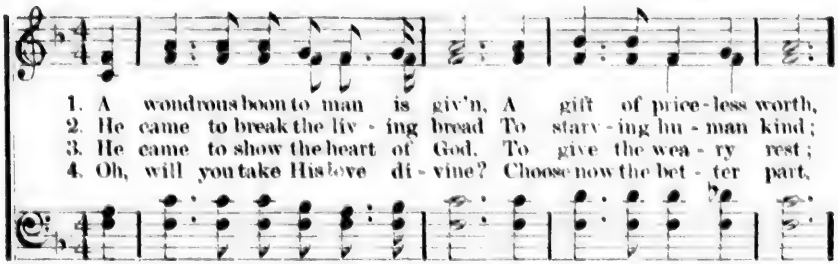
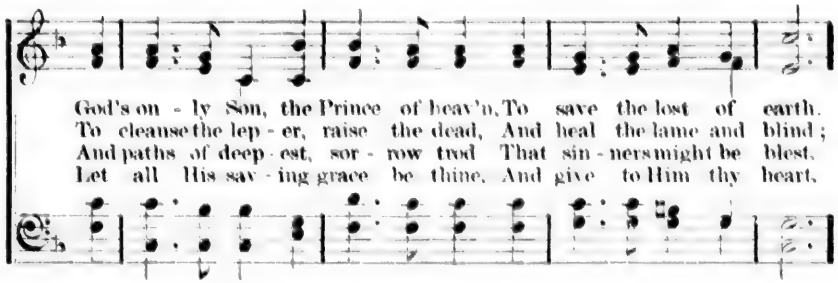
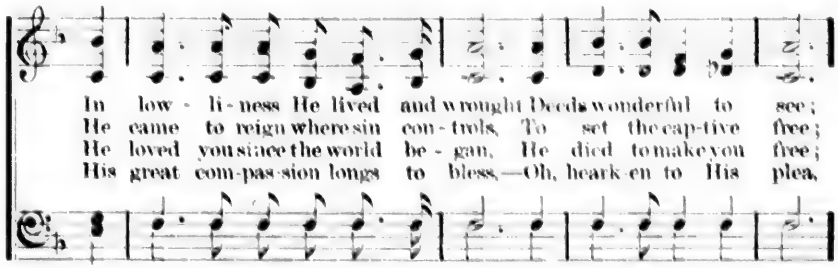
No. 97. The Man of Galilee.

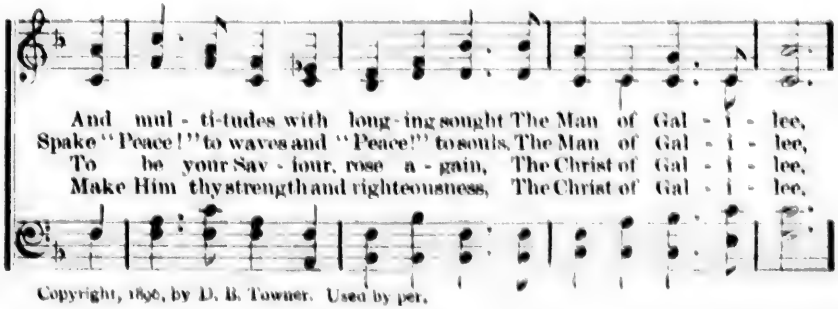
"For the Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost." LUKE 19 : 10.

C. E. BRECK. D. B. TOWNER.









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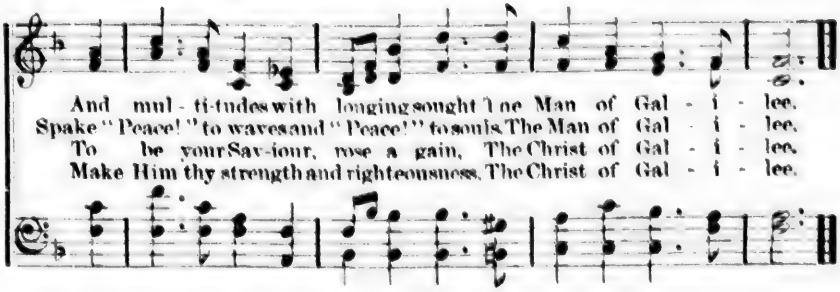
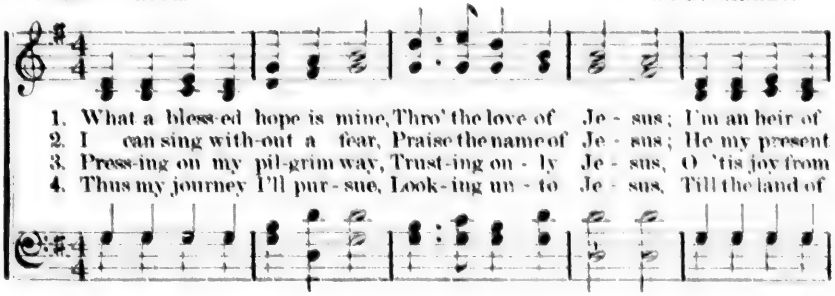
The Man of Galilee.—Concluded.



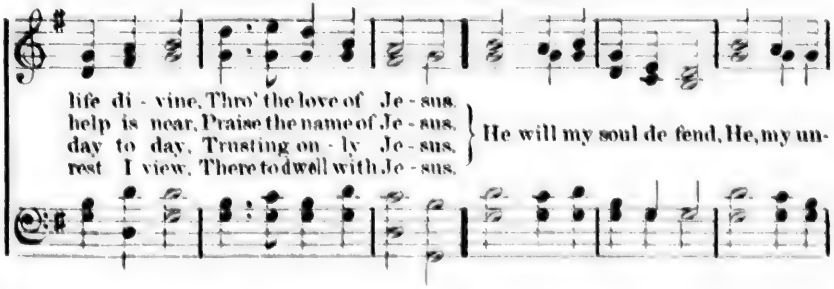
No. 98. The Love of Jesus.

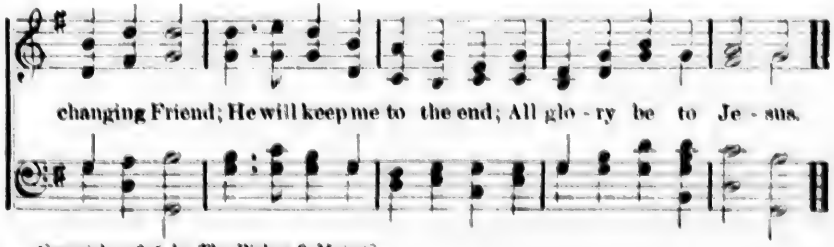
"The love of Christ constraineth us."—2 Cor. 5 : 14.

ROBERT BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.



CHORUS.





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No. 99. God is Love.

JOHN BOWRING. JOHN 14: 16. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. God . . . . is love; . . . His mer - - cy bright - ens
2. Chance . . . and change . . are bus - - y ev - er;
3. E'en . . . . the hour . . . that dark - - est seem - eth

1. God is love; yes, God is love; His mer-cy bright-ens, mer-cy brightens
2. Chance and change; yes, chance and change are busy, ev - er bu - sy, ev - er;
3. E'en the hour; yes, e'en the hour that darkest seem-eth, darkest seemeth

All . . . . the path . . . in which . we rove;
Man . . . de - cays . . . and a - - ges move;
Will . . . . His change - less good - - ness prove;

All the path; yes, all the path in which we rove, in which we rove;
Man de - cays; yes, man de - cays, and a-ges move, and a - ges move;
Will His changeless, will His changeless goodness prove, His goodness prove,

Bliss . . . . He wakes . . . and woe . . . He light - ens;
But . . . . His mer - - cy wan - - eth nev - er:
From . . . . the gloom . . . His bright - ness stream - eth,

Bliss He wakes; yes, bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens, woe He light-ens;
But His mer - cy, but His mer - cy waneth nev - er, wan-eth nev - er:
From the gloom; yes from the gloom His brightness streameth, brightness streameth;

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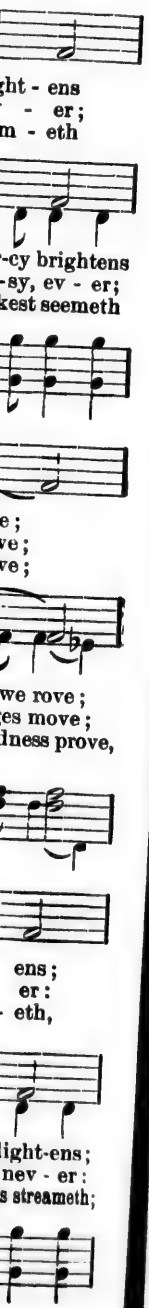
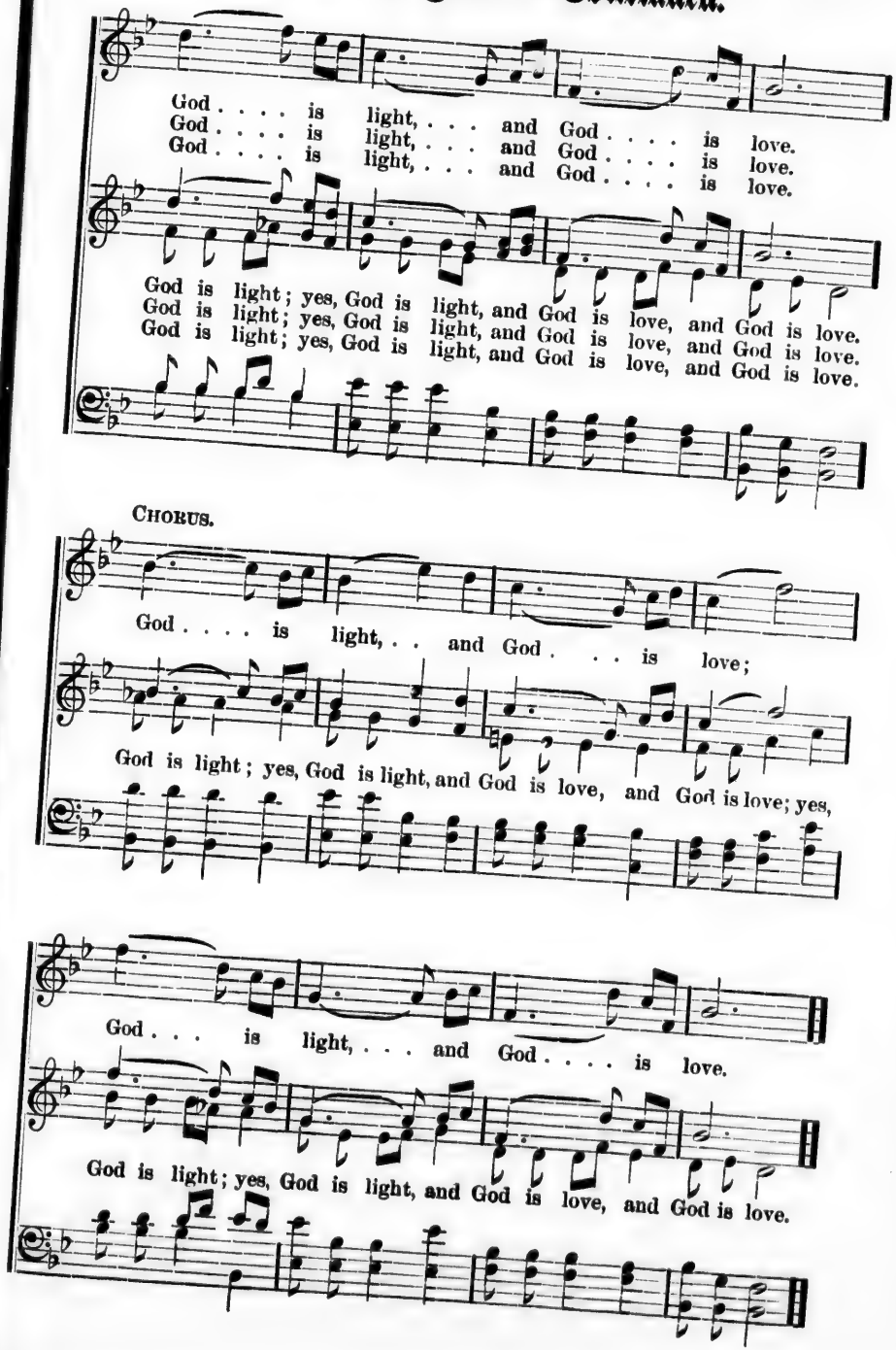


God is Love.—Concluded.



No. 100. Tell it Again.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." MARK 5 : 19.

JULIA STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Tell the glad sto-ry of Je-sus who came, Full of compassion, the
2. Tell the glad sto-ry where, sad and oppress'd, Ma - ny in bondage are
3. Tell the glad sto-ry with patience and love, Urg-ing the lost ones His
4. Tell the glad sto-ry when Jordan's dark wave Call-eth our loved ones its

lost to re-claim; Tell of re-demption thro' faith in His name;
sigh-ing for rest; Tell them in Je-sus they all may be blest;
mer-cy to prove; Tell them of mansions pre-par-ing a-bove;
bil-lows to brave; Tell them that Je-sus is Might-y to save;

REFRAIN.

Tell the glad sto-ry a - gain.
Tell the glad sto-ry a - gain.
Tell the glad sto-ry a - gain.
Tell the glad sto-ry a - gain.

Tell . . . . . it a-
Tell it a-gain,

gain, ... Tell . . . . . it a - gain, ...
Tell it a - gain, Tell it a - gain, Tell it a - gain,

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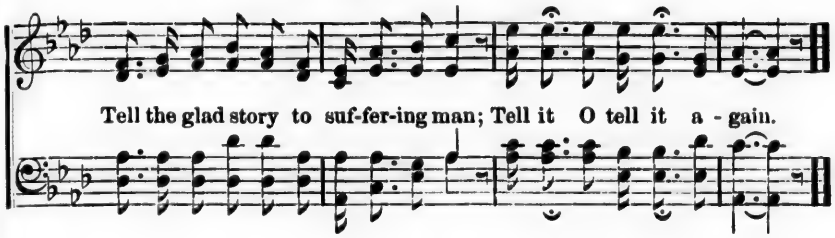
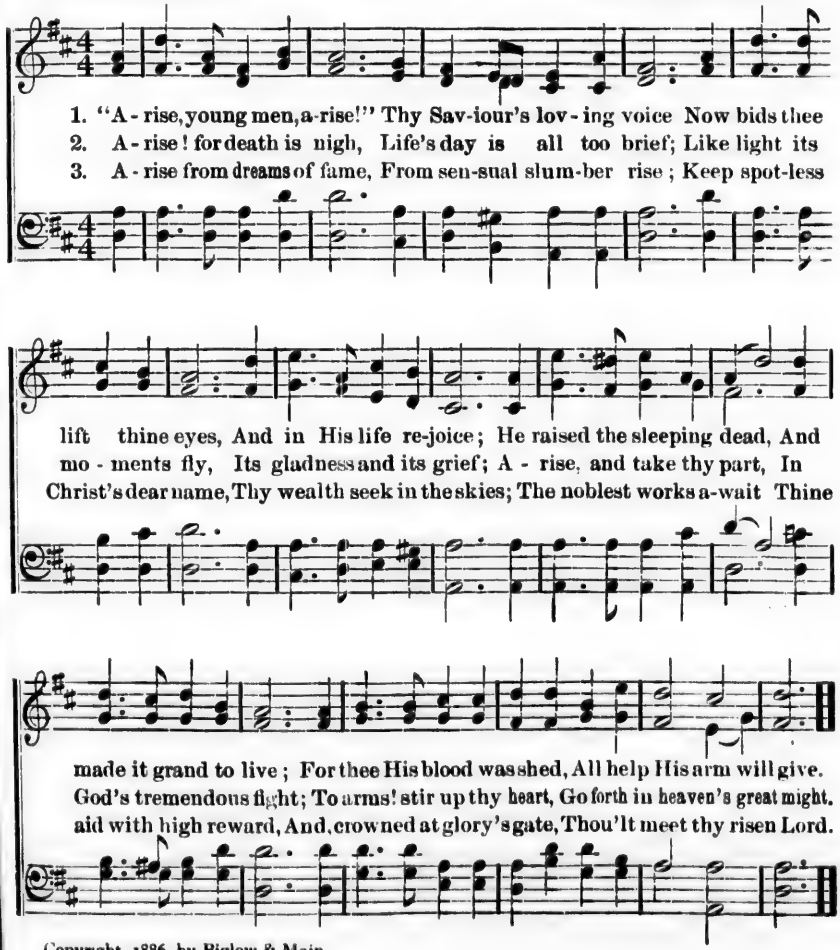
Tell it Again.—Concluded.



No. 101. Arise, Young Men, Arise.

"Put on the whole armor of God."—Eph. 6: 11.

Rev. J. H. Edwards. Rev. Robert Lowry.



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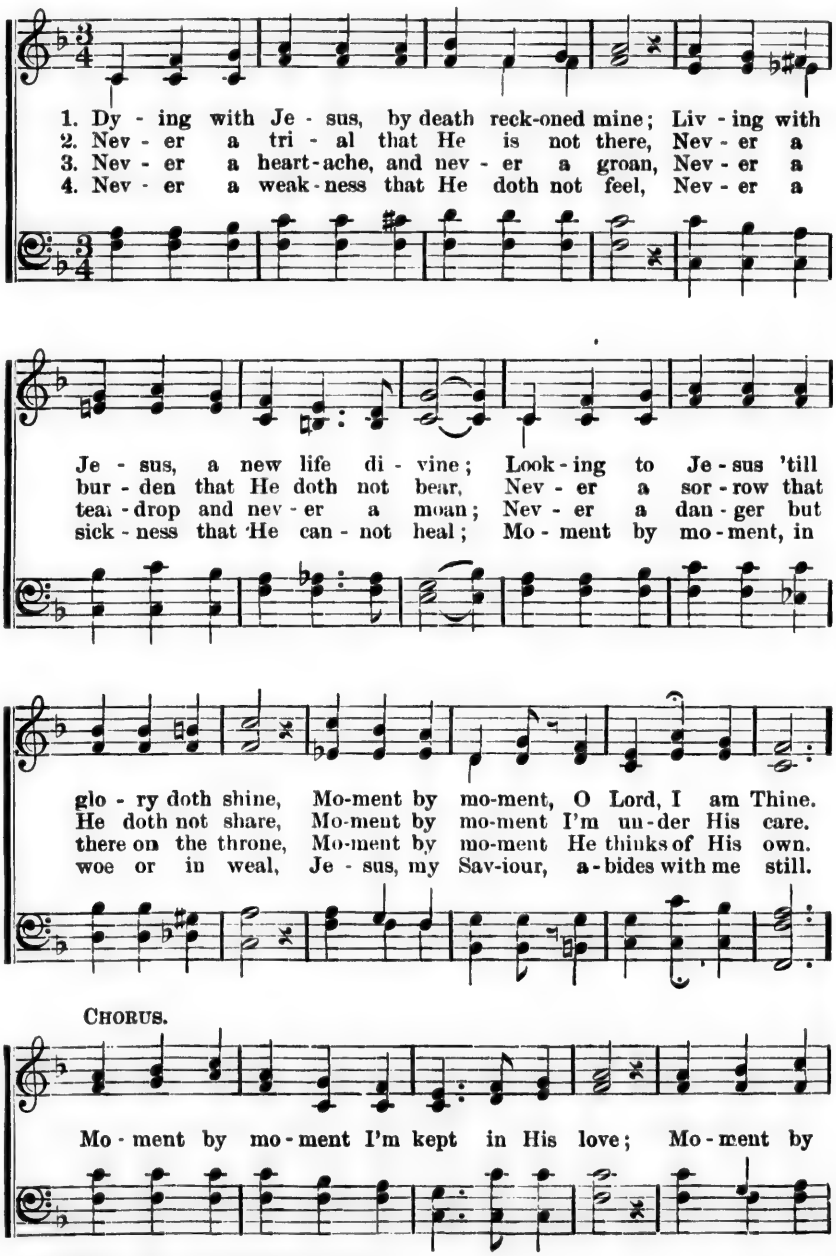
No. 102. Moment by Moment.

"I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."—Isa. 27: 3.

D. W. Whittle. Mary Whittle.



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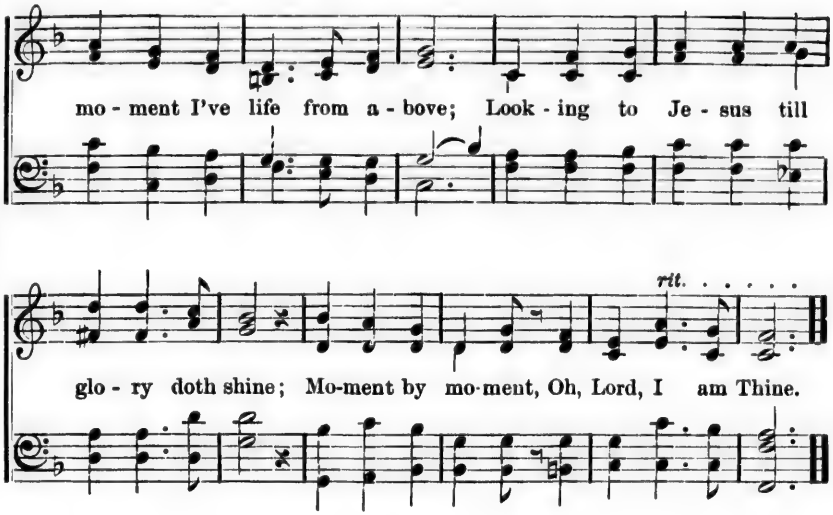
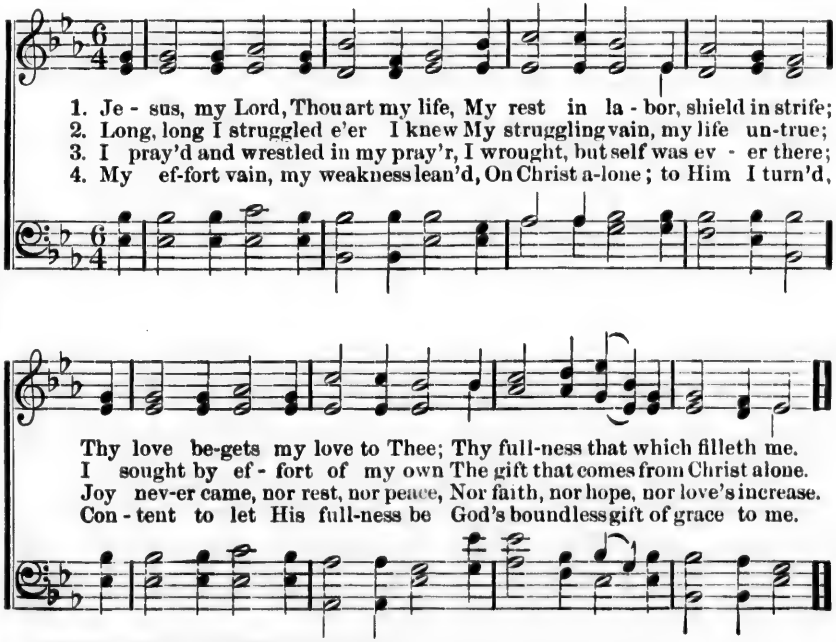
Moment by Moment.—Concluded.



No. 103. Thou Art My Life.

"He that hath the Son hath life."—1 John 5 : 12.

Rev. Dwight M. Pratt. Ira D. Sankey.



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No. 104. Let Us Sing Again.

"O come, let us sing unto the LORD."—Ps. 95 : 1.

LYMAN G. CUYLER. RIAN A. DYKES.

1. Let us sing a - gain the praise of the Sav - iour, How He
2. Let us praise Him for the words full of com - fort, That He
3. Let us praise Him for the soul - cheer - ing prom - ise, Of the

died that we might know the Fa-ther's love; Let us tell to all the
left for us re - cord - ed long a - go; He is near to ev - 'ry
mansions that our eyes shall yet be - hold; When we gath - er with the

world His com - pas - sion, How He ev - er lives to plead for us a - bove.
one that be - liev - eth, And His mer-cy to the faith-ful He will show.
blest, in His king - dom, Where the rich-es of His grace can ne'er be told.

REFRAIN.

Let us tell, ... the won-drous sto - ry, How He
Let us tell,

died . . . . . up-on the tree; Un - to Him be all the praise, and the
How He died

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Let Us Sing Again.—Concluded.

ritard.

glo - ry; He hath suffered that from sin we might be free. . . . . .

we might be free.

No. 105. God Heareth Prayer.

"Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer."—Ps. 61 : 1.

Rev. R. F. Gordon. Hubert P. Main.

1. Let not thy heart de-spair, Nor be a - fraid; God hear - eth
2. What tho' mis - for - tunes fall Part of thy lot; They can - not
3. This earth is not the home, Where thou shalt stay; Here con - stant

earn - est pray'r, He giv - eth aid; He is thy Help - er nigh,
take thine all, God chang-eth not; Look up with hope-ful glance,
chan - ges come, Time speeds a - way; Yet when life's transient gleam

And will thy need supply; Then on His love re-ly, Calm, undismayed.
Be of glad countenance; On-ward in faith advance, Sadness for - got.
Fades like a passing dream, Brightly on thee will beam An endless day.

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No. 106. There'll Be No Dark Valley.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley."—Ps. 23 : 4.

W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
2. There'll be no more sor-row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
3. There'll be no more weep-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
4. There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of

val-iey when Je-sus comes; There'll be no dark valley when Je - sus comes
sor-row when Je-sus comes; But a glorious morrow when Je - sus comes
weeping when Je-sus comes; But a bless-ed reaping when Je - sus comes
greeting when Je-sus comes; And a joy-ful meeting when Je - sus comes

REFRAIN.

To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones
home, To gath - er His loved ones home; There'll be
safe home, safe home;
no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes To gath-er His loved ones home.

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No. 107. Thy God Reigneth.

"That saith unto Zion."—Isa. 52: 7.

F. S. Shepherd, arr. James McGranahan.

1. Trem-bling soul, be - set by fears, "Thy God reign-eth!"
2. Join, ye saints, the truth pro-claim, "Thy God reign-eth!"
3. Church of Christ, a - wake! a - wake! "Thy God reign-eth!"

"Thy God reign-eth!"

Look a - bove and dry thy tears; "Thy God reign-eth!"
Shout it forth with glad ac - claim, "Thy God reign-eth!"
For - ward, then fresh cour - age take; "Thy God reign-eth!"

"Thy God reign-eth!"

Tho' Thy foes with pow'r as - sail, Naught against Thee shall pre - vail;
Zi - on, wake, the morn is nigh, See it break from yon - der sky;
Soon de-scend-ing from His throne, He shall claim thee for His own;

Trust in Him; He'll nev-er fail, "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth."
Loud and clear the watchmen cry: "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth."
Sin shall then be o-ver-thrown; "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth."

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No. 108. The Homeland!

"Neither shall there be any more pain."—Rev. 21 : 4.

Rev. H. R. Hawkes. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of the free-born!
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an - gels bright and fair;
3. My loved ones in the Home-land Are wait - ing me to come,

There's no night in the Home-land, But aye the fade - less morn;
There's no sin in the Home-land, And no temp-ta - tion there;
Where nei - ther death nor sor - row In - vades their ho - ly home;

I'm sigh - ing for the Home-land, My heart is ach - ing here;
The mu - sic of the Home-land Is ring - ing in my ears;
O dear, dear na - tive Coun - try! O rest and peace a - bove!

There is no pain in the Home-land, To which I'm draw - ing near;
And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are filled with tears;
Christ bring us all to the Home-land, Of Thy re - deem - ing love;

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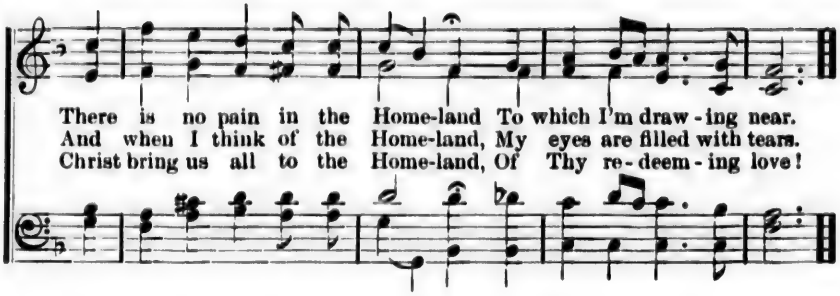
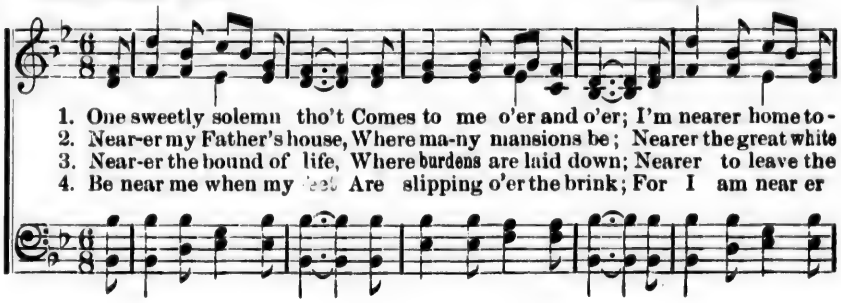
Homeland!—Concluded.



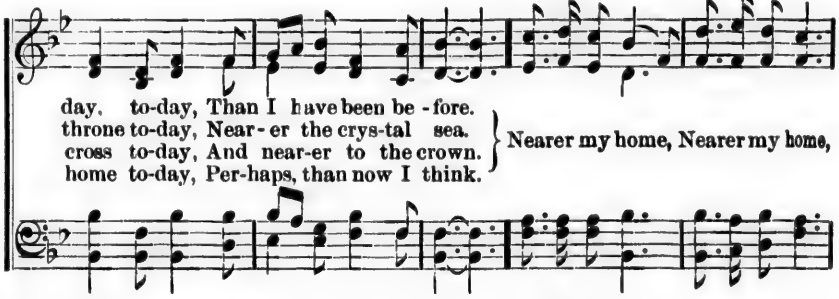
No. 109. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

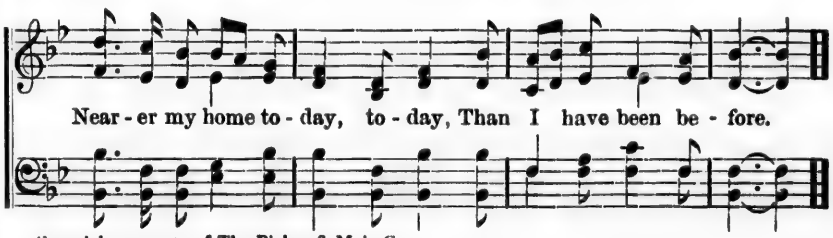
"Now they desire a better country that is, an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

Miss Phoebe Cary. Philip Phillips.



Chorus.





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No. 110. The Hope of the Coming of the Lord.

"Looking for that blessed hope."—TITUS 2: 13.

D. W. WHITTLE. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. A lamp in the night, a song in time of sor-row; A great glad hope which
2. A star in the sky, a beacon bright to guide us; An an-chor sure to
3. A call of command, like trumpet clearly sounding, To make us bold when
4. A word from the One to all our hearts the dear-est, A part-ing word to

faith can ev-er bor-row To gild the passing day with the glory of the morrow,
hold when storms betide us; A ref-uge for the soul, where in quiet we may hide us,
e - vil is surrounding; To stir the sluggish heart, and to keep in good abounding,
make Him aye the near-est; Of all His precious words, the sweetest, brightest, clearest,

CHORUS. *Tempo.*

Is the hope of the coming of the Lord. Blessed hope, . . blessed hope,
blessed hope, blessed hope,

Blessed hope of the coming of the Lord; How the aching heart it cheers,

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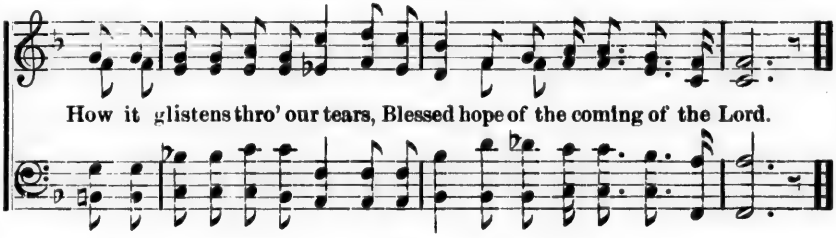
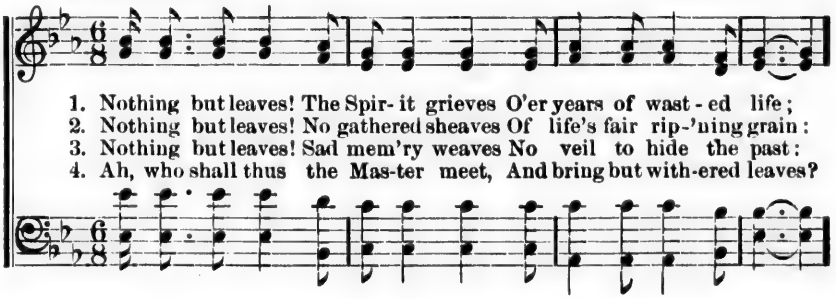
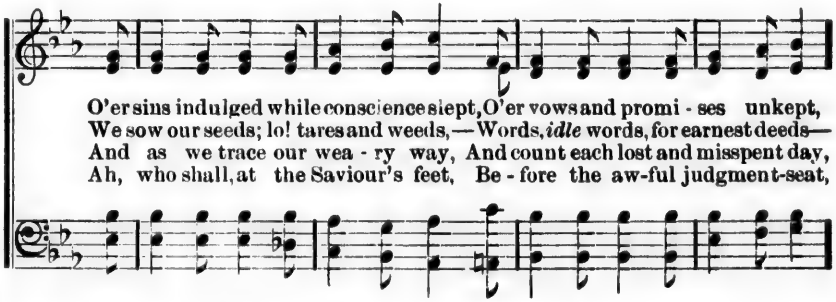


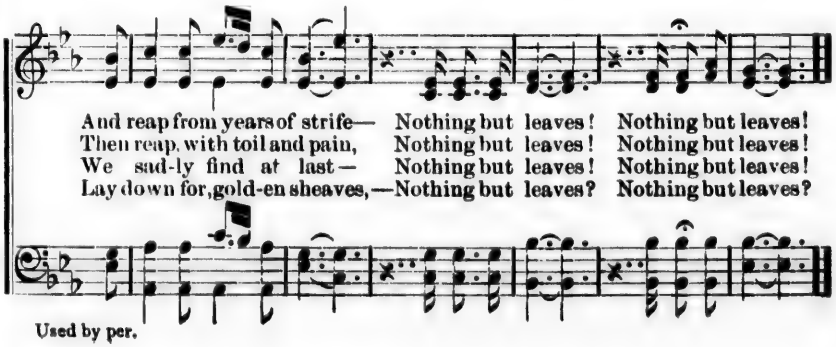
No. 111. Nothing But Leaves.

"He found nothing but leaves."—MARK 11 : 13.

L. E. AKERMAN, alt. SILAS J. VAIL.







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No. 112. Loyalty to Christ.

"Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."—JOHN 2: 5.

Dr. E. T. CASSELL. FLORA H. CASSELL.

1. Up - on the western plain There comes the sig-nal strain, 'Tis loy - al-ty,
2. O hear ye brave the sound That moves the earth a-round, 'Tis loy - al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the gi-ant wrong, 'Tis loy - al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to - day, 'Tis loy - al-ty,

loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The
loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring
loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's ban - ners float, We'll
loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll pro-claim, Thro'

hills take up the song, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
out the watch-word true, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
send this bu - gle note, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
out the world's do-main, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

CHORUS.

"On to vic - to - ry! On to vic - to - ry!" Cries our great Commander;

"On!" . . . . . We'll move at His command, We'll soon possess the great Com-man-der, "On!"

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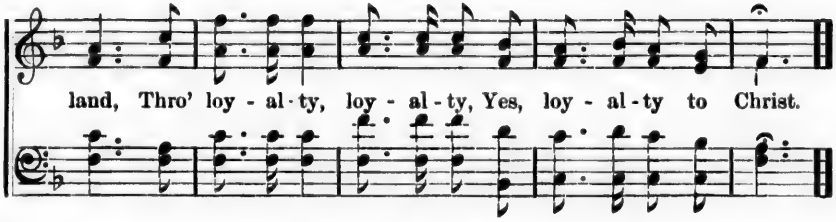
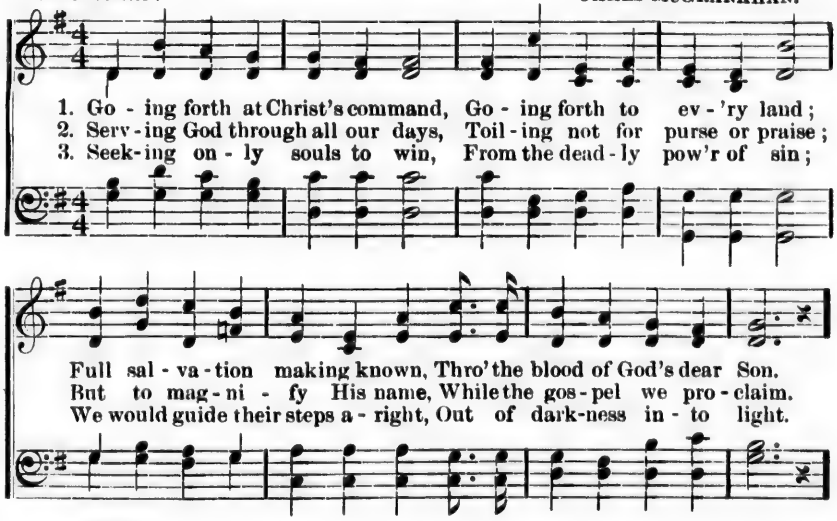
Loyalty to Christ.—Concluded.



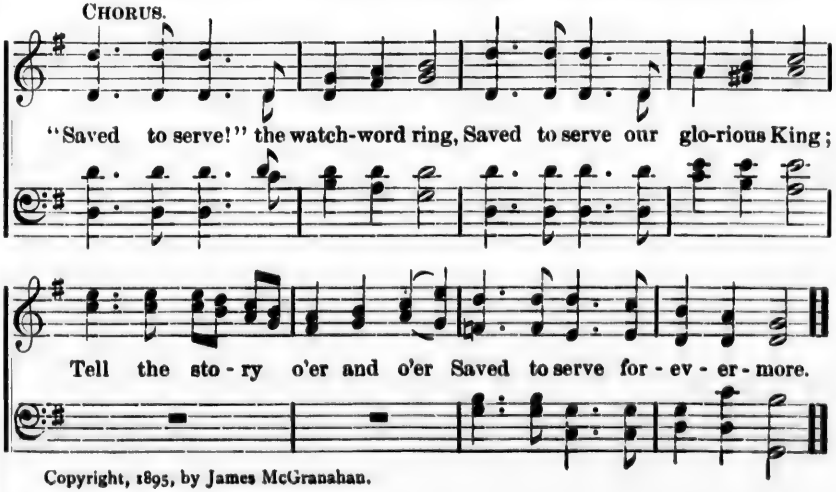
No. 113. Saved to Serve.

"Serve the Lord with gladness."—Psa. 100 : 2.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.



Chorus.



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No. 114. When the Saints are Marching in.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs."—Isa. 35 : 10.

Katharine E. Purvis. J. M. Black.

1. Thro' the shin - ing gate, Where the an-gels wait, When the saints . . are
2. Parted friends shall meet On the gold-en street, When the saints . . are
3. Ev - 'ry tongue and race Shall extol God's grace, When the saints . . are
4. To the Lamb once slain, But who lives a - gain, When the saints . . are

When the saints are

marching in, ... The Re-deemed shall come And be
marching in, ... Spot- less robes shall wear, Vic - tors'
marching in, ... And the blood-washed throng Shall re -
marching in, ... We shall of - fer praise Through e -
marching in, are marching in,

crowned at home, When the saints . . . . are march-ing in.
palms shall bear, When the saints . . . . are march-ing in.
peat the song, When the saints . . . . are march-ing in.
ter - nal days, When the saints . . . . are march-ing in.

When the saints,

Chorus.

When the saints . . . are march-ing in When the
When the saints, are march-ing in,

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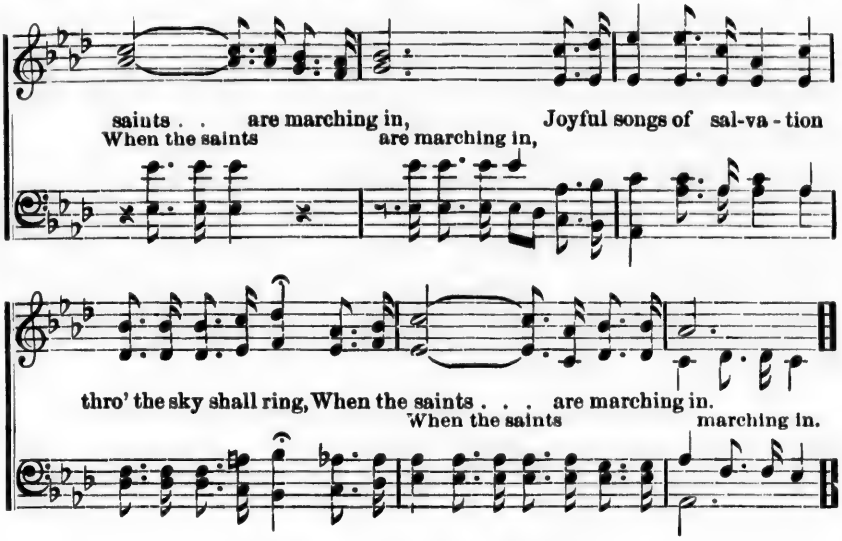
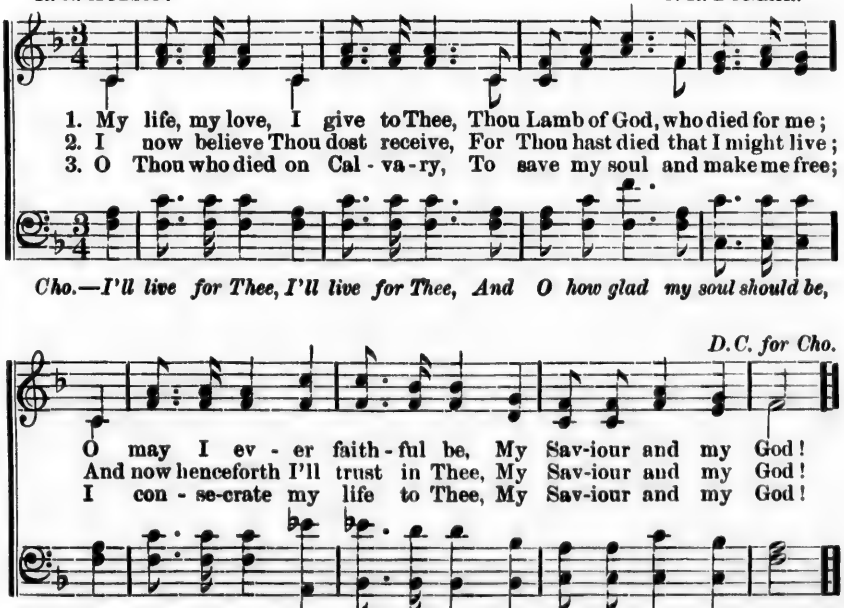
When the Saints are Marching in.—Concluded.



No. 115. I'll Live for Thee.

"Whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."—Rom. 14: 8.

R. E. Hudson. C. R. Dunbar.



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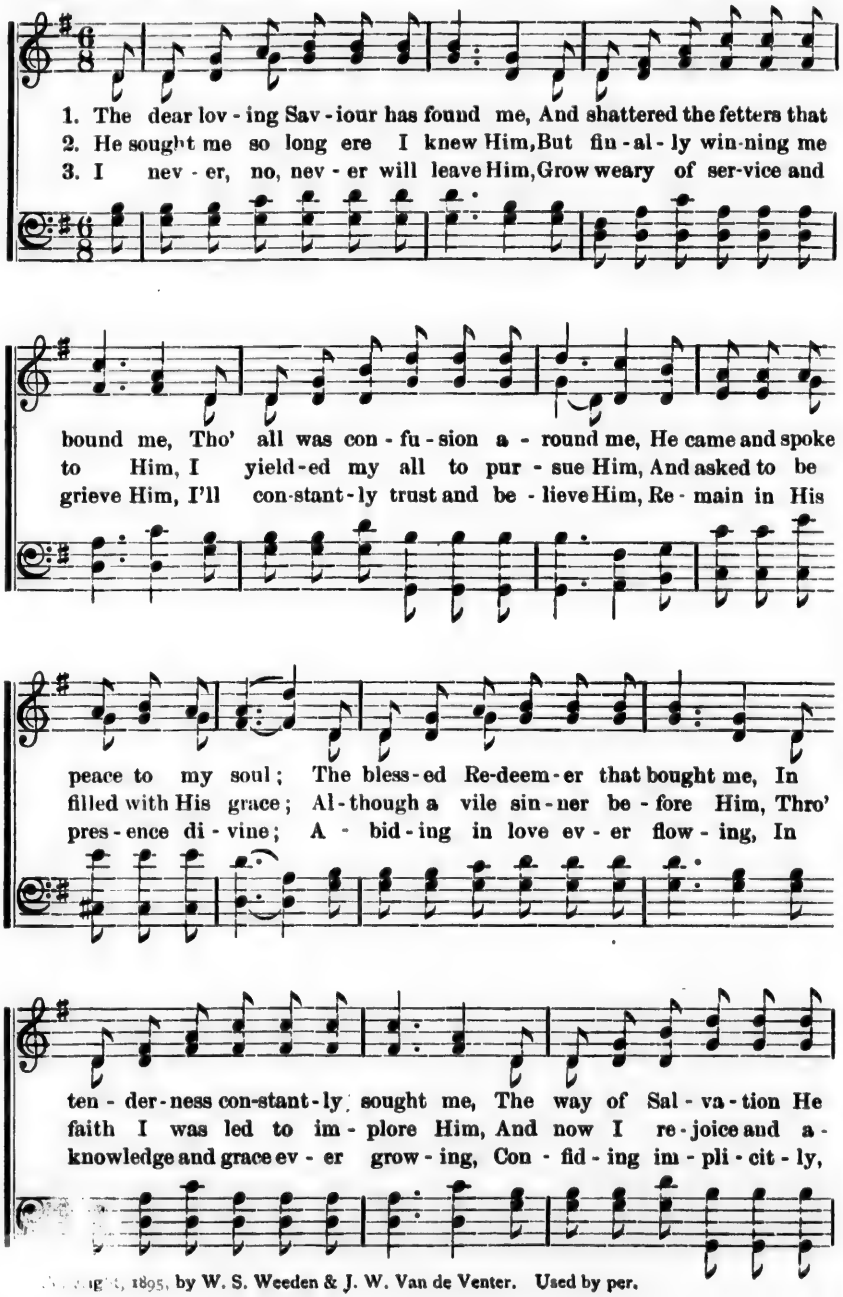
No. 116. He Saves Me.

"By grace are ye saved through faith."—Eph. 2: 8.

J. W. Van de Venter. W. S. Weeden.



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He Saves Me.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

taught me, And made my heart per-fect - ly whole.
dore Him, Re - stored to His lov - ing em - brace.
know - ing, That Je - sus the Sav-iour is mine.

He saves me, He saves me, His love fills my soul, halle - lu - jah! Oh, glo - ry, He saves me,

1 His spir-it a - bid-eth with-in;

2 His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

No. 117. Grace, before and after Meat.

(Rockingham. L. M.)

JOHN CENNICK. LOWELL MASON.

1. Be present at our ta-ble, Lord, Be here and ev - 'ry-where a-dored;
2. We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food, For life, and health, and ev-'ry good:

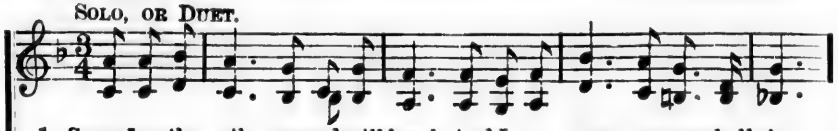
These mercies bless, and grant that we May feast in Par - a - dise with Thee.
Let man-na to our souls be given,-The Bread of Life sent down from heav'n.

No. 118. Saved by Grace.

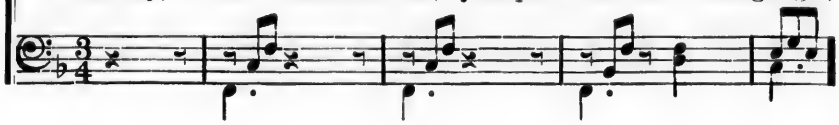
"By grace ye are saved."—Eph. 2: 5.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

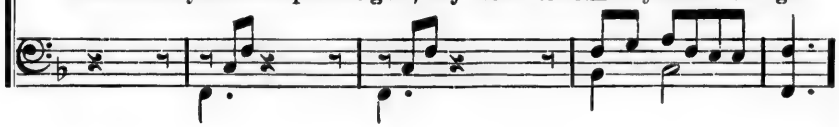
Solo, or Duet.



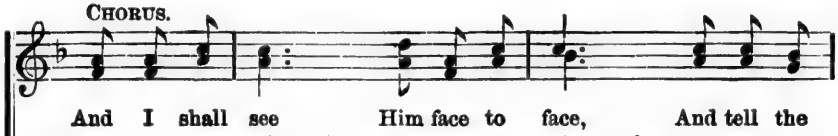
1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro - sy-tint - ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,



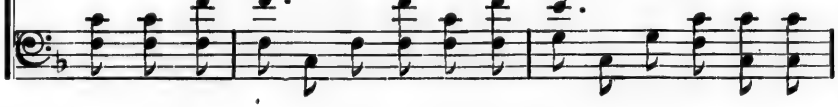
But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My blessěd Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en-ter in - to rest.
That when my Saviour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



Chorus.



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the
shall see to face,



sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to
shall see

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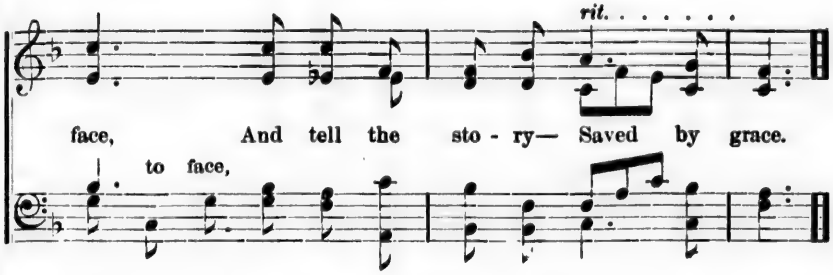
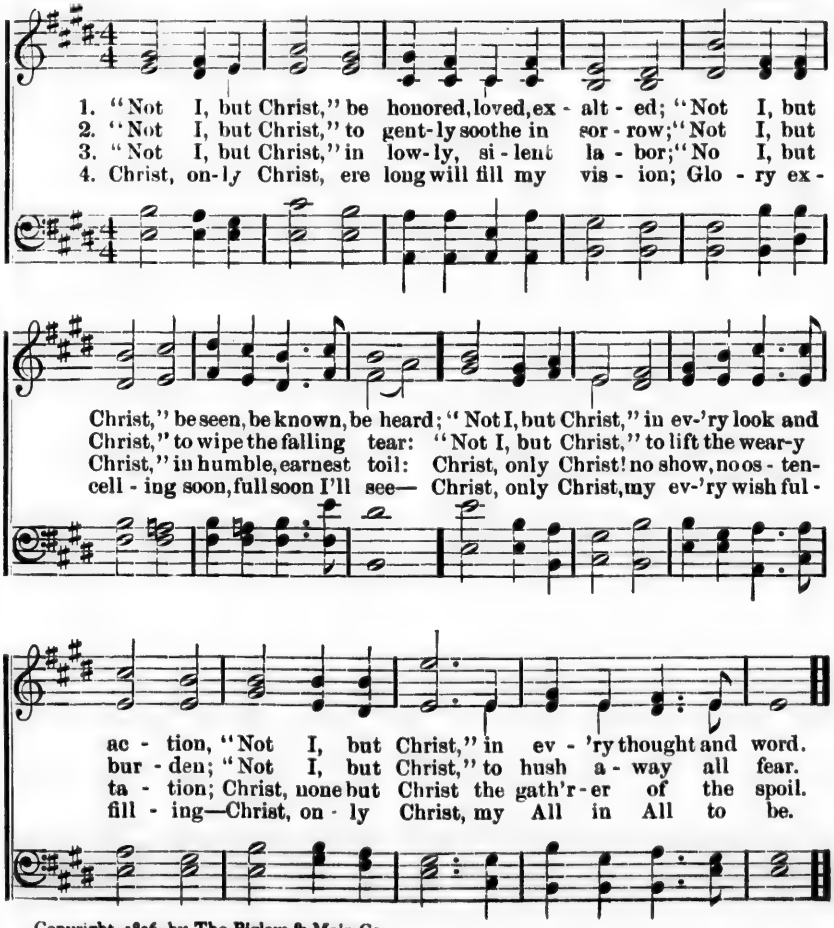
Saved by Grace.—Concluded.



No. 119. "Not I, but Christ."

"Not I, but Christ liveth in me." GAL. 2 : 20.

A. A. F. J. H. BURKE.



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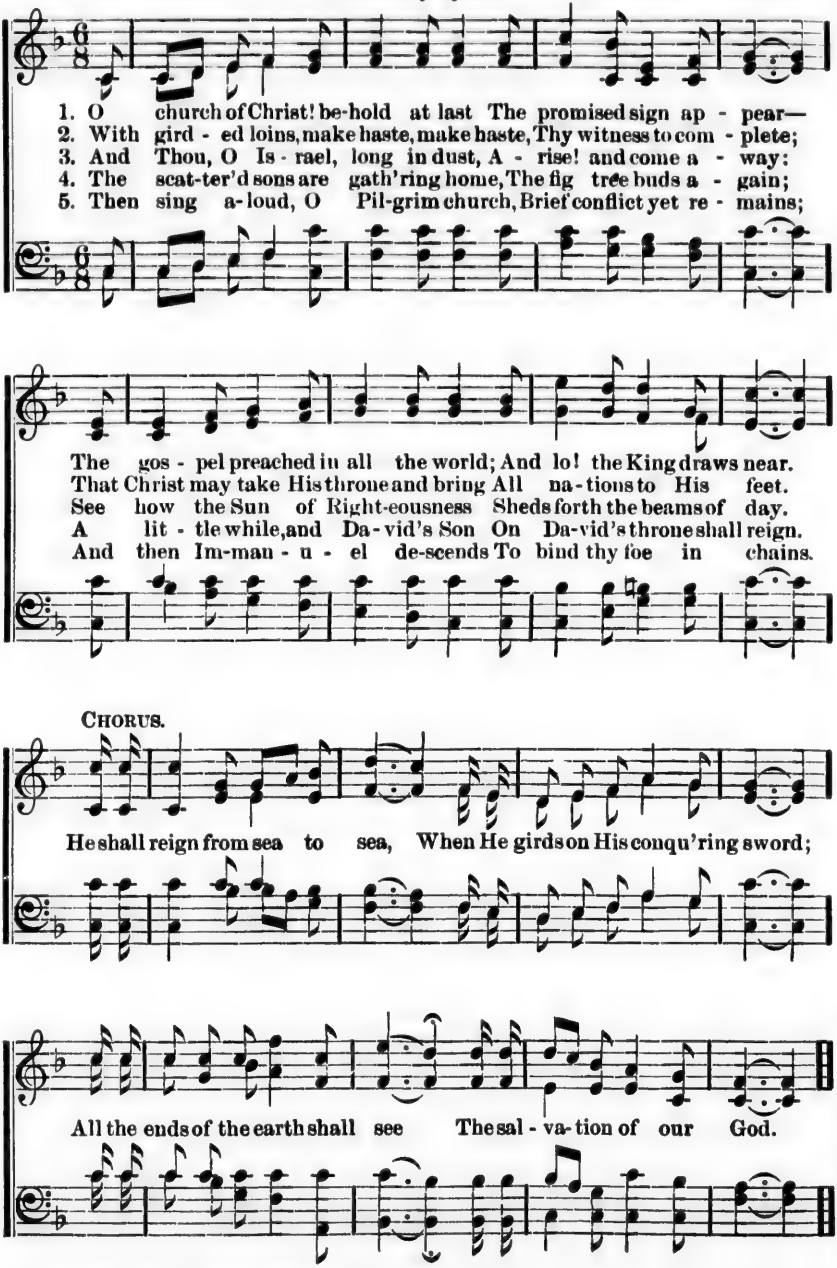
No. 120. He Shall Reign From Sea to Sea.

(Ps. 72: 8.)

A. J. GORDON, D.D. (Missionary Hymn.) JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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No. 121. Sweet Peace the Gift of God's Love.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace."—GAL. 5 : 22.

P. B. PETER BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain,) A glad and a
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made (was made,) My debt by His
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crown'd (had crown'd,) My heart with this
4. In Je - sus at peace I a - bide (a - bide,) And while I keep

joy - ous re - frain (re- frain,) I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet
death was all paid (all paid,) No oth - er foun-da-tion is laid For
peace did a - bound (a-bound,) In Him a rich blessing I found, Sweet
close to His side (His side,) There's nothing but peace can be-tide, Sweet

CHORUS.

peace, the gift of God's love.
peace, the gift of God's love.
peace, the gift of God's love.
peace, the gift of God's love.
} Peace, peace, sweet peace, Wonderful gift from a-

Rit.

bove Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
a-bove,

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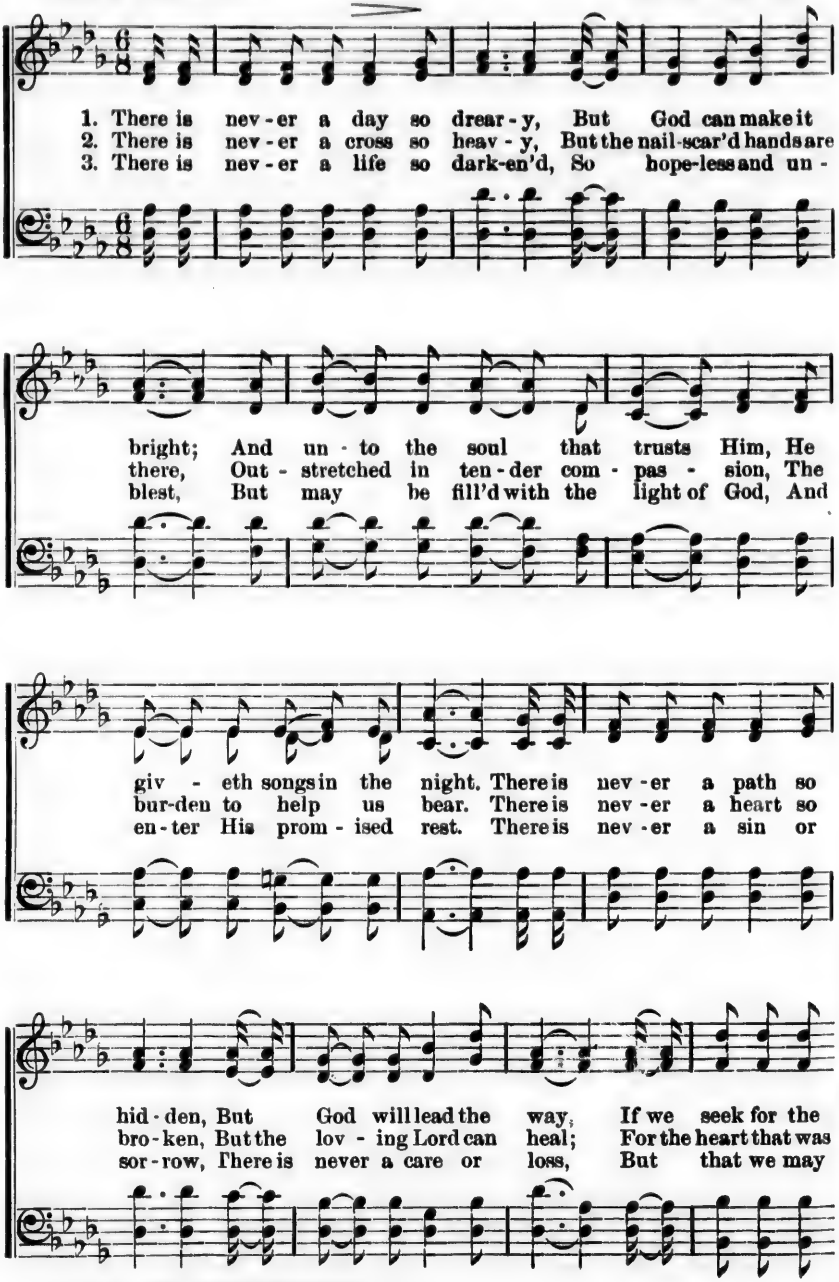
No. 122. There is Never a Day so Dreary.

"Who giveth songs in the night."—Job 35 : 10.

LILLA M. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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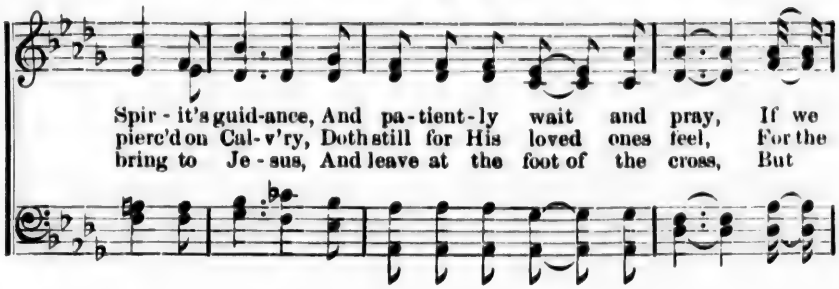
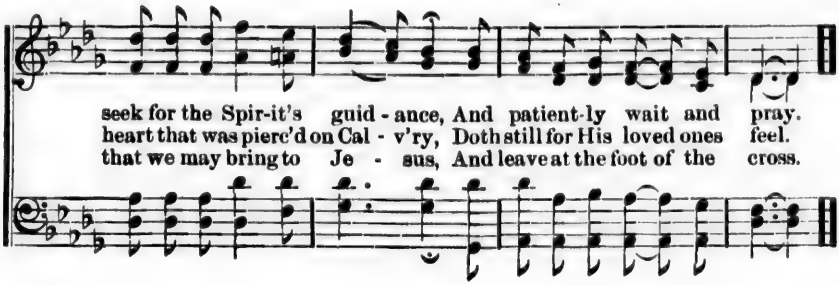
There is Never a Day.—Concluded.

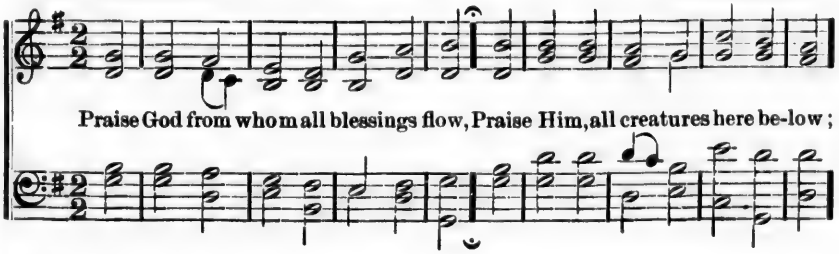


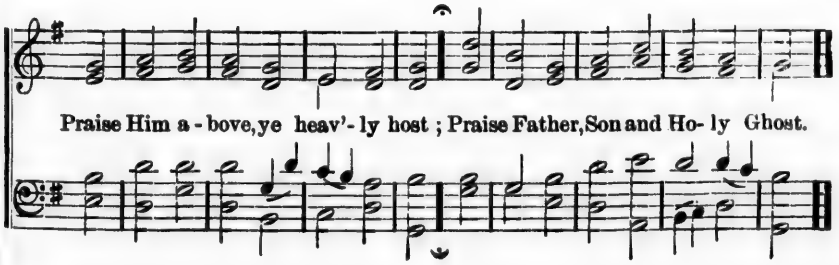


No. 123. Praise God from Whom.

(Old Hundred. L. M.)

Rev. Thomas Ken. L. Bourgeois.





No. 124. Awake, Awake, O Heart of Mine!

F. J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. A-wake, a-wake, O heart of mine! Sing praise to God a-bove;
2. Redeemed by Him, my Lord and King, Who saves me day by day;
3. Oh love, un-chang-ing, love sub-lime! Not all the hosts a-bove

Take up the song of end-less years, And sing re-deem-ing love!
My life and all its ran-somed powers Could ne'er His love re-pay.
Can reach the height, or sound the depth Of God's e-ter-nal love.

Re-deemed by Him who bore my sins, When on the cross He died;
And yet His mer-cy con-de-scends My hum-ble gift to own;
This won-drous love en-folds the world, It fills the realms a-bove;

Redeemed and pur-chased with His blood, Redeemed and sanc-ti-fied.
And thro' the rich-es of His grace, He brings me near His throne.
'Tis boundless as e-ter-ni-ty: Oh, praise the God of love.

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CHORUS.

A-wake, a-wake,..... O heart of mine!.....
A-wake, a-wake, O heart of mine!

Sing praise, sing praise..... to God a-bove;.....
Sing praise, sing praise to God a-bove;

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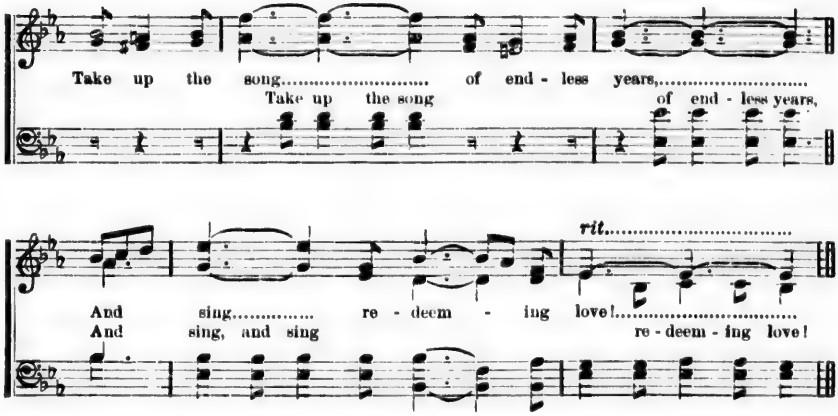
Awake, Awake, etc.—Concluded.



No. 125. There is a Green Hill far away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, Without a cit - y wall; Where the dear Lord was
2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear; But we be - lieve it
3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good, That we might go at
4. There was no oth - er good enough, To pay the price of sin; He on - ly could un -

CHORUS.

cru - ci fied, Who died to save us all.
was for us, He hung and suf-fered there.
last to heav'n, Sav'd by His pre - cious blood.
lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And

rit.

we must love Him too; And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

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No. 126. My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white, He will

bright and glo-rious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
lus-tre of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears shall ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer-cy, love, and grace, That pre-pares for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home, But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.

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CHORUS.

I shall know..... Him, I shall know Him, As redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him,

I shall know..... Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know

No. 127. I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

F. H. ROWLEY. PETER BILHORN.

1. I will sing the won - drous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears pos - sessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing..... the won - drous sto - - - - ry
Yes, I'll sing the won - drous sto - ry

Of the Christ..... who died for me,.....
Of the Christ who died for me,

Sing it with..... the saints in glo - - - ry,
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry,

Gath - ered by..... the crys - tal sea,
gath - ered by the crys - tal sea.

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No. 128. Faith is the Victory.

JOHN H. YATES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. En - camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris - tian sol - diers, rise,
2. His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the word of God;
3. On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
4. To Him that o - ver - comes the foe, White rai - ment shall be giv'n;

And press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies;
We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod;
Let tents of ease be left be - hind, And on - ward to the fray;
Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name con - fessed in heav'n;

A - gainst the foe in vales be - low, Let all our strength be hurled;
By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;
Sal - va - tion's hel - met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
Then on - ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;

Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver-comes the world.
The faith by which they con - quered Death Is still our shin - ing shield.
The earth shall trem - ble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.
We'll van - quish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' con - qu'ring name.

CHORUS.

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!
Faith is Faith is

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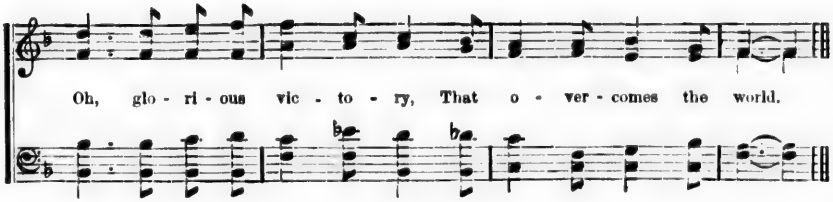
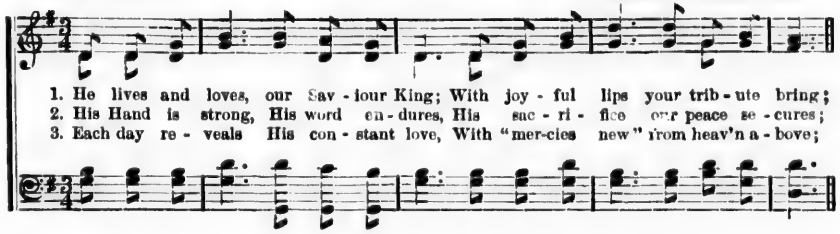
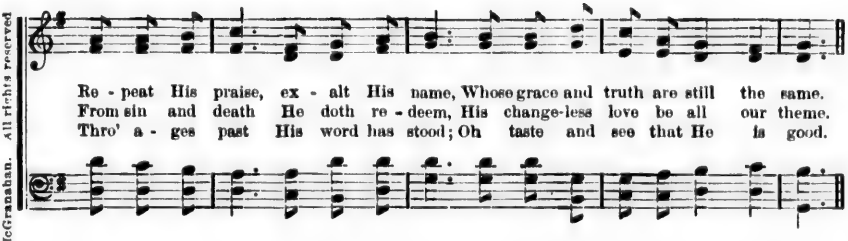
Faith is the Victory.—Concluded.

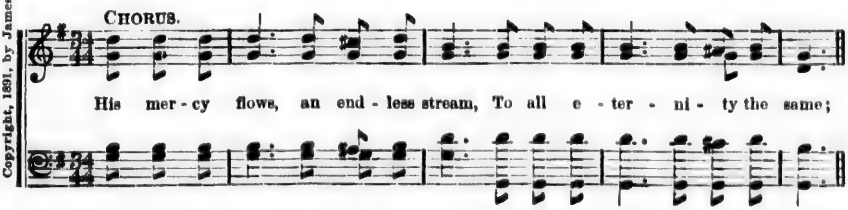


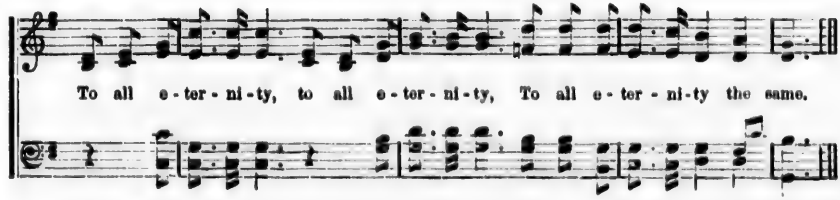
No. 129. Our Saviour King.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES McGRANAHAN.









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No. 130. Blessed be the Fountain.

E. R. LATTA. H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.

1. Bless-ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wan-dered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On-ly by His stripes we are healed.
Griev-ous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can-not wash them a-way.

Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fount-ain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
Je-sus to that Fount-ain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise I go;

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - - er that the snow,..... Whit - - - er than the snow;.....

Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow;

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb,..... And I shall be whit-er than snow.....

rit......

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow, than snow.

snow....

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No. 131. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. True - heart - ed, whole-heart-ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True - heart - ed, whole-heart-ed, full - est al - le - giance Yield-ing henceforth to our
3. True - heart - ed, whole-heart-ed, Sav - iour all - glo - rious! Take Thy great pow - er and

grace we will be; Un - der the stand-ard ex - alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy
glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav - or and lov - ing o - be - dience, Free - ly and
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af - fec - tions vic - to - rious, Free - ly sur-

CHORUS.

strength we will bat - tle for Thee. } Peal out the watchword! si - lence it nev - er!
joy - ous - ly now would we bring. }
ren - dered and whol - ly Thine own. } Peal si-lence

Song of our spir - it's re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the watchword!
Song re - joic-ing and free; Peal

loy - al for - ev - er! King of our lives, By thy grace we will be.
loy - al King

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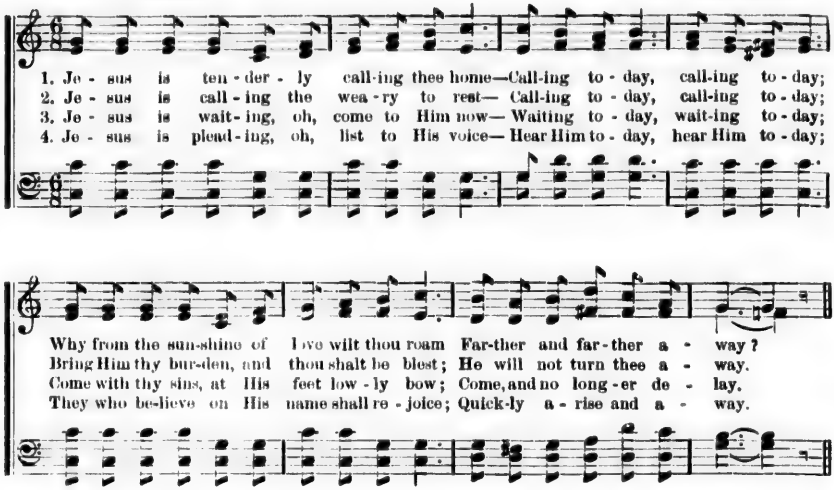
No. 132. Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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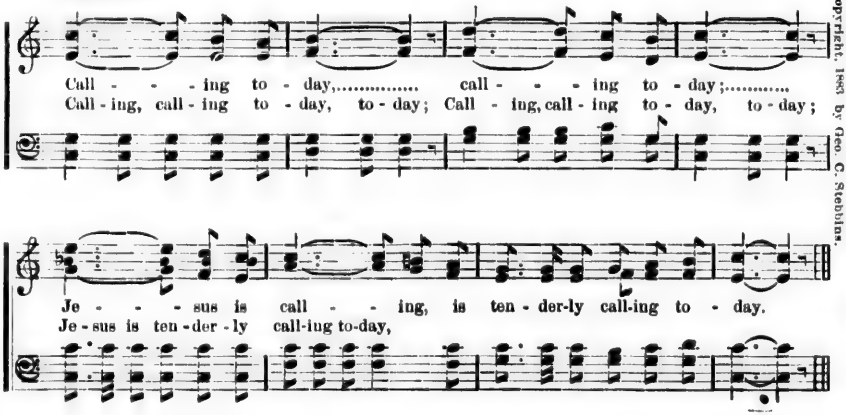

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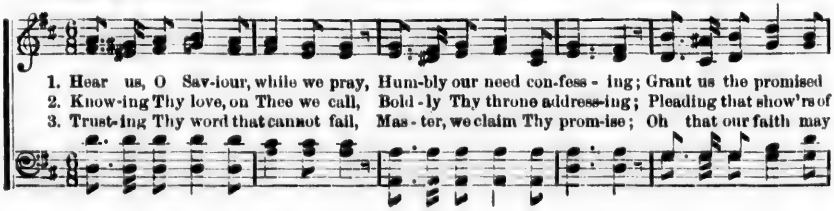
No. 133. Hear us, O Saviour.

CHARLES BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.



Hear us, O Saviour.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

show'rs to - day, Send them up - on us, O Lord.
grace may fall,— Send them up - on us, O Lord.
now pre-vail,— Send us the showers, O Lord.
} Send show'rs of bless - ing;

Send show'rs re - fresh-ing; Send us show'rs of bless-ing; Send them, Lord, we pray.

No. 134. What a Wonderful Saviour!

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Christ has for sin a - tone-ment made, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! We
2. I praise Him for the cleans-ing blood, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! That
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! And
4. He walks be - side me all the way, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! And

CHORUS.

are redeemed! the price is paid! What a won-der - ful Sav-iour!
rec - on-ciled my soul to God; What a won-der - ful Sav-iour!
now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won-der - ful Sav-iour!
keeps me faith - ful day by day; What a won-der - ful Sav-iour!
} What a won - der - ful

Sav-iour is Je - sus, my Je - sus! What a won - der-ful Sav-iour is Je - sus, my Lord!

5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Saviour!
And triumph in each trying hour;
What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Saviour!
The world shall never share a part;
What a wonderful Saviour!

No. 135. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. (Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al - 'might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther! all-
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at-tend: Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be, Hence ev-er-more! His sov'reign

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
might-y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
ma - jes - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 136. Speed Away.

F. J. CROSBY. I. B. WOODBURY, arr.

1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis-sion of light, To the lands that are
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life-giv - ing Word, To the na - tions that
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes-sage of rest, To the souls by the

ly - ing in dark-ness and night, 'Tis the Mas - ter's com-mand; go ye forth in His
know not the voice of the Lord; Take the wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the
tempt-er in bond-age op - press'd; For the Sav - iour has pur-chas'd their ran - som from

name, The won-der - ful Gos - pel of Je - sus pro - claim; Take your lives in your
wave, In the strength of your Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once
sin; And the ban-quet is read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res - cue make

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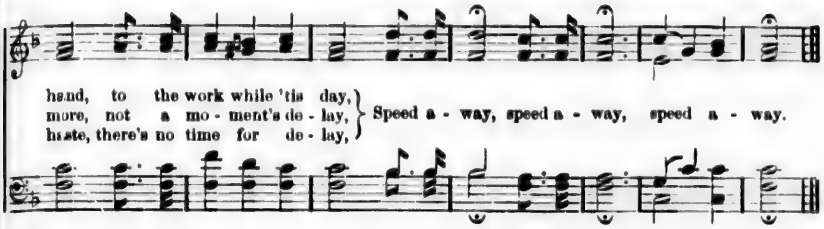
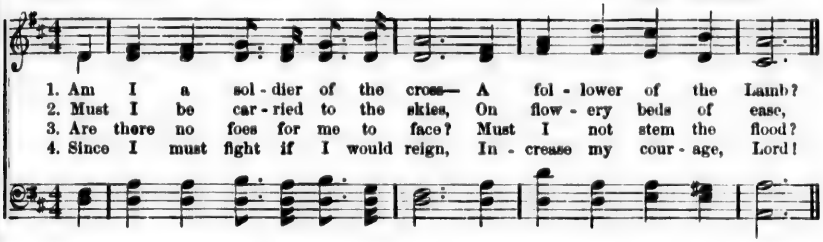
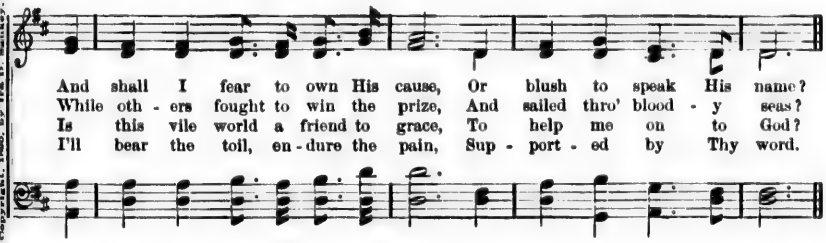
Speed Away.—Concluded.

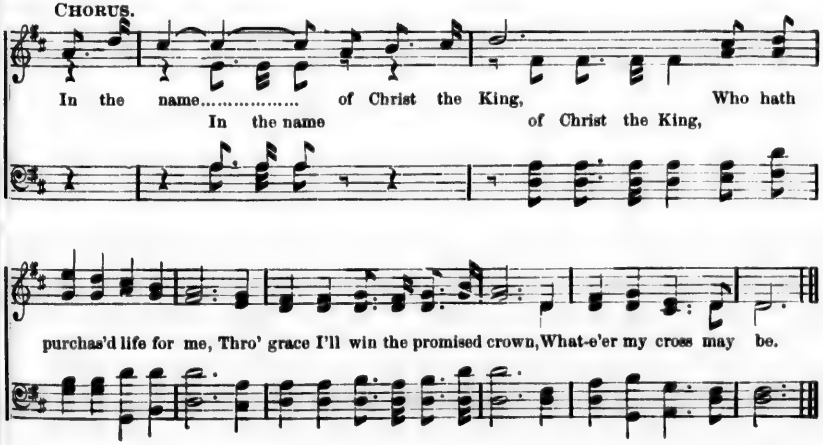


No. 137. A Soldier of the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. IRA D. SANKEY.







No. 138. When the Mists Have Rolled Away.

ANNIE HERBERT. Arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 When the mists have rolled in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills,
2. Oft we tread the path be - fore us With a wea - ry bur - den'd heart,
3. We shall come with joy and glad - ness, We shall gath - er round the throne;

And the sun - light fall in glad - ness On the riv - er and the rills,
Oft we toil a - mid the shad - ows, And our fields are far a - part:
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known:

We re - call our Fa - ther's prom - ise In the rain - bow of the spray:
But the Sav - iour's "Come, ye bless - ed," All our la - bor will re - pay,
And the song of our re - demp - tion, Shall re - sound thro' end - less day,

rit.

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have rolled a - way.
When we gath - er in the morn - ing Where the mists have rolled a - way.
When the shad - ows have de - part - ed, And the mists have rolled a - way.

CHORUS.

We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev - er -
We shall know as we are known,

more..... ..... to walk a - lone,..... In the
Nev - er - more to walk a - lone, to walk a - lone,

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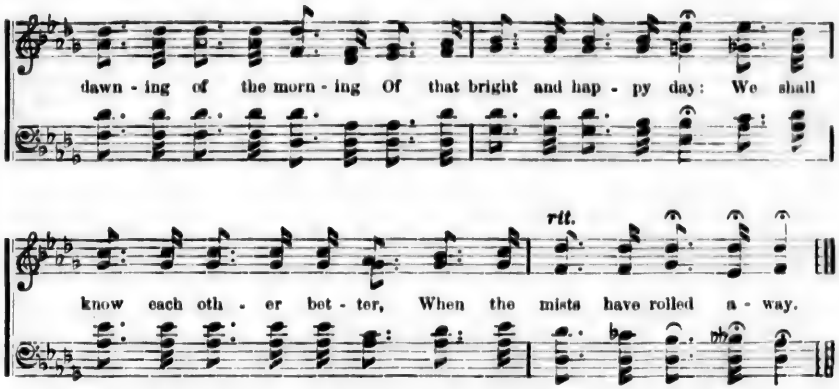
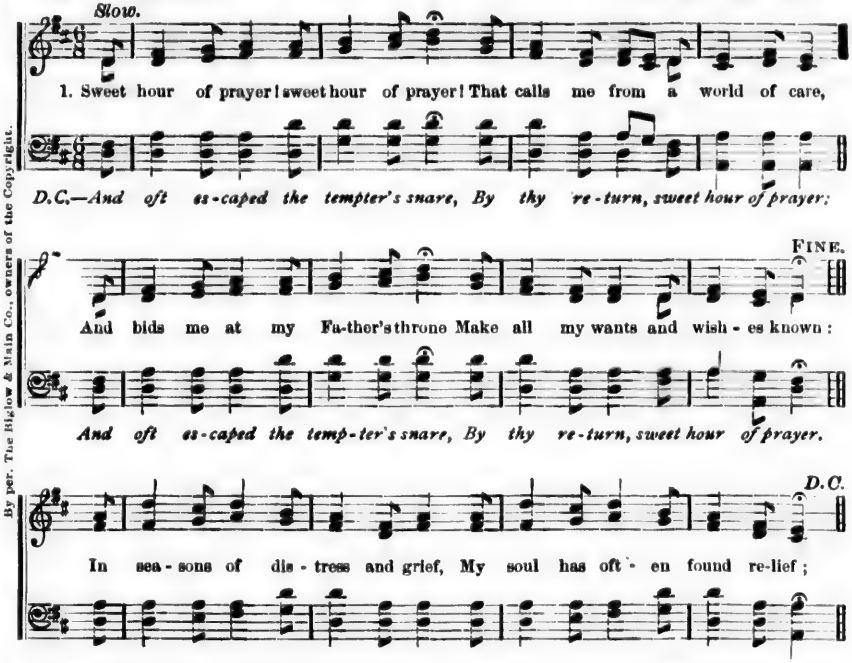
When the Mists, etc.—Concluded.



No. 139. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
|: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :|

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
|: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :|

No. 140. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a priv - i - lege to
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where? We should never be dis-
3. Are we weak and heavy - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care? Pre-cious Saviour, still our

car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer. Oh, what peace we oft - en for - felt,
cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a Friend so faith - ful,
Ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee?

Used by per.

Oh, what needless pain we bear—All because we do not car - ry Ev'rything to God in prayer.
Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our ev - 'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Take it to the Lord in prayer; In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 141. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

REGINALD HEBER, D.D. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

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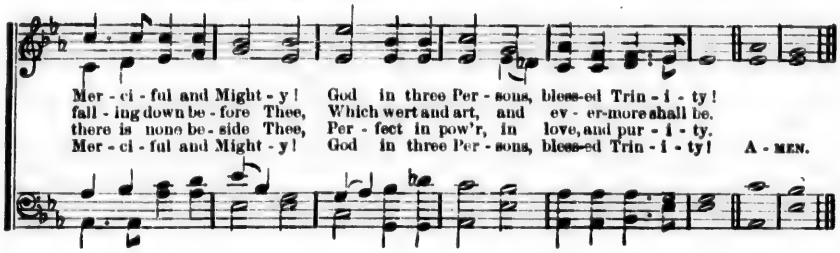
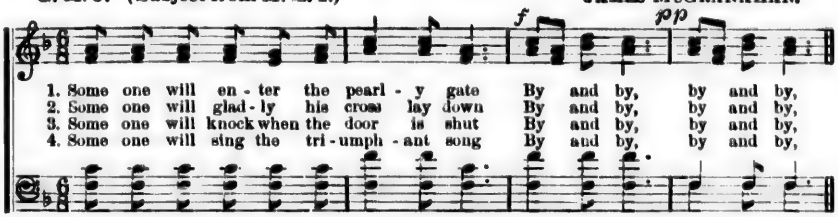
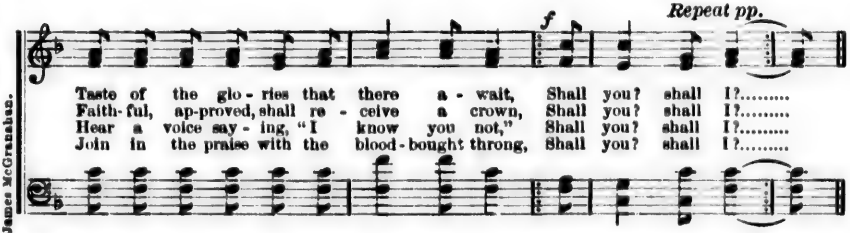
Holy, Holy! Lord, etc.—Concluded.

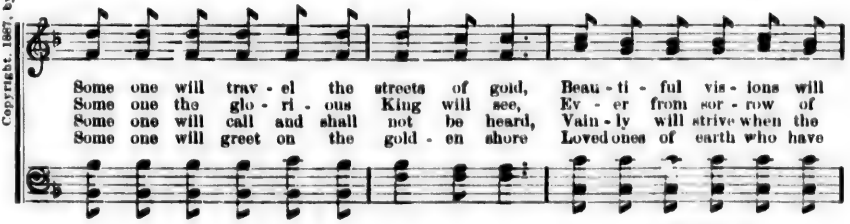


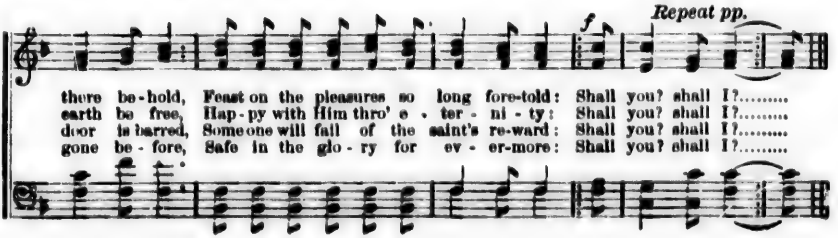
No. 142. Shall you? Shall I?

G. M. J. (Subject from M. E. I.) JAMES McGRANAHAN.









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No. 143. God be With You!

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—By His coun-sels guide, up - hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings pro-tect - ing hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's per - ils thick con-found you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Put His arms un - fail - ing round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!

By per. of J. E. Rankin.

CHORUS.

Till we meet!..... Till we meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain! Till we meet!

Till we meet!..... Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

No. 144. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

(Jewett. 6s. D.)

JANE BORTHWICK, tr. WEBER, arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Oh, may Thy will be mine;
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Tho' seen thro' many a tear,
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; All shall be well for me;

By per. O. Ditson Co., owners of copyright.

My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.—Concluded.

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign:
Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear:
Each chang-ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee:

Thro' sor - row or thro' joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor - rowed oft a - lone,
Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,

Rit.

And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And sing, in life or death,—My Lord, Thy will be done.

No. 145. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

(Mercy. 7s.)

ANDREW REED. GOTTSCHALK, arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

By per. O. Ditson Co., owners of copyright.

No. 146. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss. W. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Let sor - row do its work, Come grief or pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whis - per Thy praise, This be the

pray'r I make On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,—
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

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No. 147. Throw out the Life-Line.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

Rev. E. S. Ufford. E. S. Ufford. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom some one should save;
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tar - ry, why lin-ger so long;
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where you've never been;
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e - ter - ni-ty's shore,

Some-bod - y's brother! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?
See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast- en to- day—And out with the Life-Boat! away, then, a- way!
Winds of temp- ta- tion and bil - lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
Haste then, my brother, no time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

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By per. of Ira D. Sankey, owner of Copyright.

Throw out the Life-Line.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink - ing to - day!

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

No. 148. My Mother's Prayer.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

SOLO. *Moderato.*

1. As I wandered 'round the homestead, Ma - ny a dear fa - mil - iar spot
2. Tho' the house was held by stran-gers All re-mained the same with - in;
3. Quick I drew it from the rub-bish, Cov - ered o'er with dust so long:

Brought with - in my rec - ol - lec- tion Scenes I'd seem - ing - ly for - got;
Just as when a child I ram-bled Up and down, and out and in;
When, be - hold, I heard in fan - cy Strains of one fa - mil - iar song,

There, the or - chard—mead - ow, yon - der—Here, the deep, old fash - ioned well,
To the gar - ret dark as - cend-ing—Once a source of child - ish dread—
Oft - en sung by my dear moth-er To me 'n that trun - dle bed;

rit.

With its old moss - cov - ered buck - et, Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.
Peer - ing thro' the mist - y cob-webs, Lo! I saw my trun - dle bed.
[*Omit*.....

2d ending. Slow. p

pp

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slum - ber! Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed!"

4 While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again:
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.

5 Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
* "Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name."

* Use second ending.

6 Prayer is over: to my pillow
With a "good-night!" kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild:
* "Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh, bless, my precious child!"

7 Yet I am but only dreaming:
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet churchyard lain;
But the mem'ry of her counsels
O'er my path a light has shed,
Daily calling me to heaven,
Even from my trundle bed.

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No. 149. I've Found a Friend.

Rev. J. G. Small. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on - ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!

And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er;
Th' e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or;
From Him, who loves me now so well, What power my soul can sev - er?

For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

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No. 150. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

(Pilot. 7s. 6 lines.)

Rev. Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest - ous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou can'st hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

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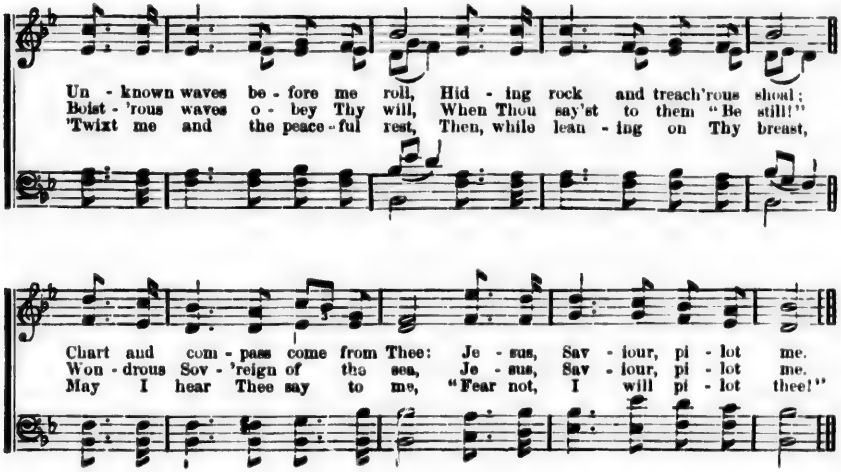
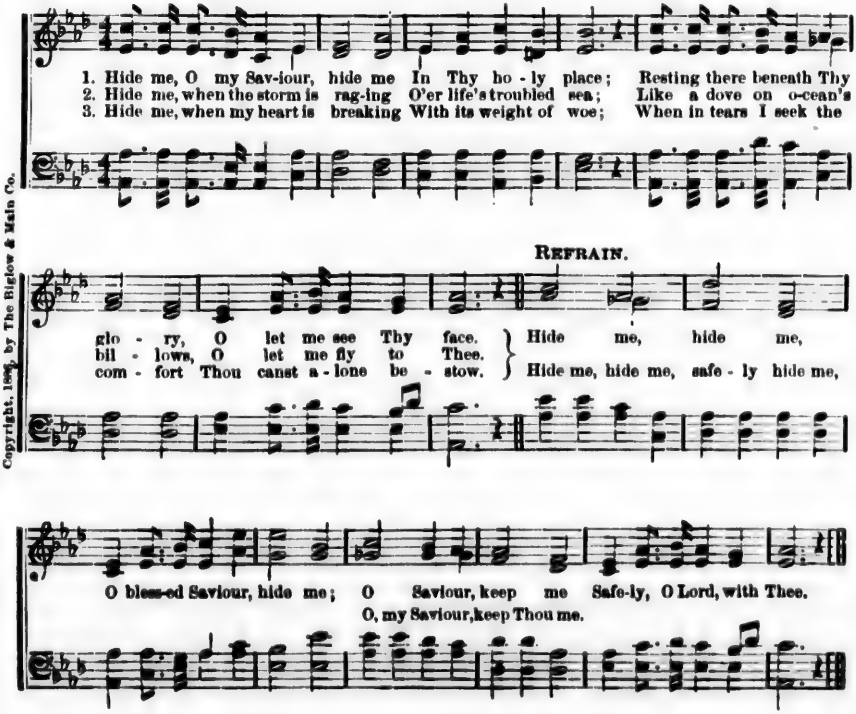
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.—Concluded.



No. 151. Hide Me.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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No. 152. How Firm a Foundation.

(Portuguese Hymn. 11s.)

G. Keith. M. Portogallo.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said,— To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus hath fled?

2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis - mayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by My gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by My gra - cious om - nip - o - tent hand.

3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - rows shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy troub - le to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.

4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not— I will not de - sert to His foes; That soul— tho' all hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er— no nev - er— no nev - er for - sake!" I'll nev - er— no nev - er— no nev - er for - sake!"

No. 153. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Anon. A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

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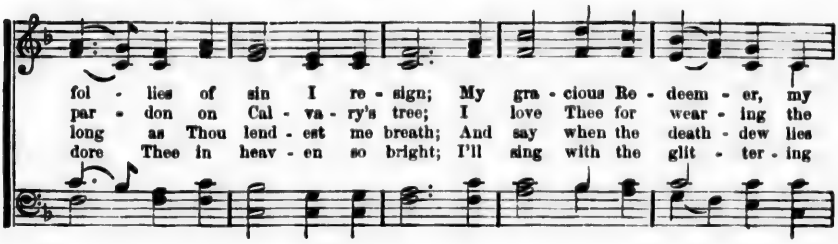
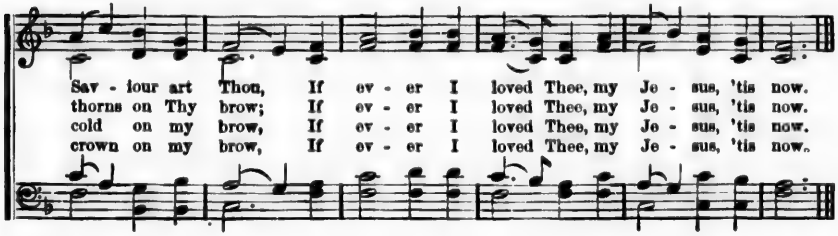
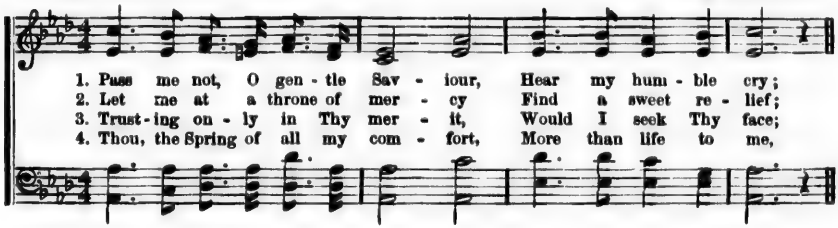
My Jesus, I Love Thee.—Concluded.

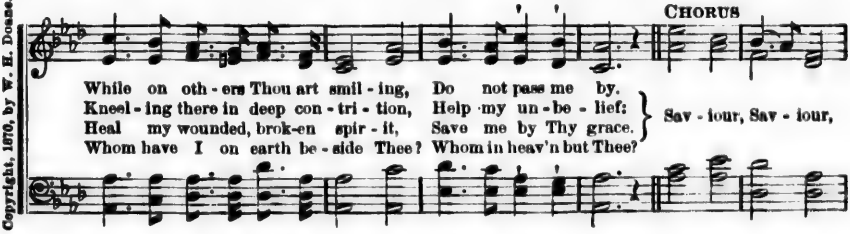




No. 154. Pass me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.





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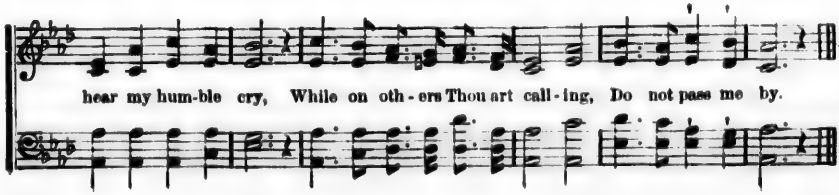

No. 155. The Ship of Temperance.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Take cour - age, temp'rance work - ers! You shall not suf - fer wreck, While up to
2. Sail on, sail on, deep-freight - ed With bless-ings and with hopes; The good of
3. Speed on, your work is ho - ly, God's er - rands nev - er fail; Sweep on thro'

God the peo-ple's pray'rs Are ring-ing from your deck; Wait cheer - i - ly, ye
old, with shad-owy hands, Are pull-ing at your ropes; Be - hind you, ho - ly
storm and dark-ness wild, The thun-der and the hail; Toil on, the morn-ing

work - ers, For day-light and for land, The breath of God is in your sails,
mar - tyrs Up - lift the palm and crown, Be - fore you, un - born a - ges send
com - eth, The port you yet shall win; And all the bells of God shall ring

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CHORUS.

Your rud - der in His hand.
Their ben - e - dic - tions down.
The "Ship of Temp'rance in!"

Sail on,..... O ship of hope, Sail sail on,

on for truth and right; The breath of God is in your sails, The ha-ven is in

sight; The breath of God is in your sails, The ha - ven is in sight.

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No. 156. Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word,
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies,
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share,
4. But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of His love,
5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at His feet,

What a glo - ry He sheds on our way! While we do His good will,
But His smile quick - ly drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear,
But our toil He doth rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss,
Un - til all on the al - tar we lay, For the fa - vor He shows,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way; What He says we will do,

He a - bides with us still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Not a sigh nor a tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
Not a frown nor a cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
And the joy He be - stows, Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Where He sends we will go, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

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Chorus.

Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth - er way To be

hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

No. 157. Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. Philip Phillips.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams, Its bright, jas - per walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me: Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.

3. That un - change - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands, The King of all king - doms for - ev - er, is He, And He King of all king-doms for - ev - er, is He, And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands.

4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To hold - eth our crowns in His hands, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands: The meet one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain: With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

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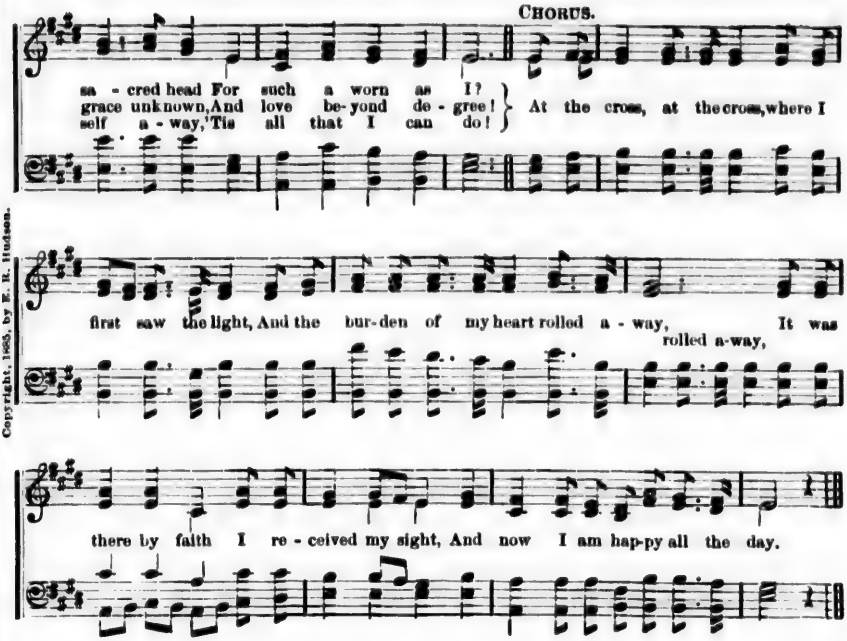
No. 158. At the Cross.

I. Watts. R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y,
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my -

At the Cross.—Concluded.



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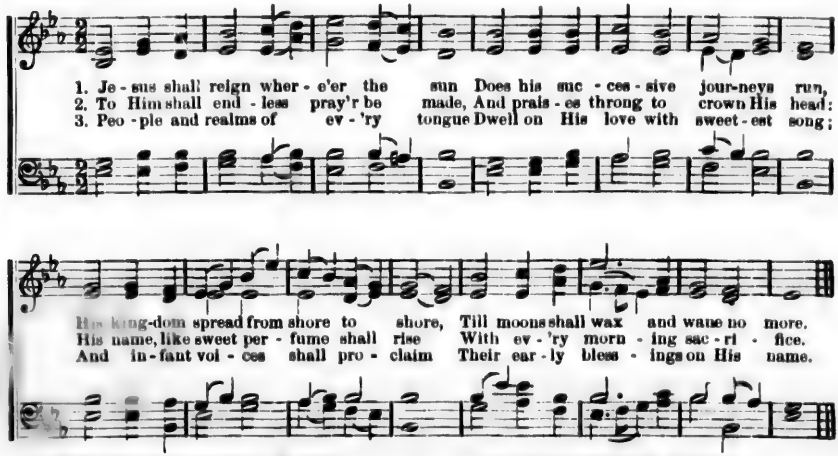
No. 159. Jesus Shall Reign.

(Duke Street. L. M.)

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.

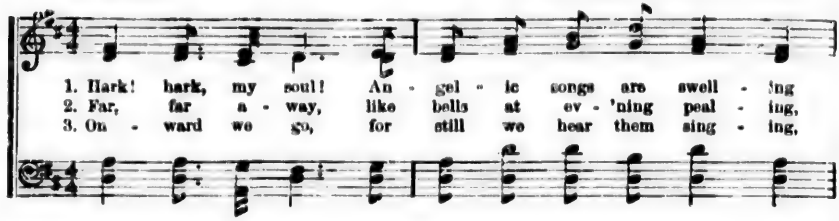


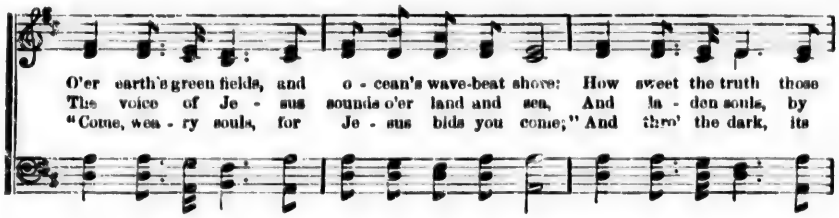
4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

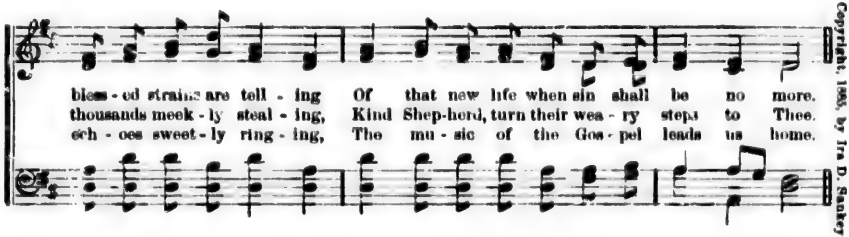
5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

No. 160. Hark! Hark, my Soul!

F. W. FABER. C. C. CONVERSE. Arr. by I. D. S.







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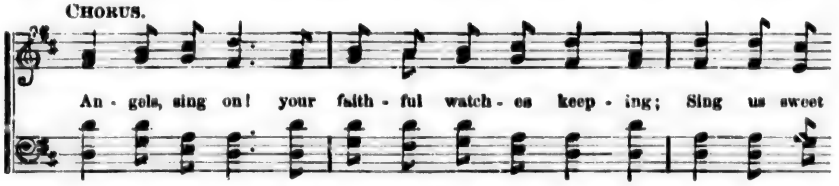
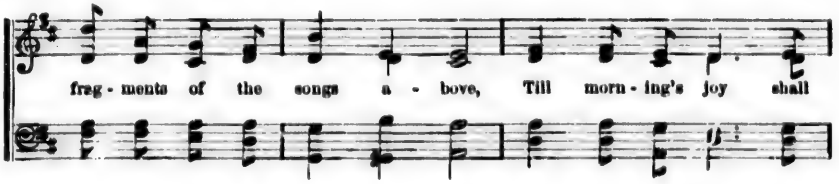
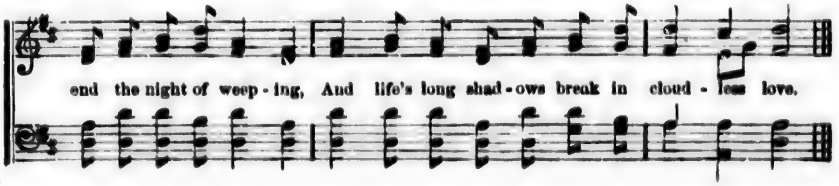
CHORUS.







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No. 161. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a
2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of
3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I, in my

fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion,
rapt - ure now burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing,
Sav - iour, am hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and wait - ing,

pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
bring from a - bove Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
look - ing a - bove, Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love.

CHORUS.

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my

Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my

song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

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No. 162. Abundantly Able to Save.

E. A. HOFFMANN. P. P. BLISS.

1. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Who - ev - er be -
2. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the mes-sage of God, And trusts in the
3. Who - ev - er re - pents and for-sakes ev - 'ry sin, And o - pens his

lie - eth on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal - va - tion shall
power of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal re-demption shall
heart for the Lord to come in, A pres - ent and per - fect sal - va - tion shall

have: For He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
have: For He is both a - ble and will - ing to save.
have: For Je - sus is read - y this mo - ment to save.

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CHORUS.

My broth-er, the Mas - - - ter is call - ing for thee;.....
Broth-er, the Mas - ter is come, and is call-ing for thee;

His grace and His mer - - cy are won - drous - ly free;.....
Broth-er, His grace and His mer - cy are won - drous - ly free;

His blood as a ran - - - som for sin - ners He gave,.....
Broth-er, His blood as a ran - som for sin-ners He gave,

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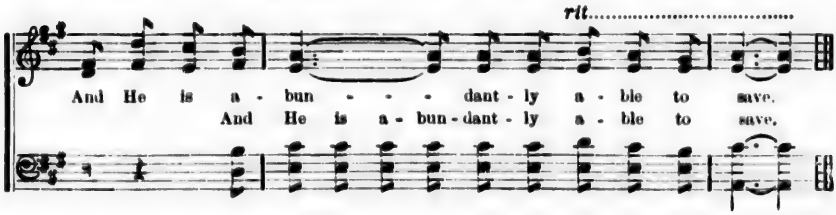
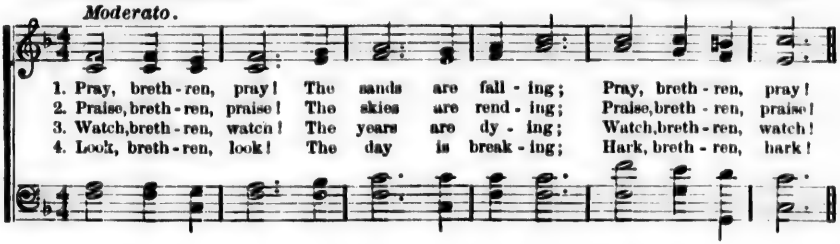
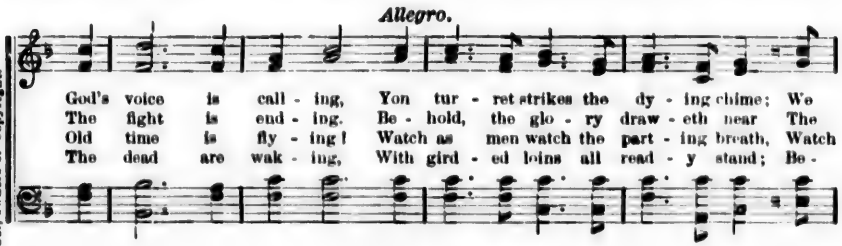
Abundantly Able to Save.—Concluded.

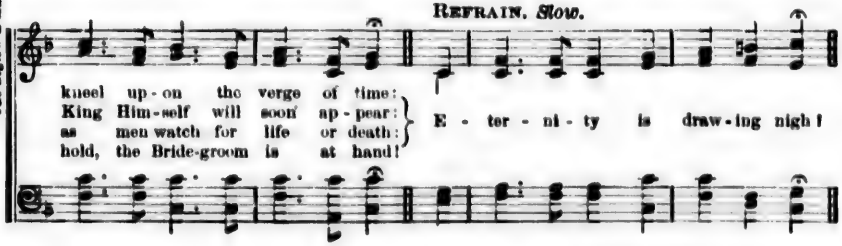


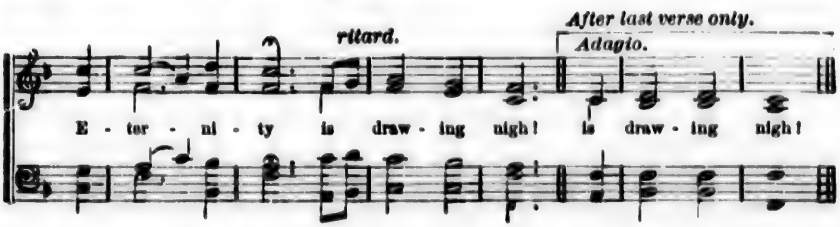
No. 163. Pray, Brethren, Pray!

Dr. Horatius Bonar. Philip Phillips.









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No. 164. Tell it Out.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Tell it out a-mong the na - tions that the Lord is King; Tell it out! (Tell it out!)
2. Tell it out a-mong the peo - ple that the Sav - iour reigns; Tell it out! (Tell it out!)
3. Tell it out a-mong the peo - ple, Je - sus reigns a - bove; Tell it out! (Tell it out!)

Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out a-mong the na - tions, bid them shout and sing;
Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out a-mong the hea - then, bid them break their chains;
Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out a-mong the na - tions that His reign is love;

Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! Tell it out with ad - o - ra - tion that He
Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! Tell it out a - mong the weeping ones that
Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! Tell it out a - mong the highways and the

shall in - crease, That the might - y King of glo - ry is the King of Peace; Tell it
Je - sus lives, Tell it out a-mong the wea - ry ones what rest He gives; Tell it
lanes at home, Let it ring a-cross the mountains and the o - cean's foam, That the

f *m*

out with ju - bi - la - tion, let the song ne'er cease; Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out!
out a-mong the sin - ners that He came to save; Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out!
wea-ry, heav - y - la - den, need no long - er roam; Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out!

f *m*

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No. 165. Christ Arose!

R. L. *Slow.* ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - iour!
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - iour!
3. Death can - not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour!

Wait - ing the com - ing day— Je - sus, my Lord!
Vain - ly they seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord!
He tore the bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord!

CHORUS. *faster.*

Up from the grave He a - rose, He a - rose, With a might - y tri - umph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign; He a - rose! He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!

rit.

He a - rose! He a - rose!

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No. 166. Come unto Me.

NATH. NORTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. "Come un - to Me," It is the Sav - iour's voice, The Lord of
life, who bids thy heart re - joice; O wea - ry heart, with
heav - y cares op - press'd, "Come un - to Me," and I will give you rest.

2. Wea - ry with life's long strug - gle full of pain, O doubt - ing
soul, thy Sav - iour calls a - gain; Thy doubts shall van - ish
and thy sor-rows cease, "Come un - to Me," and I will give you peace.

3. Oh, dy - ing man, with guilt and sin dis - mayed, With con - science
wak - ened, of thy God a - fraid; Twixt hopes and fears— oh,
end the anx-ious strife, "Come un - to Me," and I will give you life.

4. Rest, peace, and life, the flow'rs of death - less bloom, The Sav - iour
gives us, not be - yond the tomb— But here, and now, on
earth, some glimpse is giv'n Of joys which wait us thro' the gates of heav'n.

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REFRAIN.

"Come un - to me," "come un - to me," "Come un - to me, and
"Come un - to me," oh, come un - to me, Come un - to me,

ritard.....

I will give you rest," I will give you rest,..... I will give you rest.....
will give you rest, will give you rest.

No. 167. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Arr. from NEUMASTER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain:..... Christ re -
Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a - gain:

ceiv - - eth sin - ful men;..... Make the mes - - sage
ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv-eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the mes-sage plain:

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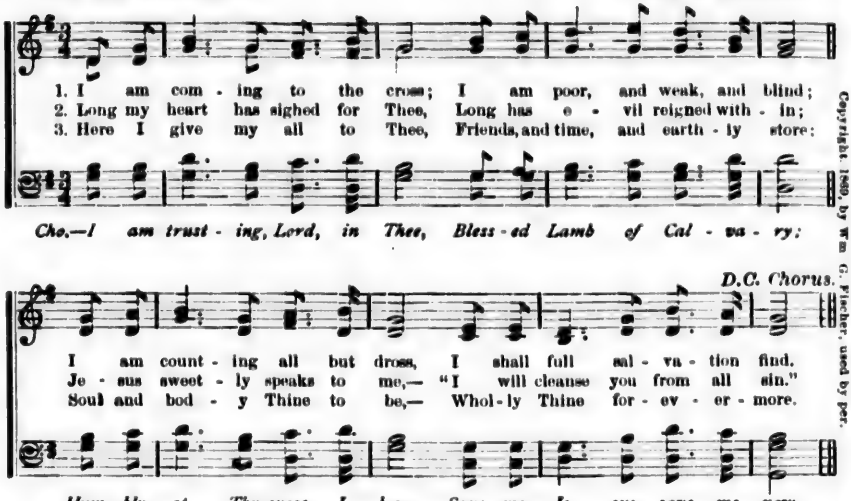
No. 168. I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. Wm. G. Fischer.



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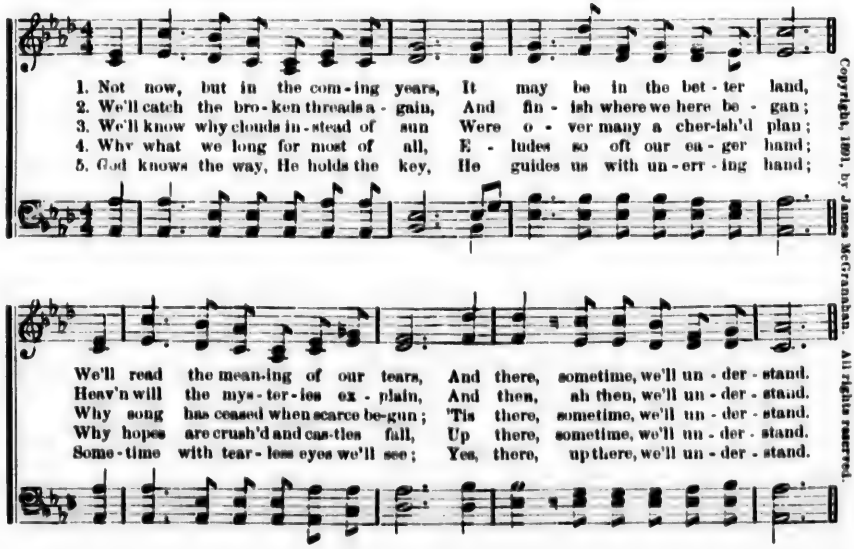
4 In the promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

No. 169. Sometime we'll Understand.

Maxwell N. Cornelius, D.D. James McGranahan.



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Sometime we'll Understand.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

A little faster.

* doth hold thy hand;

Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He ‖: doth hold :‖ thy hand;

a tempo primo. *cres.* *ad lib.*

Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise; Some-time, sometime, we'll un - der - stand.

* Repeat for Alto only.

No. 170. I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom - is -
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in -

REFRAIN.

Thine pow'r bide, es deed, Can When Or In Thou peace af - ford. art nigh. life is vain. me ful - fil. bless - ed Son. } I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I

need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to Thee.

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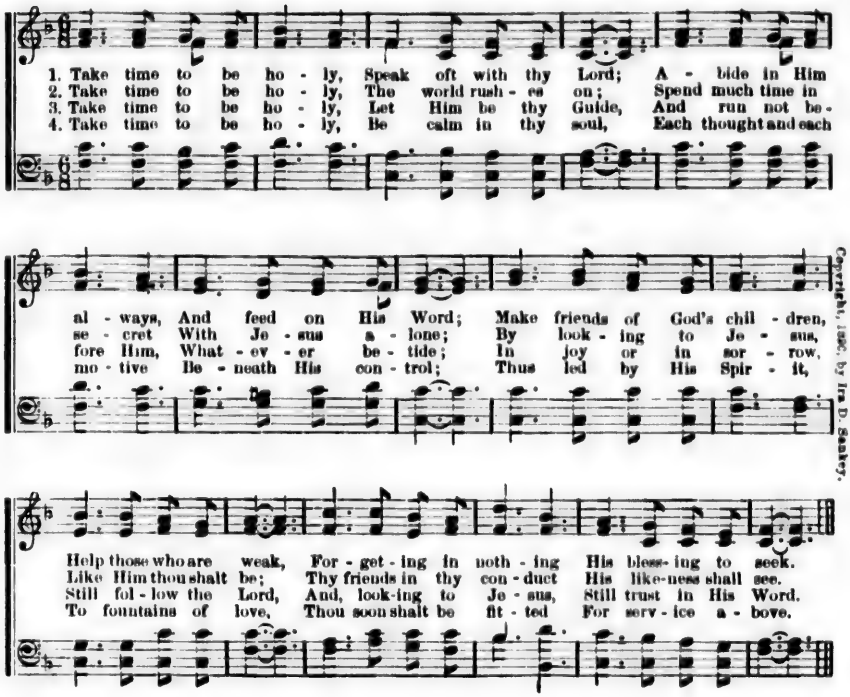
No. 171. Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. LONGSTAFF. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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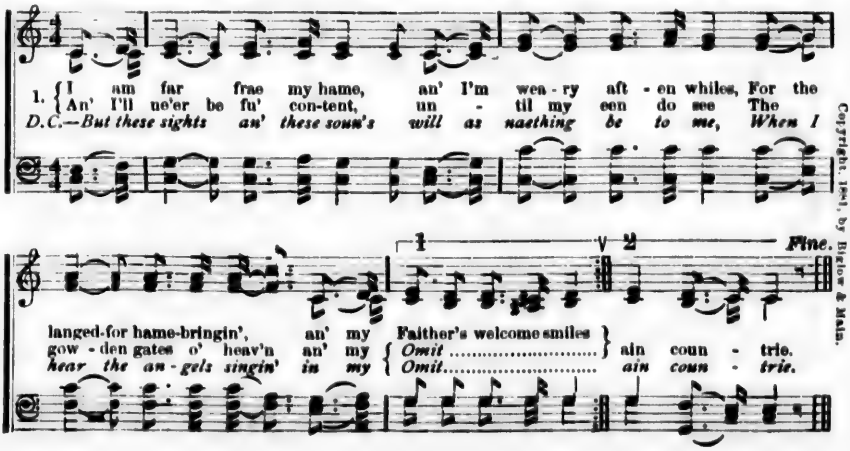
No. 172. My Ain Countrie.

M. L. DEMAREST. MRS. I. T. HANNA. Har. by H. P. MAIN.



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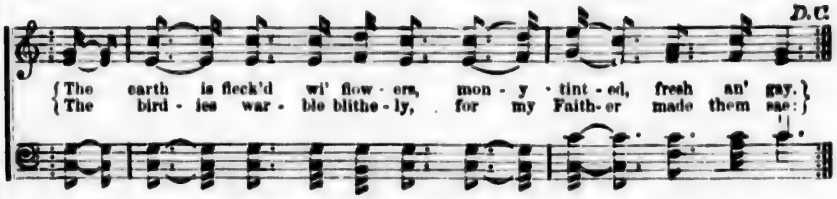
My Ain Countrie.—Concluded.



2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinning owre, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair
For His bluid has made me white, an' His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

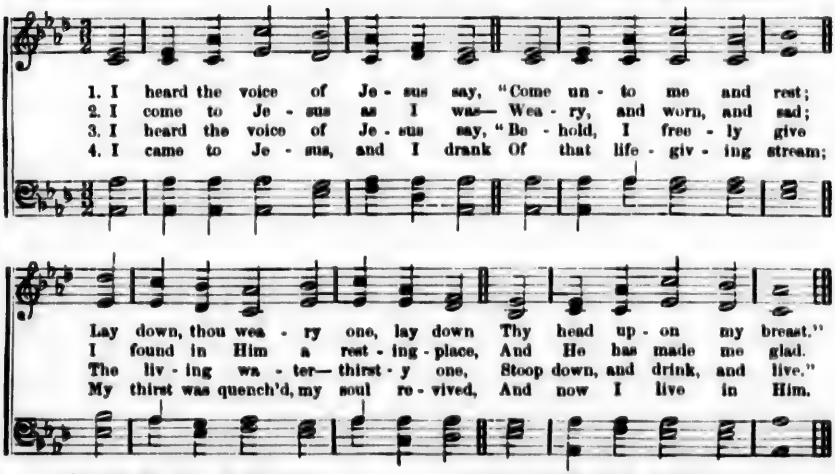
3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed, bonnie place,
I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face;
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.
Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.

4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what 'oor I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait
For the soun'in' o' His fitfa' this side the gowden gate:
God gie His grace to lika ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

No. 173. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

(Evan. C. M.)

H. Bonar, D. D. — Wm. H. Havergal.



5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
'Till trav'ling days are done.

No. 174. He is Coming.

ALICE MONTEITH. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. He is com - ing, the "Man of Sor - rows," Now ex - alt - ed on high;
2. He is com - ing, our lov - ing Sav - iour, Bless - ed Lamb that was slain;
3. He is com - ing, our Lord and Mas - ter, Our Re - deem - er and King;
4. He shall gath - er His chos - en peo - ple; Who are called by His name;

He is com - ing with loud ho - san - nas, In the clouds of the sky.
In the glo - ry of God the Fa - ther, On the earth He shall reign.
We shall see Him in all His beau - ty, And His praise we shall sing.
And the ran - somed of ev - 'ry na - tion, For His own He shall claim.

Copyright, 1906, by Ira D. Sankey.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! He is com - ing a - gain;

And with joy we shall gath-er round Him, At His com - ing to reign.

No. 175. Take My Life and Let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. W. A. MOZART, arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long - er mine;
5. Take me love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure - store;

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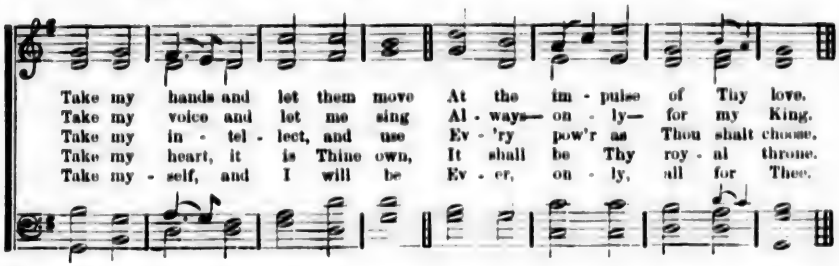
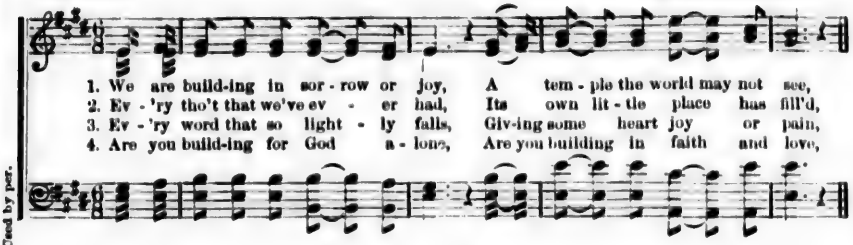
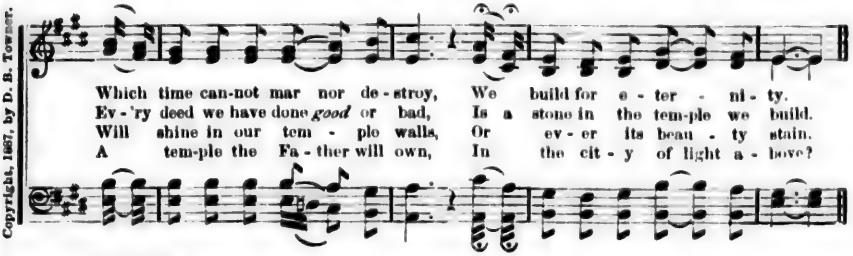
Take My Life, etc.—Concluded.



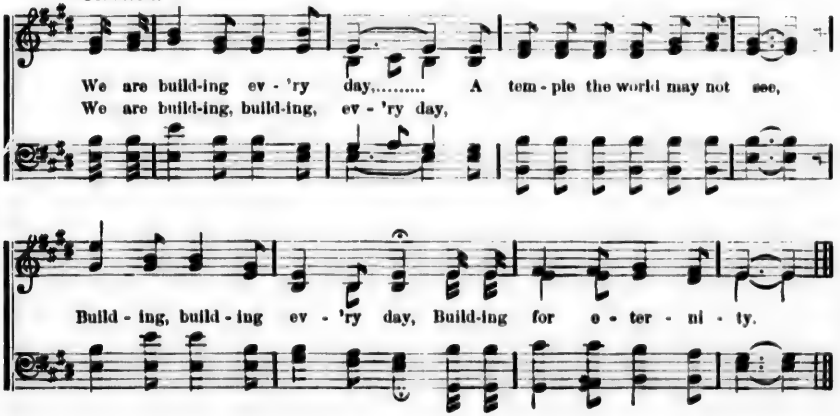
No. 176. Building for Eternity.

N. B. S. — N. B. SARGENT, arr.





CHORUS.



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No. 177. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

(Refuge. 7s. D.)

CHARLES WESLEY. JOS. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, While the near - er
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fall - en
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing

wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, oh my Sav - iour, hide, Till the
not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind: Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
streams abound; Make me, keep me, pure with - in, Thou of life the Fountain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un - righteous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Used by per.

Second Tune.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

(Martyn. 7s. D.)

CHARLES WESLEY. SIMEON B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

D.C.

Hide me O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

No. 178. Resurrection Morn.

S. Baring-Gould. Ira D. Sankey.

1. On the Res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, Soul and bod - y meet a - gain,
2. Here a - while they must be part - ed, And the flesh its sab - bath keep,
3. For a space the tir - ed bod - y Waits in peace the morn-ing's dawn,
4. On that hap - py Eas - ter morn - ing All the graves their dead ro - store,
5. Soul and bod - y, re - u - nit - ed, Hence-forth noth - ing shall di - vide,

No more sor - row, no more weep - ing, No..... more pain.
Wait - ing in a ho - ly still - ness, Wrapped..... in sleep.
When there breaks the last and bright - est Eas - - ter morn.
Fa - ther, moth - er, sis - ter, broth - er, Meet..... once more.
Wak - ing up in Christ's own like - ness, Sat - - is - fied.

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No. 179. Guide Me.

W. Williams. William L. Viner.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fount - ain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side;

I am weak, but Thou art migh - ty; Hold me with Thy power - ful hand:
Let the fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro':
Bear me through the swel - ling cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side:

Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

No. 180. Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing, the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt - er, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gent - ly;
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.
Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan - d'rer a Sav - iour has died.
} Res - cue the per - ish - ing,

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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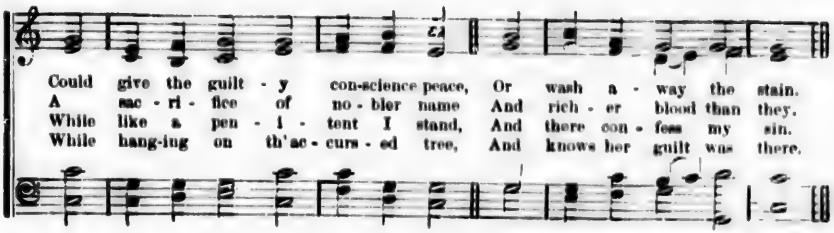
No. 181. Not all the Blood.

ISAAC WATTS. (Boylston. S. M.) DR. LOWELL MASON.

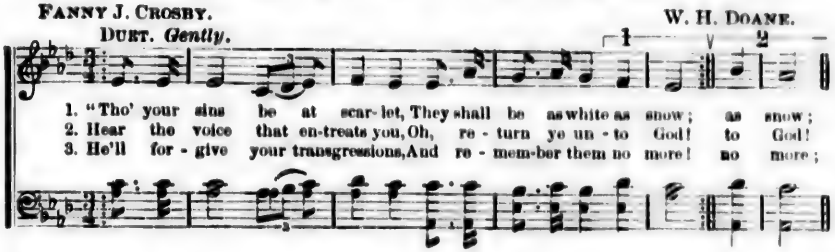
1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
2. But Christ, the heav'n - ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way;
3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine;
4. My soul looks back to see The bur - den thou didst bear,

Not all the Blood.—Concluded.



No. 182. Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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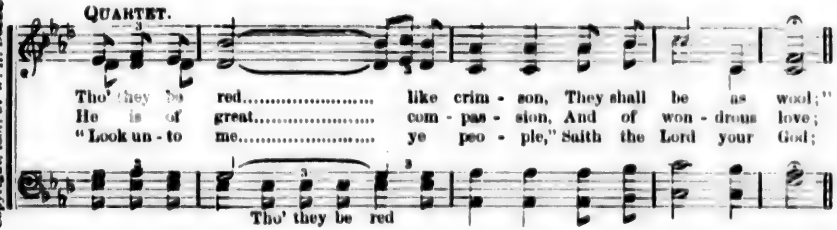
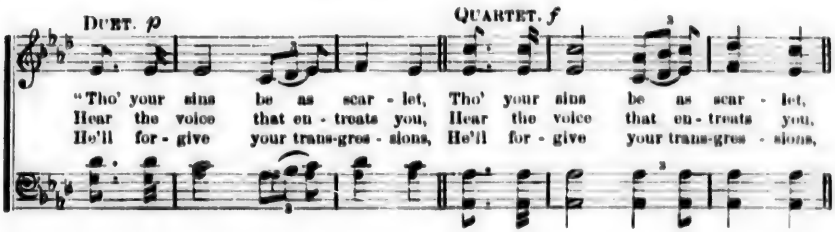
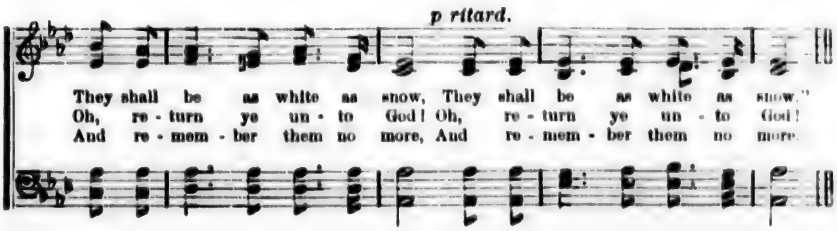






No. 183. Come, Thou Fount.

(Nettleton. 8s. 7s.)

Rev. R. ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.

FINE.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise;

D.C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.

D.C.

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I am constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 184. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

(Dennis. S. M.)

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - this - ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 185. Tune—Boylston. S. M. No. 181.

1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"*Ye must be born again!*"

2 "*Ye must be born again!*"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice—
'Tis *life* poor sinners need.

3 "*Ye must be born again!*"
And life *in Christ* must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis He *alone* can save.

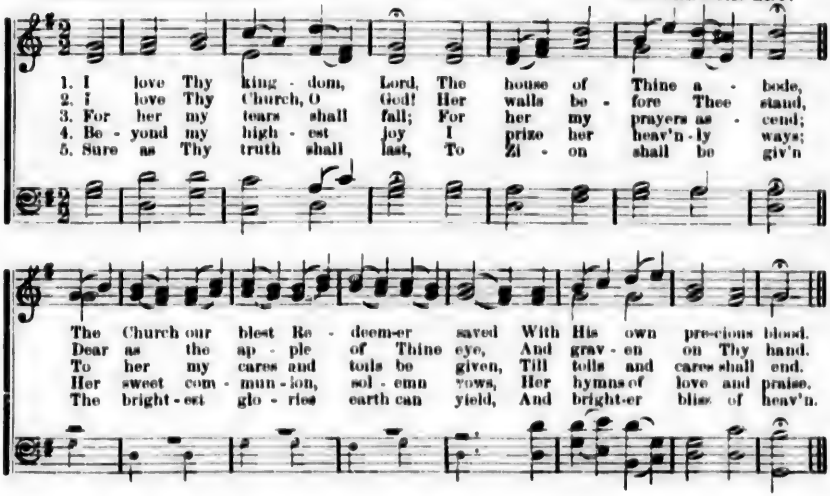
4 "*Ye must be born again!*"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there,
The ransomed and forgiven.

Amen.

No. 186. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

(Shirland. S. M.)

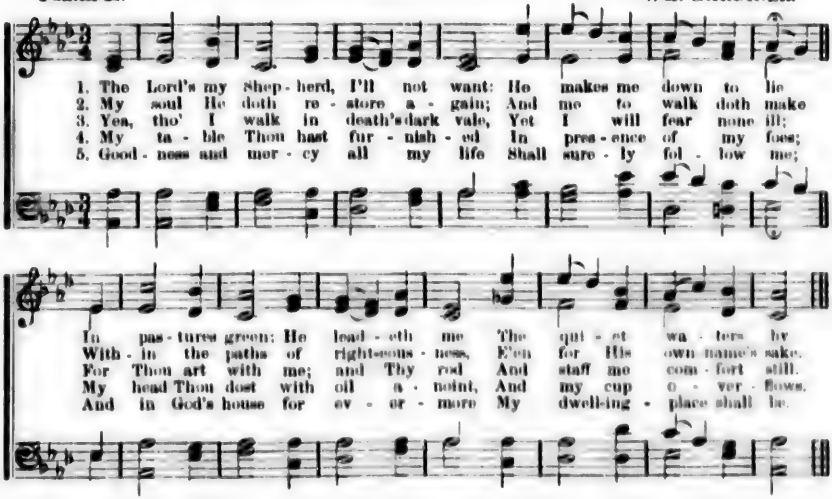
TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D. SAMUEL STANLEY.



No. 187. The Lord's My Shepherd.

(Belmont. C. M.)

Psalm 23. WM. GARDINER.



No. 188.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, My Life, my Way, my End,—
Accept the praise I bring.

John Newton.

No. 189. Joy to the World.

(Antioch. C. M.)

I. WATTS. Arr. fr. GEO. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His love, And wonders, And won - ders of His love.
And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.....And heav'n and na - ture sing.

No. 190. I shall be Satisfied.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Soul of mine, in earth - ly tem - ple, Why not here con - tent a - bide?
2. Soul of mine, my heart is cling - ing To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
3. Soul of mine, must I sur - ren - der, See my - self as cru - ci - fied;
4. Soul of mine, con - tin - ue plead - ing; Sin re - buke, and fol - ly chide;

Why art thou for - ev - er plead - ing? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
Ah, why dost thou thus re - prove me? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
Turn from all of earth's am - bi - tion, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?
I ac - cept the cross of Je - sus, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied.

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I shall be Satisfied.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I..... shall be sat - is - fied, I..... shall be sat - is - fied,
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied,

When I a-wake in His like - ness, I..... shall be sat - is - fied,
I shall be sat - is - fied,

I..... shall be sat - is - fied, When I a-wake in His like - ness.
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied,

No. 191. Evening Prayer.

J. EDMESTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal:
2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly;
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Darkness can - not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

rit.

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An - gel - guards from Thee sur - round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch-est where Thy peo - ple lie.
May the morn in heaven a - wake us, Clad in bright and death - less bloom.

Copyright, 1878, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

No. 192. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

V. J. CHARLESWORTH. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel - ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de - fence by night, A shel - ter in the time of storm;
3. The rag - ing storms may round us beat, A shel - ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di - vine, O Ref - uge dear, A shel - ter in the time of storm;

Se - cure what - ev - er ill be - tide, A shel - ter in the time of storm.
No fears a - larm, no foes af - fright, A shel - ter in the time of storm.
We'll nev - er leave our safe re - treat, A shel - ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help - er ev - er near, A shel - ter in the time of storm.

Copyright, 1880, by Ira D. Sankey.

CHORUS.

Oh, Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, A wea - ry land, a wea - ry land;

Oh, Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, A shel - ter in the time of storm.

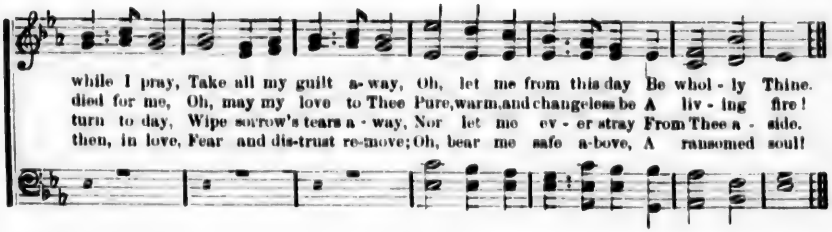
No. 193. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

(Olivet. 6s. 4s.)

RAY PALMER, D. D. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

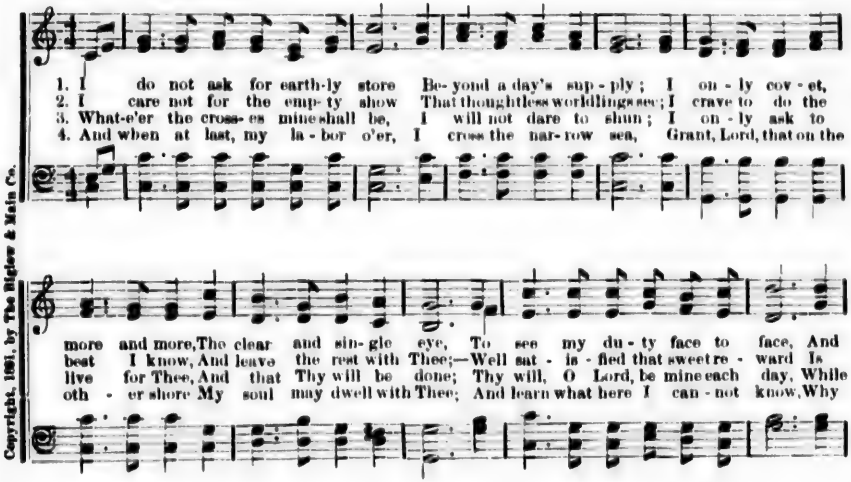
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav-iour di - vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire; As thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour!

My Faith Looks up, etc.—Concluded.



No. 194. The Eye of Faith.

Rev. J. J. Maxfield. W. A. Ogden.



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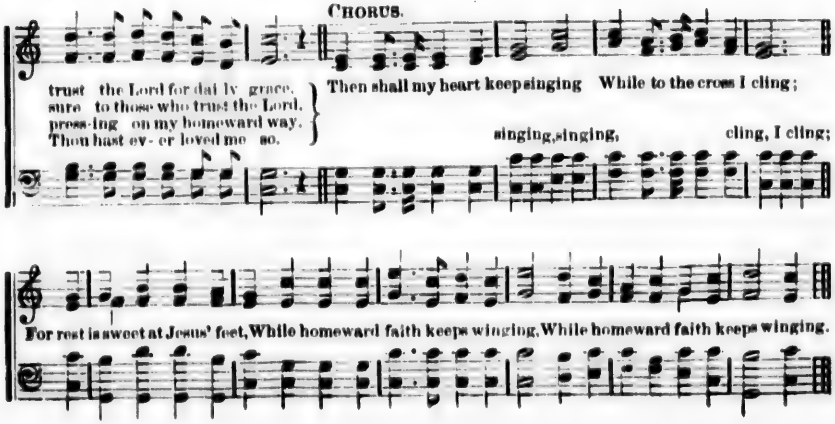

No. 195. I am Thine, O Lord.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy ser - vice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I com-mune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

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REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near - er, near - er,
Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

No. 196. There shall be Showers of Blessing.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" This is the prom-ise of love; There shall be
2. "There shall be showers of bless - ing"—Pre-cious re - viv-ing a - gain; O - ver the
3. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" Send them up - on us, O Lord; Grant to us
4. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall, Now as to

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Copyright, 1894, by Ira D. Sankey.

There shall be Showers, etc.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Show - ers of bless-ing,

sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.
hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call.

Showers, showers of bless-ing,

Showers of blessing we need; Mercy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the showers we plead.

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No. 197. Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

HORATIUS BONAR. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. In the land of stran-gers, With-er thou art gone, Hear a far voice
2. "From the land of hun-ger, Faint-ing, fam-ished, lone, Come to love and
3. "Leave the haunts of ri-ot, Wast-ed, woe-be-gone, Sick at heart and

CHORUS.

call-ing, "My son! my son!"
glad-ness, "My son! my son!"
wea-ry, "My son! my son!"

"Wel-come! wand'rer, wel-come!

Welcome back to home! Thou hast wandered far a-way: Come home! come home!"

4 "See the door still open!
Thou art still my own;
Eyes of love are on thee,
My son! my son!"

5 "Far off thou hast wandered;
Wilt thou farther roam?
Come, and all is pardoned,
My son! my son!"

6 "See the well-spread table,
Unforgotten one!
Here is rest and plenty,
My son! my son!"

7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless, and undone;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son! my son!"

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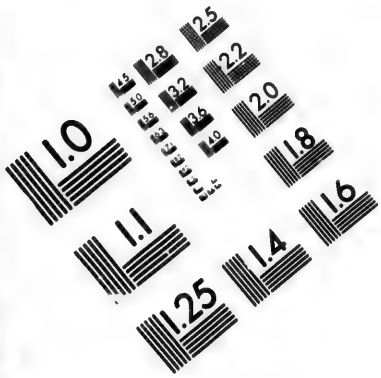

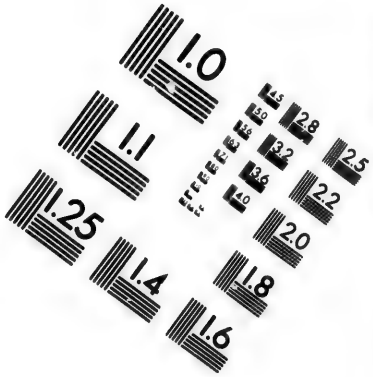

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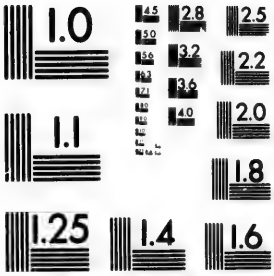

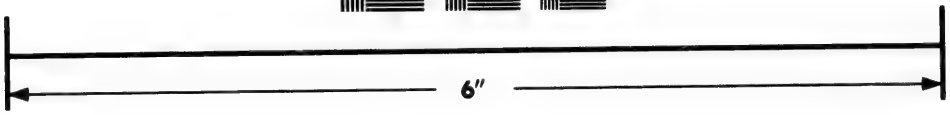

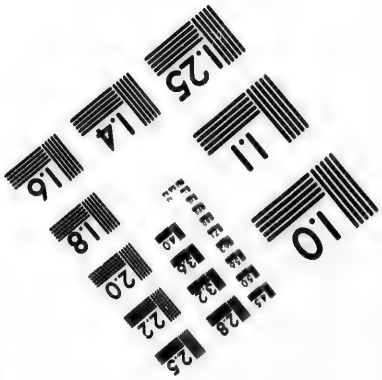

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No. 198. The Ninety and Nine.

(Should be sung only as a Solo ad libitum.)

E. C. CLEPHANE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold—
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are they not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shep- herd made an - swer; "This of mine Has wan - dered a - way from me,
3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How deep were the wa - ters cross'd; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost:

A - way on the mount - ains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
And, al - though the road be rough and steep I go to the des - ert to find my sheep, I go to the des - ert to find my sheep."
Out in the des - ert He heard its cry— Sick and help-less and read - y to die, Sick, and help-less, and read - y to die.

rit.

Copyright, 1876, by Biglow & Main.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back:"
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the Angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

ANKEY.

In the
Are they
How

on the
swer;
that the

gold—
me,
lost:

from the
to the
and

erd's care.
my sheep."
to die.

riven,

heaven,

one,
His own!"

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No. 199. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleans-ing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou dost my vile-ness
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je-sus who con-firms The bless-ed work with-in, By add-ing grace to

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry.
ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.
wel-comed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.

I am com-ing Lord!

Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

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No. 200. In the Cross of Christ.

(Rathbun. 8s.7s.)

Sir JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry, Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it grows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming, Adds new lus-ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that through all time a-bide.

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No. 201. I will Pass Over You.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. When God the way of life would teach And gath - er all His own, He placed them safe beyond the
2. By Christ, the sin - less Lamb of God, The precious blood was shed, When He fulfilled God's holy
3. O soul, for thee sal - va - tion thus By God is free-ly giv'n; The blood of Christ a-tones for
4. The wrath of God that was our due, Up - on the Lamb was laid; And by the shedding of His
5. How calm the judgment hour shall pass To all who do o - bey The word of God a-bout the

CHORUS

reach Of death, by blood a - lone.
word, And suf - fered in our stead.
sin, And makes us meet for heav'n.
blood, The debt for us was paid.
blood, And make that word their stay.

It is His word, God's precious word, It
It is His word, God's precious word,

stands for - ev-er true: When I, the Lord, shall see the blood, I will pass o - ver you.
When I, the Lord, shall see the blood,

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No. 202. Christ Returneth.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak - ing, When sun-light thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi - light, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry Ho - san - na, from heaven de - scend - ing, With glo - ri - fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de - light! should we go with - out dy - ing, No sick-ness, no

dark - ness and shad - ow is break - ing, That Je - sus will come in the
chance, that the black-ness of mid - night Will burst in - to light in the
saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His brow, like a
sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

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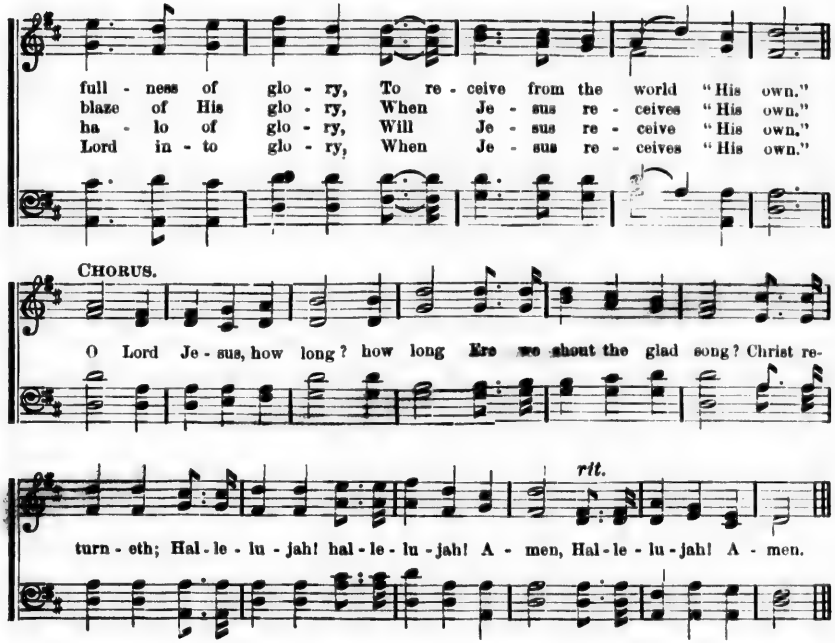
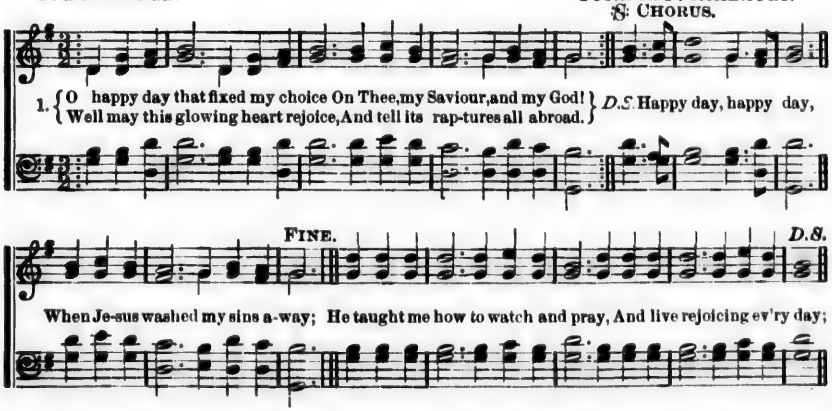
Christ Returneth.—Concluded.



No. 203. Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE. From E. F. RIMBAULT.



2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bon so dear.

No. 204. Lead me, Saviour.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray, (lest I stray,) Gen-tly lead me all the way; (all the way:)
2. Thou, the Refuge of my soul (of my soul) When life's stormy billows roll, (billows roll,)
3. Sav-iour, lead me, till at last, (till at last,) When the storm of life is past, (life is past,)

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by Thy side, (by Thy side,) I would in Thy love a - bide. (love a-bide.)
I am safe when Thou art nigh, (Thou art nigh,) On Thy mer-cy I re - ly. (I re - ly.)
I shall reach the land of day, (land of day,) Where all tears are wip'd away. (wip'd away.)

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray;.....

Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray;

rit. e dim.

Gen - tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Sav-iour, all the way.

stream of time, all the way.

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No. 205. A Sinner like Me!

C. J. B. C. J. BUTLER.

Slow.

1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - iour, And as
2. I wan - der'd on in the dark - ness, Not a
3. And then, in that dark lone - ly hour,..... A

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A Sinner like Me!—Concluded.

Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood.

vile as a sin - ner could be; And I won - der'd if
ray of light could I see; And the thought filled my
voice sweet - ly whis - pered to me; Say - ing, Christ the Re -

rit.

Christ the Re - deem - er Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
heart with sad - ness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.
deem - er has pow - er To save a poor sin - ner like me.

4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

No. 206. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

(Bethany. 6s. 4s.)

SARAH F. ADAMS. DR. LOWELL MASON.

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1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs,
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

D.S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee!

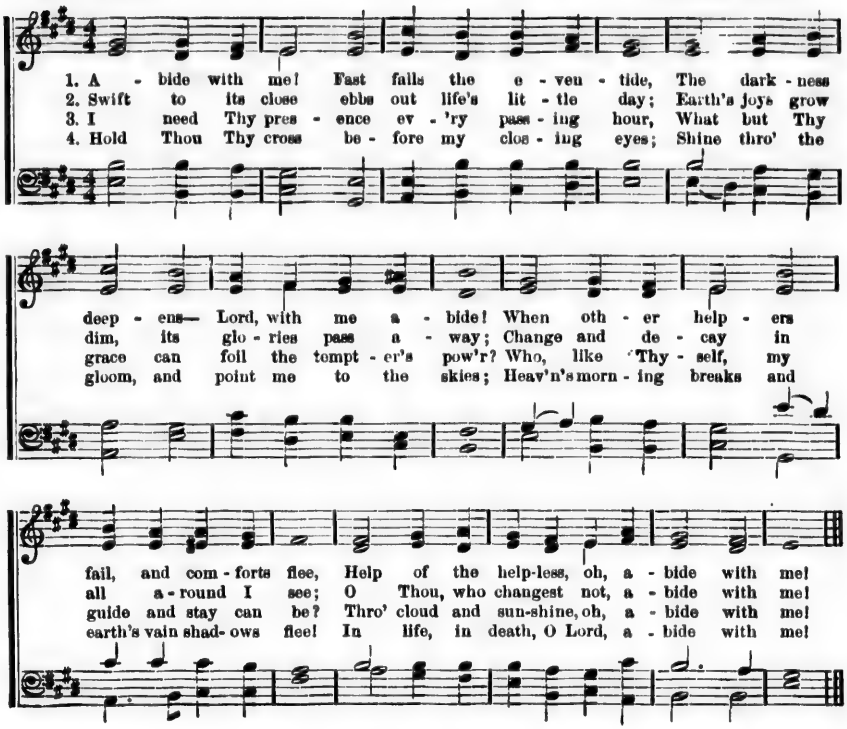
FINE. *D.S.*

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be— Near - er, my God, to Thee!
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee!
In mer - cy given: An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee!
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee!
Up - ward I fly, Still all my soul shall be Near - er, my God, to Thee!

Near - er to Thee!

No. 207. Abide With Me.

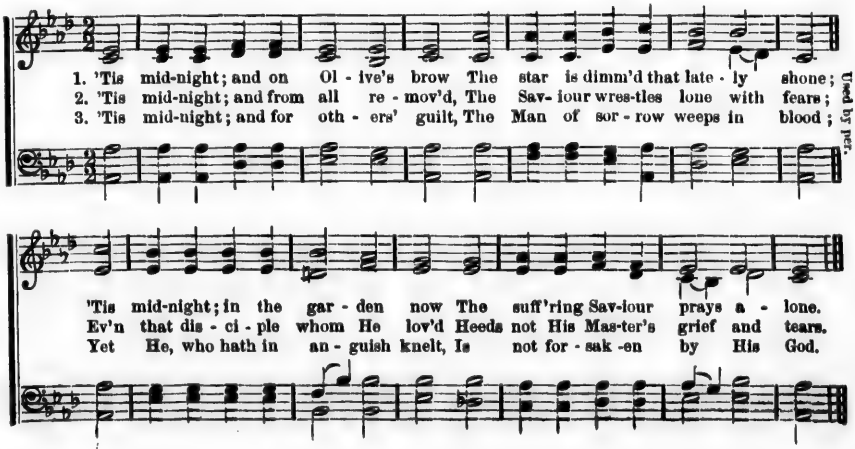
H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



No. 208. 'Tis Midnight.

(Olive's Brow. L. M.)

Wm. B. Tappan. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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No. 209. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Sow- ing in the morn - ing, sow- ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow- ing in the noon - tide
2. Sow- ing in the sun - shine, sow- ing in the shad - ows, Fear- ing nei - ther clouds nor
3. Sow- ing forth with weep- ing, sow- ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sus-tain'd our

and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,
win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep-ing's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come,

CHORUS.

We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves.
} Bringing in the sheaves,

Bring- ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves,

Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We'll shall come, rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves.

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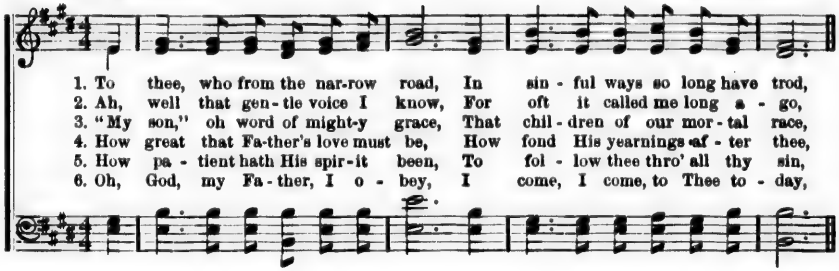
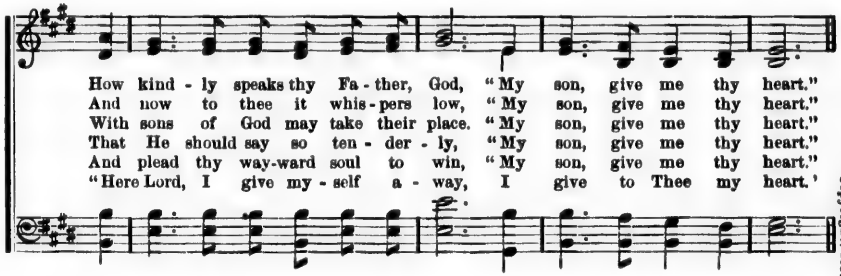
No. 210. Give Me Thy Heart.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.





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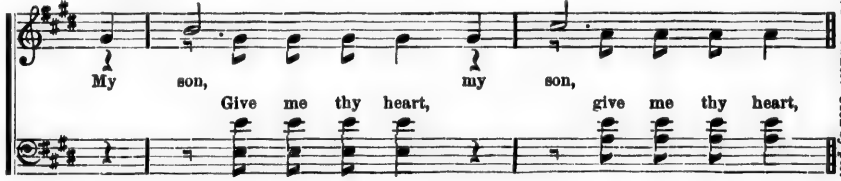

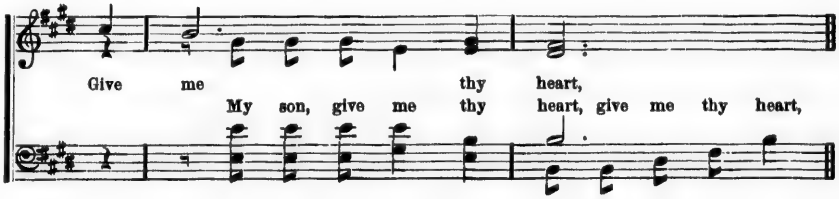

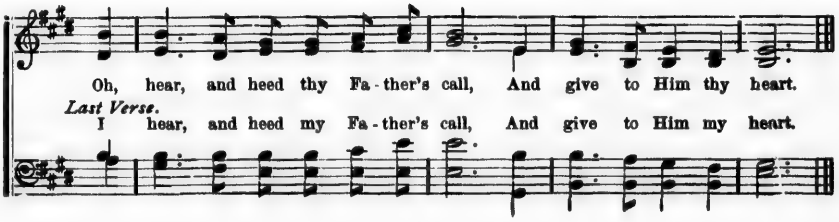

No. 211. Looking This Way.

DUET.

J. W. V. J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn - ing,
2. Fa - ther and mo - ther, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat - man,
3. Broth-er and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
4. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look - ing for some - one,—
5. Je - sus the Sav - iour, bright Morn-ing Star, Look - ing for lost ones

look-ing for me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and de - spair, Wait-ing and
wait for the sail, Bear-ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the
com-ing some - time; Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow, Watching for
beck-on - ing come; Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew, Anx-ious - ly
straying a - far; Hear the glad mes - sage; why will you roam? Je - sus is

CHORUS.

watch - ing pa - tient - ly there.
har - bor, near to their side.
dear ones wait - ing be - low.
look - ing, moth - er, for you.
call - ing, "Sin - ner, come home."
} Look-ing this way, yes, look-ing this way;

Loved ones are wait - ing, look - ing this way; Fair as the morn - ing,

bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look - ing this way.

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No. 212. Nearer the Cross.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the
2. Near - er the Chris-tian's mer - cy seat, I am com - ing near - er; Feast-ing my
3. Near - er in pray'r my hope as - pires I am com - ing near - er; Deep - er the

cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the cross where
soul on man - na sweet I am com - ing near - er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the end of

Je - sus died, Near - er the fount - ain's crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - iour's
clear I see Je - sus who gave Him - self for me; Near - er to Him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I

wound - ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
still would be: Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
soon shall wear: I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

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No. 213. Just as I Am.

(Woodworth. L. M.)

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout, With many a con - flict, many a doubt,

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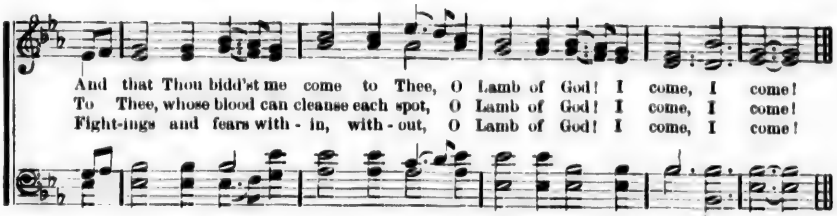
Just as I Am.—Concluded.



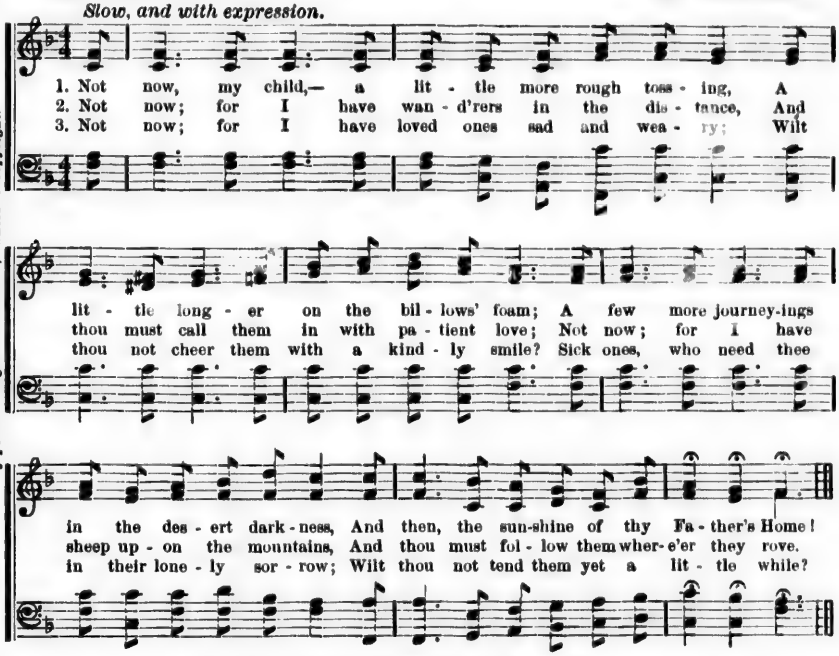
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 214. Not Now, My Child.

MRS. PENNEFATHER. IRA D. SANKEY.

Slow, and with expression.



4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

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No. 215. Take Me as I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me I must die: Oh,
2. Help-less, I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me Thy blood was spilt, And
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re - solves I on - ly break, Yet
4. Be - hold me, Sav - iour, at Thy feet, Deal with me as Thou see - st meet; Thy

CHORUS.

bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.
save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
work be - gin, Thy work complete, And take me as I am.
} And take me as I am,

And take me as I am. My on - ly plea—Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am.

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No. 216. Rock of Ages.

(Toplady. 7s. 6 lines.)

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know,
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling; Nak-ed, come to Thee for dress,
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown,

From Thy riv-en side which flowed, Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save me from its guilt and power.
Could my tears for-ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a-lone.
Help-less look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the fountain fly, Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
See Thee on Thy judgment throne, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

No. 217. Over the Line.

ELLEN K. BRADFORD. E. H. PHELPS.

1. Oh, ten-der and sweet was the Mas-ter's voice, As He lov-ing-ly call'd to me,
2. But my sins are ma-ny, my faith is small, Lo! the answer came quick and clear;
3. But my flesh is weak, I tear-ful-ly said, And the way I can-not see;
4. Ah, the world is cold, and I can-not go back, Press for-ward I sure-ly must;

"Come o-ver the line, it is on-ly a step— I am waiting, My child, for thee."
"Thou need-est not trust in thy-self at all, Step o-ver the line, I am here."
I fear if I try I may sad-ly fail, And thus may dis-hon-or Thee.
I will place my hand in His wound-ed palm, Step o-ver the line, and *trust.*

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REFRAIN.

"O-ver the line," hear the sweet re-frain, An-gels are chant-ing the heav-en-ly strain;

"O-ver the line,"—Why should I re-main With a step between me and Je-sus.
4th v. "O-ver the line,"—I *will not* re-main, I'll cross it and go to Je-sus.

No. 218. Gloria Patri.

Anon.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost.
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and..... ev-er shall be, world with-out end, A-MEN.

No. 219. My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

(Laban. S. M.)

GEO. HEATH. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vict - 'ry won, Nor lay thine arm - or down:

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.

No. 220. Saviour, More than Life.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang- ing world be - low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet- ing, fleet - ing life is o'er;

Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a - bove.

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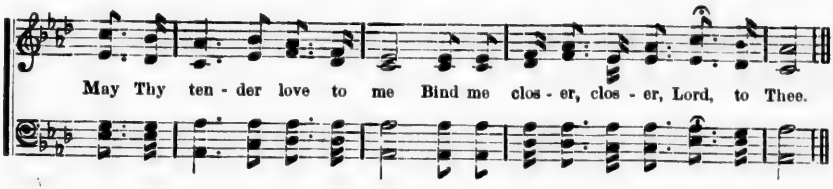
REFRAIN.

Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

Saviour, More than Life.—Concluded.



No. 221. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BARRING-GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

Presto.

1. On-ward, Christian Sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God: Broth-ers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces,

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we—
Con - stant will re - main: Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre- vail;
In the tri - umph song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:

CHORUS.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own prom-ise— And that can- not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
} On - ward, Christian sol - diers!

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
With the cross of

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No. 222. Let us Crown Him.

Rev. E. Perronet. James McGranahan.

Allegretto moderato.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;.....
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,.....
3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;.....

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

Chorus.

Let us crown Him, let us crown Him, Let us
Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us

crown the Great Re - deem - er Lord of all;..... Let us crown Him,
Let us crown Him Lord of all,

Let us crown Him, Let us crown..... Him Lord of all.
Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown the Great Redeem - er Lord of all.

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No. 223. Move Forward!

G. W. Crofts. D. B. Towner.

1. Move for - ward! val - iant men and strong, Ye who have prayed and la - bored long,
2. Move for - ward! each and ev - 'ry one, The gold - en har- vest is be - gun,
3. Move for - ward! reap - ing as you move! An - gels are watching from a - bove!
4. Move for - ward! day will die full soon, How quick - ly eve-ning fol - lows noon,

The time has come for you to rise, For lo! the sun rolls up the skies.
Ye reap - ers, come from glen and glade And wield the sick - le's glitt'ring blade.
A - round are wit - ness - es a host, A - rouse ye now and save the lost.
Now is the time to work and pray—Let glo - ry crown the dy - ing day.

Chorus.

Move for - ward, move for - ward, All a -
Move for - ward, move for - ward, All a -

long the line,..... Move for - ward, move
long the line, move for - ward, move for - ward,

for - ward, The light be - gins to shine.
move for - ward,

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No. 224. Satisfied.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft - er whose dawn - ing
2. When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my arms the
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who died for me, with

nev - er night re - turns, And with whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns,
wilt Thy child em - brace, When Thou shalt o - pen all Thy store of grace,
dear ones long re - moved, And find how faith - ful Thou to me hast prov'd,
eyes no long - er dim, And praise Him with the ev - er - last - ing hymn,

REFRAIN.

I shall be sat - is - fied, be sat - is - fied. I..... shall be sat - is - fied,
I shall be

I..... shall be sat - is - fied, When..... I shall wake in
I shall be When I shall

that fair morn of morns; I..... shall be sat - is - fied, I..... shall be
I shall be I shall be

sat - is - fied, When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns.
When I shall

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No. 225. All Hail the Power.

(Coronation. C. M.)

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord..... of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord..... of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord..... of all.

No. 226. My Country 'tis of Thee.

(America. 6s. 4s.)

S. F. SMITH, D. D. H. CAREY.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our fa-thers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

cres.

fa - thers died Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side, Let free-dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro - long.
land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

A lamp
A Shelt
A Sinne
A Soldi
A wond
Abide w
Abide w
Abide w
Abunda
After a l
After t
Alas! a
All Ha
All hail
All for
America
Am I so
Antioch
Are You
Arise, Y
As I wa
At that
At the
Awake,

Baptize
Be Near
Be prese
Belmon
Bethany
Blessed
Blessed
Blessed
Blessed
Blest be
Boylsto
Bringin
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